Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER & MELVIN J. LASKY

Robert Graves

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& Raphael Patai

Barlach

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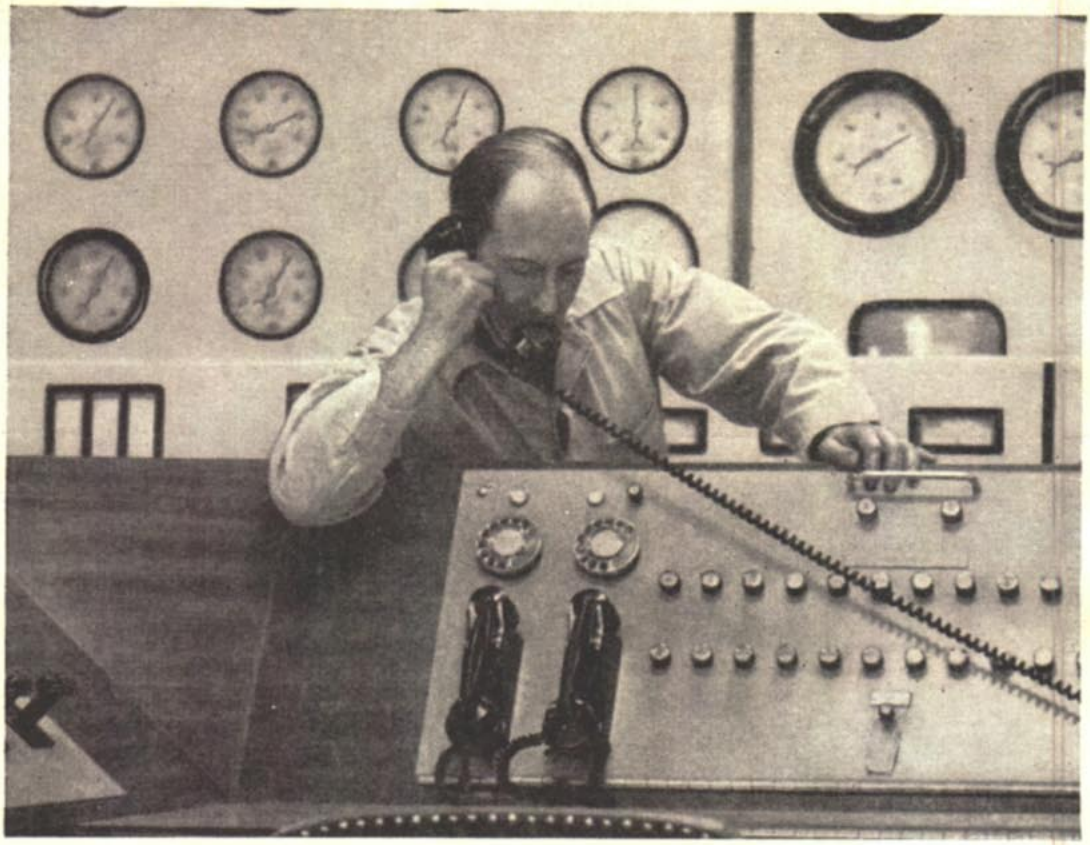

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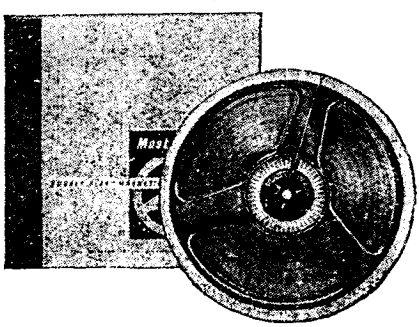

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Robert Graves & Raphael Patai

Some Hebrew Myths and Legends

MYTHS ARE DRAMATIC STORIES that form a sacred charter either authorising the continuance of ancient institutions, customs, rites and beliefs in the area where they are current, or approving alterations. The word "myth" is Greek, mythology is a Greek concept, and the study of mythology is based on Greek examples. Literalists who deny that the Bible contains any myths at all are, in a sense, justified. Most other myths deal with gods and goddesses who take sides in human affairs, each favouring rival heroes; whereas the Bible acknowledges only a single universal God.

All pre-Biblical sacred documents in Hebrew have been either lost or purposely suppressed. They included *The Book of the Wars of Yahweh* and the *Book of Yashar*, epic accounts of the Israelites' wanderings in the desert and their invasion of Canaan. That these were written in the early poetic Hebrew style can be seen from the brief fragments assigned to them in *Numbers* xxi. 14, *Joshua* x. 13, and 2 *Samuel* i. 18. A third book, reputedly compiled in seven parts at Joshua's orders, described Canaan and its cities (*Joshua* xviii. 9). The *Book of the Story of Adam* (*Genesis* vi. 1) suggests a detailed account of the first ten generations from Adam to Noah. *The Book of Yahweh* (*Isaiah* xxxiv. 16) seems to have been a mythological bestiary. Several other lost books mentioned in the Bible, such as the *Acts of Solomon*, the *Book of Genealogy*, the *Chronicles of the Kings of Judah, of the Kings of Israel*, and *of the Sons of Levi*, must have contained many mythic references.

Post-Biblical sacred documents are abundant. In the thousand years after the Bible was first canonised, the Jews of Europe, Asia, and Africa wrote prolifically. Theirs were either attempts to clarify the Mosaic Law; or historical, moralistic, anecdotal and homiletic comments on biblical passages. In both cases the authors included much mythic material, because myth has always served as a succinct validation of puzzling laws, rites and social customs.

Now, although the canonical books were regarded as written by divine inspiration and the least taint of polytheism had therefore to be exorcised from them, the apocryphal books were treated more leniently. Many suppressed myths were also allowed to re-emerge in the unquestionably orthodox context of the post-biblical *Midrashim*. For example in *Exodus* we

WHEN *we visited Robert Graves recently in his house near Palma de Mallorca, we had the opportunity to read some pages of the extraordinary new work which is offered as a companion volume to "The Greek Myths." In "The Hebrew Myths" Graves has collaborated with Dr. Raphael Patai, formerly Professor of Ethnology and Folklore at the University of Jerusalem, now Director of Research at the Theodore Herzl Institute in New York. As they write, "Our collaboration has been a happy one. Though the elder of us two had been brought up as a strict Protestant, and the younger as a strict Jew, we never disagreed on any question of fact or historical assessment; and each deferred to the other's knowledge in different fields. A main problem was how much scholarly reference could be included without boring the intelligent general reader. Our book could easily have run to twice its present length by the inclusion of late pseudo-mythic material rivalling in dullness even the* Wars of the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness, *which was found among the Dead Sea Scrolls; and by the citation of learned commentaries on small disputed points...." In the following excerpts we have taken the liberty of omitting some of the scholarly apparatus of references to the innumerable ancient and mediæval sources of the various legends re-told here.*

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read that Pharaoh's horses, chariots, and horsemen pursued the children of Israel into the midst of the sea. According to one *Midrash*, God assumed the shape of a mare and decoyed the ruttish Egyptian stallions to their deaths. If the mare-headed goddess Demeter had been described as drowning King Pelops' chariotry in the River Alpheus by such a ruse, this would have been acceptable Greek myth; but to the pious reader of the *Midrash* it was no more than a fanciful metaphor of the lengths to which God can go on behalf of His Chosen People.

THE BIBLE ITSELF allows us only brief hints of its lost mythological riches. Often the reference is so terse that it passes unnoticed. Few, for instance, who read: "And after him was Shamgar ben Anath who smote of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad, and he also saved Israel" (*Judges* iii. 31), connect Shamgar's mother with the bloodthirsty Ugaritic Love-goddess, the maiden Anath, in whose honour Jeremiah's priestly town of Anathot was named. The myth of Shamgar is irrecoverable, yet he must have inherited his virgin mother's warlike prowess; and the ox-goad with which he smote the Philistines was doubtless a gift from her father, the Bull-god El.

Genesis nevertheless still harbours vestigial accounts of ancient gods and goddesses—disguised as men, women, angels, monsters, or demons. Eve, described in *Genesis* as Adam's wife, is identified by historians with the goddess Heba, wife of a Hittite Storm-god, who rode naked on a lion's back and, among the Greeks, became the goddess Hebe, Heracles's bride. A prince of Jerusalem in the Tell Amarna period (fourteenth century B.C.) styled himself Abdu Heba—"servant of Eve." Lilith, Eve's predecessor, has been wholly exorcised from Scripture, though she is remembered by Isaiah as inhabiting desolate ruins. She seems, from midrashic accounts of her sexual promiscuity, to have been a fertility-goddess, and appears as Lillake in a Sumerian religious text, *Gilgamash and the Willow Tree*.

There are pre-Biblical references to the angel Samael, *alias* "Satan." He first appears in history as Shemal the patron god of Samal, a small Hittite-Aramaic kingdom lying to the east of Harran. Another faded god of Hebrew myth is Rahab, the Prince of the Sea, who unsuccessfully defied Jehovah ("Jahweh"), the God of Israel—much as the Greek god Poseidon defied his brother, Almighty Zeus. Jehovah, according to Isaiah, killed Rahab with a sword. A Ugaritic deity worshipped as Baal-Zebub, or Zebul, at Ekron was consulted by King Ahaziah (2 *Kings* i 2ff.), and centuries later the Galileans accused Jesus of traffic with this "Prince of the Demons".

Seven planetary deities, borrowed from Babylon and Egypt, are commemorated in the seven branches of the Menorah, or sacred candlestick. They were combined into a single transcendental deity at Jerusalem—as among the Heliopolitans, the Byblians, the Gallic Druids, and the Iberians of Tortosa. Scornful references to gods of enemy tribes humiliated by Jehovah occur throughout the historical books of the Bible: such as the Philistine Dagon, Chemosh of Moab, and Milcom of Ammon. Dagon we know from Philo Byblius to have been a planetary power. But the God of *Genesis*, in the earliest passages, is still undistinguishable from any other small tribal godling.

GREEK GODS and goddesses could play amusing or dramatic parts while intriguing on behalf of favoured heroes, because the myths arose in different city states which wavered between friendship and enmity. Yet among the Hebrews, once the Northern Kingdom had been destroyed by the Assyrians, myths became monolithic, and centred almost exclusively on Jerusalem.

In Biblical myth, the heroes sometimes represent kings, sometimes dynasties, sometimes tribes. Jacob's twelve "sons," for instance, seem to have once been independent tribes which banded together to form the Israelite amphictyony or federation. Their local gods and populations were not necessarily of Aramaean race, though ruled by an Aramaean priesthood. Only Joseph can be identified, in part, with a historical character. That each of these "sons," except Joseph, is said to have married a twin-sister, suggests land-inheritance through the mother even under patriarchal government. Dinah, Jacob's only daughter born without a twin, is best understood as a semi-matriarchal tribe included in the Israel federation. The *Genesis* account of her rape by Shechem and the *Midrash* about her subsequent marriage to Simeon should be read in a political, not a personal, sense.

Other hints of an ancient matriarchal culture occur in *Genesis*: such as the right of a mother to name her sons, still exercised among the Arabs, and matrilocal marriage: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife" (*Genesis* ii. 24). This Pales-

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tinian custom is proved by the account in *Judges* of Samson's marriage to Delilah; and explains why Abraham, the Aramaean patriarch who entered Palestine with the Hyksos hordes early in the second millennium B.C., ordered his servant Eliezer to buy Isaac a bride from his own patrilocal kinsmen of Harran—rather than let him marry a Canaanite woman, and be adopted into her clan. Abraham had already sent away the sons borne to him by his concubines, lest they should inherit jointly with Isaac. Matrilocal marriage is the rule in early Greek myth, too: one mythographer records that the first to defy this tradition was Odysseus, who carried Penelope away from Sparta to Ithaca; and that she returned to Sparta after their divorce.

Just how powerful goddesses were under the Jewish monarchy can be seen from Jeremiah's denunciation of his co-religionists who attributed Judaea's downfall to their breach of faith with Anath and cried: "Let us once more worship the Queen of Heaven, as our fathers did before us!"

EVERY RULER who reforms national institutions or, like King Josiah, has reforms pressed upon him, must either write a codicil to the old religious charter, or produce a new one; and this involves the manipulation or complete re-writing of myths. It became clear that if Judaea—a small buffer state between Egypt and Assyria—was to keep its political independence, a stronger religious discipline must be inculcated, and the people trained in handling arms. Hitherto most Israelites had embraced the Canaanite cult in which incarnate goddesses played the leading rôle, with kings as their consorts. This, though all very well in peaceful times, could not steel the Jews to resist the invading armies of Egypt and Assyria. A small, tough Israelite minority was led by the Guild of Prophets who made a point of dressing as shepherds or herdsmen in honour of their pastoral God. These prophets saw that Israel's sole hope of national independence lay in an authoritarian monotheism and ceaselessly declaimed against goddess-worship in the Canaanite sacred groves. The *Book of Deuteronomy*, published under Josiah, bans numerous Canaanite rites, among them ritual prostitution, ritual sodomy, and all forms of idolatry. The subsequent demise of the Davidic crown converted all the Babylonian exiles to this view. When Zerubbabel rebuilt Jehovah's temple, he no longer had any competitors. The Baals, Astartes, Anaths and all the other old Canaanite deities were dead so far as the Judaeans returning from captivity were concerned.

Genesis, which is far more closely linked with Greek, Phoenician, Hittite, Ugaritic, Sumerian and other bodies of myth than most pious Jews and Christians care to admit, was thereafter edited and re-edited from perhaps the sixth century B.C. onwards, for moralistic ends. The Ham myth was once identical with that of the conspiracy against the shameless god Cronus by his sons Zeus, Poseidon and Hades: Zeus, the youngest, alone dared castrate him, and as a result became King of Heaven. But Ham's (or Canaan's) castration of Noah has been excised from *Genesis* just before the line: "Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his little son had done unto him." The revised version, a moral lesson in filial respect, sentences Ham to perpetual servitude under his elder brothers for no worse a crime than accidentally seeing his father's nakedness.

Yet the Biblical editors had been careless about excising all favourable mention even of human sacrifice, and the idolatrous worship of teraphim (ancestral images). Tabernacles, a Canaaite vintage feast, could not be suppressed but only purged of sexual abandon, and converted to the joyful worship of a Supreme God by being associated with the Israelite use of tents in the Wilderness; even so, the light-headedness of women devotees continued to trouble Pharisee sages. The Canaanite feast of unleavened bread was similarly converted into a commemoration of Israel's Exodus from Egypt.

A main theme of Greek myth is the gradual reduction of women from sacred beings to chattels. Similarly, Jehovah punishes Eve for causing the Fall of Man. Further to disguise Eve's original godhead—her title "Mother of All Living" survives in *Genesis*—the mythographers represented her as formed from Adam's rib, an anecdote based apparently on the word *tsela*, meaning both "rib" and "a stumbling." Still later mythographers insisted that she was formed from Adam's barbed tail.... The Greeks, too, made woman responsible for man's unhappy lot by adopting Hesiod's fable of Pandora's jar, from which a Titan's foolish wife let loose the combined 'spites' of sickness, old age and vice. "Pandora"—"all gifts"—it should be observed, was once a title of the Creatrix.

GREEK MYTHS account for curses and taboos still in force after a thousand years; and

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the Greek Hell contained warning instances of criminals punished, like Tantalus, for eating forbidden food; like the Danaids, for husband murder; like Peirithous, for the attempted seduction of a goddess. Yet the Greeks never glossed their myths with pietistic comment such as that Abraham's attempted sacrifice of Isaac took place on the First of Tishri, when all Israel blows a ram's horn to remind God of Abraham's piety and implore forgiveness of their sins. Or that the Feast of Atonement scape-goat commemorates Jacob's deception by the Patriarchs when they sprinkled Joseph's long-sleeved tunic (or "coat of many colours") with blood of a kid. Although the Isaac myth is paralleled in the Greek account of Athamas's attempted sacrifice to Zeus of his son Phrixus—a sacrifice interrupted by Heracles's arrival and the divine appearance of a ram—this occasion was remembered only because the ram supplied the Golden Fleece for which Jason's Argonauts eventually sailed in quest. *Genesis* presents it as the crucial episode in Hebrew history.

Nor were the Greek myths used as texts for political sermonising. The account of Esau's ill-treatment at Jacob's hands was later rounded off by a prophecy that he would one day break Jacob's yoke from off his neck—an addition clearly intended to justify an Edomite revolt against Judaea in King Joram's reign. This text was given a new meaning when the Roman invaders crowned 'Herod the Wicked', an Edomite, King of the Jews: Edom then became a synonym for "Rome", and the Pharisees counselled the Jews to make no armed rebellion but to expiate their ancestor's ill-treatment of Esau with patience and forbearance. A full historical prescience was attributed to Israelite heroes, including a foreknowledge of the Mosaic Law; and whoever in the Scriptures performs any solemn act is understood to be thereby determining the fate of his descendants for all eternity. Thus when Jacob, on his way to meet Esau, divides his household and cattle into three groups, sending gifts with each at intervals, he is warning his descendants that they should always prudently guard against the worst. According to the *Midrash*, Jacob prayed: "Lord, when afflictions descend upon my children, pray leave an interval between them, as I have done!" And the apocryphal *Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs* credits all these patriarchs with a precise knowledge of later history.

THE JACOB MYTH illustrates another difference between Greek and Hebrew religious attitudes. He steals flocks and herds from his kinsman by altering their colour; the Greek hero Autolycus does likewise, and these two myths apparently have the same Palestinian source. Autolycus is a clever thief, and no more; but since Jacob, re-named Israel, was to become the saintly ancestor of all Jews, his deceit has been justified on the ground that Laban had twice cheated him. And, instead of using vulgar magic, as Autolycus did, on animals already the property of others, Jacob conditions their colour and establishes his ownership of them by studied use of pre-natal influences—the lesson being that Jews may defend themselves against oppressors by legitimate means only.

No moral conclusions were drawn from the deeds of Greek heroes, unless it was a warning against fortune's fickleness. Whereas the destruction of Troy brought nothing but ill-luck on every important Greek leader, and famous warriors of an earlier generation, such as Theseus and Bellerophon, had been destined to end miserably as victims of divine nemesis, yet Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph died in peaceful old age and were honourably gathered to their fathers. This contrast is sharpened when we recall that the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife Zuleika is identical with that of Bellerophon and his step-mother Anteia. Major Hebrew prophets were likewise blessed: Enoch and Elijah rose straight to Heaven; but the Greek seer Teiresias foresaw the doom of Thebes and died in ignoble flight. And although Moses, who rescued his people from the Egyptian Sphinx—namely, the power of Pharaoh—had to expiate a particular fault on Mount Pisgah, he was honourably mourned by all Israel and buried by God himself; whereas Oedipus, who saved his people from the Theban Sphinx, and had much the same nativity as Moses, died in miserable exile hounded by the Furies of Mother-right.

THE MAIN DIFFERENCE between Greek and Hebrew myths—apart from this glaring contrast in the rewards of virtue—is that the Greeks were royal and aristocratic: accounting for certain religious institutions in particular city states presided over by priests who claimed descent from the gods or heroes concerned. Only the hero, or his descendants, could hope for a pleasant after-existence in the Fortunate Isles or the Elysian Fields. The souls of slaves and foreigners, despite exemplary lives, were sentenced to a dismal Tartarus where they flew

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blindly about, twittering like bats. Among the synagogue Jews, on the contrary, all who obeyed the Mosaic Law, whatever their birth or station, were made free of a Heavenly Kingdom which would arise from the ashes of our present world. The Greeks never took so democratic a step: though excluding from the Mysteries (which gave initiates an assurance of Paradise) all persons with criminal records, they still confined admission to the freeborn.

Greek myths are charters for certain clans—descendants of Perseus, Pelops, Cadmus, or whoever it may have been—to rule certain territories so long as they placated the local gods with sacrifices, dances and processions. Annual performance of such rites enhanced their authority. Hebrew myths are mainly national charters: the myth of Abraham for the possession of Canaan, and for patrilocal marriage; the myth of Jacob for Israel's status as a chosen people; the myth of Ham for the owning of Canaanite slaves. Other myths uphold the supreme sanctity of Mount Zion against the rival shrines of Hebron and Shechem. A few later ones are written to solve serious theological problems: such as the origin of evil in man, whose ancestor Adam was made by God in His own image and animated by His own spirit. Adam erred through ignorance, Cain sinned deliberately, and a late myth therefore makes him a bastard begotten by Satan on Eve.

In Greek myths the time element is occasionally disregarded. Thus Queen Helen who retained her beauty throughout the ten years' siege of Troy, and for ten years afterwards, was said by some to have borne King Theseus a daughter a whole generation before the siege began. Yet the two stories are not reported by the same author, and Greek scholars could assume either that there were two Queen Helens or that one of the mythographers had erred. In Biblical myths, however, Sarah remains irresistibly beautiful after she has passed her ninetieth birthday, conceives, bears Isaac, and suckles all her neighbours' children as well as him. Patriarchs, heroes, and early kings live to nearly a thousand years. The giant Og survives Noah's deluge, outlives Abraham, and is finally destroyed by Moses. Time is telescoped. Adam sees all the future generations of mankind hanging from his gigantic body; Isaac studies the Mosaic Law (revealed ten generations later) in the Academy of Shem who lived ten generations before him. Indeed, the noble hero of Hebrew myth is not merely influenced by the deeds, words, and thoughts of his forebears, and aware of his own profound influence on the fate of his descendants; he is equally influenced by the behaviour of his descendants and influences that of his ancestors. Thus King Jeroboam set up the golden calf in Dan, a sinful act which sapped Abraham's strength when he pursued his enemies into this district a thousand years previously.

Fanciful rabbinic expansions of the *Genesis* stories were still being made in the Middle Ages: answers to such questions by intelligent students as—"How was the Ark lighted? How were the animals fed? Was there a phoenix on board?"

Greek myths show no sense of national destiny, nor do Roman myths until it was supplied by gifted Augustan propagandists—Virgil, Livy, and the rest. Professor Moses Hadas (of Columbia University) has pointed out close correspondences between the *Aeneid* and *Exodus*—the divinely-led exodus of refugees to a Promised Land—and concludes that Virgil borrowed from the Jews. It is possible, too, that Livy's moral anecdotes of Ancient Rome, which are quite unmythical in tone, were influenced by the synagogue. Of course, Roman morals differed altogether from the Jewish: Livy rated courageous self-sacrifice above truth and mercy; and the dishonourable Olympians remained Rome's official gods. Not until the Hebrew myths, borrowed by Christians, gave subject people an equal right to salvation, were the Olympians finally banished. It is true that some of these came back to power disguised as saints, and perpetuated their rites in the form of Church festivals; yet the aristocratic principle had been overthrown. It is also true that Greek myths were still studied, because the Church took over schools and universities which made the Classics required reading; and the names of Constellations illustrating these myths were too well established to be altered.

Nevertheless, patriarchal and monotheistic Hebrew myth had firmly established the ethical principles of Western life.

Earlier Creations

IN THE BEGINNING God created numerous worlds, destroying one after the other as they failed to satisfy Him. All were inhabited by men, a thousand generations of whom He cut off, leaving no record of them.

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b. After these first essays in creation, God was left alone with His great Name, and recognised at last that no world would satisfy Him unless it offered man a means of repentence. Hence, before making a new start, He created seven things: the Law, Gehenna, the Garden of Eden, the Divine Throne, the Celestial Pavilion, the Messiah's Name, and Repentance.

c. When two Divine Days—namely two thousand terrestrial years—had passed, God asked the Law, who had become His counsellor: "What if I should create yet another world?" "Lord of the Universe," she asked in return, "if a king has neither army nor camp, over what does he rule? And if there is no one to praise him, what honour has he?" God listened and approved.

d. Yet some say that the Law pleaded against God's creation of mankind with: "Do not leave me at the mercy of sinners who drink evil like water!" God answered: "I created Repentance as a remedy for such; the Divine Throne as my Seat of Judgment; the Pavilion, to witness sacrifices of atonement; the Garden of Eden, to reward the righteous; Gehenna, to punish the unrepentant; yourself, to occupy the minds of men; and the Messiah, to gather in the exiles."

*

1. It is not known whether the discovery of fossils far older than the four thousand years which had elapsed since Adam's day troubled the rabbis. If so, their account of previous experimental creation was more plausible than the theory held by such Victorian zoologists as Philip Gosse: God, he said, had inserted fossils in the rocks to try the Christian's faith.

2. It became an article of belief that the Law was eternal (*Matthew* v. 18) and had existed before Creation. Hebrew myth, a charter confirming successive historical changes in religion, becomes allegorical at this late stage and defines the doctrine of individual salvation.

3. Gehenna was the Jewish Hell. Its name is borrowed from the Valley of Hinnon at Jerusalem, which included Tophet (2 *Kings* xxiii. 10): a site originally used for human sacrifices to the god Moloch (2 *Chronicles* xxxiii. 8), afterwards for burning the city's rubbish.

4. The equivalence of one divine day with a thousand terrestrial years is derived from *Psalm* xc. 4: "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday."

The Primeval Monsters

IN THE DAYS before Creation, Rahab, Prince of the Sea, rebelled against God. When commanded: "Open your mouth, Prince of the Sea, and swallow all the world's waters," he cried: "Lord of the Universe, leave me in peace!" Whereupon God kicked him to death, and sank his carcass below the waves since no land-beast could endure its stench.

b. Others hold that God spared Rahab's life, and that afterwards, when envious angels stole and threw into the sea "The Book of Raziel", a compendium of divine wisdom which God had given Adam, He ordered Rahab to dive down and recover it. The Prince of the Sea obeyed without demur, yet later comforted God's enemies by supporting the Egyptians in their quarrel with the Children of Israel, and pleading for Pharaoh's army which God was about to drown in the Red Sea. "Spare the Egyptians!" he cried, "be content with the rescue of Israel!" But God, lifting His hand, destroyed Rahab and all his helpers. Some style Rahab "the Celestial Prince of Egypt". Others do not distinguish him from either Leviathan or Oceanus; or from the boastful Great Dragon who claimed to have created all seas and rivers, but whom God hauled ashore in a net, with his progeny, afterwards shattering their skulls and piercing their sides. When they still would not die, He set guardians to watch over the Great Dragon, who will finally be despatched on the Day of Reckoning.

c. Leviathan's monstrous tusks spread terror; from his mouth issued fire and flame, from his nostrils smoke, from his eyes a fierce beam of light; his heart was without pity. He roamed at will on the surface of the sea, leaving a resplendent wake; or through its lowest abyss, making it boil like a pot. No weapon in the armoury of mankind could dint his scales. Heaven's inhabitants themselves feared him. Yet God caught Leviathan with a hook, hauled him up from the Deep, tied down his tongue with a rope, thrust a reed through his nostrils, and pierced his jaws with a thorn

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—as though he had been a river fish. Then He threw the carcass on the bottom of a boat and took it off, as if to market.

d. When God created fishes and sea-beasts from light and water, He allowed Leviathan, who was larger than all his fellows put together, to rule them from a throne raised on a colossal underwater rock. Some say that he had many heads, or that there were two Leviathans—the Fleeing Serpent and the Crooked Serpent—both of whom God destroyed. Others, that he spared Leviathan as being one of His creatures, but wholly tamed him (or ordered the archangel Jahoel to do so), and still deigns to sport with him on the wide seas for three full hours a day. Great sea-dragons serve as Leviathan's food. He drinks from a tributary of the Jordan, as it flows into the ocean through a secret channel. When hungry, he puffs out a smoky vapour which troubles an immense extent of waters; when thirsty, he causes such an upheaval that seventy years must elapse before calm returns to the Deep, and even Behemoth on the Thousand Mountains shows signs of terror. But Leviathan fears one single creature only: a little fish called Chalkis, created by God for the sole purpose of keeping him in check.

e. Others hold that Leviathan has been confined by God to an ocean cave, where the world's whole weight rests upon him. His huge recumbent body presses down on Tehom, which prevents her from flooding the earth. Yet, since sea water is too salt for Leviathan's taste, thirst often compels him to raise one fin; the sweet waters of Tehom surge up and he drinks awhile, then drops the fin again.

f. Some say that Leviathan has as many eyes as the year has days, and radiant scales that obscure the very sun; that he grips his tail between his teeth and forms a ring around the Ocean. The firmament's lower band which carries the signs of the Zodiac is therefore also called "Leviathan".

g. Few men have ever been granted even an inkling of Leviathan's bulk; but once Rabh Saphra, as he sailed in a ship, saw a two-horned beast lifting its head from the waters. Engraved upon the horns he read: "This tiny sea-creature, measuring hardly three hundred leagues, is on his way to serve as Leviathan's food."

h. Some sages reconcile the rival traditions that God killed, and did not kill Leviathan, by believing Him to have created both a male and a female. According to these, God butchered the female and gelded the male, to prevent them from mating and thereby destroying the world—they say it would have been unseemly for Him to kill the male and sport with the female.... When this lonely survivor sees God approach, he lays aside his grief. The righteous, watching the play, are likewise cheered by anticipation of what awaits them—knowing that on Judgment Day they shall banquet off its flesh. From the female's hide, God made bright garments to clothe Adam and Eve; and preserved her flesh in brine for the same banquet.

i. Leviathan, like Rahab, exudes a fearful stench. Were it not that from time to time the monster purifies himself by sniffing the sweet flowers of Eden, all God's creatures would surely stifle.

j. Those who hold that Leviathan's life was spared, foresee a great angelic hunt in which he is the quarry. Yet even the boldest angels must flee from him as he stands at bay; and, if they rally to the attack, can only blunt their weapons on his scales. When, at length, Gabriel tries to haul him out of the Deep to which he has returned, Leviathan will swallow hook, line, and fisherman. Then God in person must net and slaughter him.

k. God will not only prepare a magnificent banquet from Leviathan's flesh, distributing for sale in the streets of Jerusalem what the righteous cannot eat, but make them tents from his hide, and adorn the city walls with what is left—until they shine to the ends of the world.

l. Others predict a duel between Leviathan and Behemoth. After an earth-shaking struggle on the seashore, Behemoth's curved horns will rip Leviathan open, while Leviathan's sharp fins mortally stab Behemoth.

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m. Yet others hold that Leviathan was to have been Behemoth's mate; but that God parted them, keeping Behemoth on dry land and sending Leviathan into the sea, lest their combined weight might crack Earth's arches.

n. Behemoth, the first land-beast created, resembles a prodigious hippopotamus: with a tail bigger than the trunk of a cedar, and bones like pipes of brass. He rules the land-creatures, as Leviathan those of the sea. They gambol around him, where he takes his ease among lotus, reed, fern, and willows, or grazes on the Thousand Mountains. It is disputed whether Behemoth was fashioned from water, dust, and light, or simply told to arise from Earth; also, whether he was born solitary, or once had a mate, as have all living creatures. Some say that if Behemoth did possess a mate, he cannot have coupled with her: since their offspring would surely have overwhelmed the world. Others, that God prudently gelded the male and cooled the female's ardour; but spared her until the Last Days, when her flesh will delight the righteous.

o. God lets Behemoth graze on the Thousand Mountains and though he crops these bare in a single day, yet each night the grass grows again and, by morning, stands as high and rank as before. Behemoth is said to be a flesh-eater also: the Thousand Mountains supporting with their pasture many beasts that serve as his food. Summer heat makes him so thirsty that all the waters flowing down Jordan in six months, or even a year, rarely suffice for a single gulp. He therefore drinks at a huge river issuing from Eden, Jubal by name.

p. Behemoth is called "the Ox of the Pit". Every year, at the summer solstice, he rises on his hind legs, as God has taught him, and lets out a fearful echoing roar that restrains all wild beasts from preying on man's flocks and herds for the next twelve months. He will often raise his great bushy tail and let the birds of the air take shelter there; then lower it gently and let the beasts of the field do likewise. Behemoth, despite his enormous strength, is as merciful as a good king should be: solicitous that none of the birds shall be harmed by their fellow-subjects, the beasts.

q. Although some believe that Leviathan and Behemoth will murder each other, it is predicted by others that God will send Michael and Gabriel against both creatures and that, when they fail to despatch either, He will shoulder the task Himself.

*

1. God's watch over the Great Dragon even after its death, and His restraint of Tehom by use of a magical sherd, recall the *Enuma Elish*, where Marduk sets watchers over Tiamat's carcase to prevent an escape of flood-water.

2. Leviathan, in some aspects, resembles a whale; in others, a crocodile. Why he is called "the Celestial Spirit of Egypt" and why Ezekiel (xxix. 3) calls Pharaoh "the great dragon that lies among his rivers", can be seen from a victory song in honour of Thutmosis III: "I let [the vanquished peoples] behold your Majesty in the likeness of a crocodile feared in the waters, which no man dares approach."

3. Crocodiles were worshipped at Crocodilopolis, Ombos, Coptos, Athribis, and Thebes. Their mummies have been found in several Egyptian cemeteries. According to Plutarch, crocodiles were believed to lay their eggs exactly above the level of the next Nile flood—a great assistance to farmers who came across them. Crocodiles were also native to Palestine, and survived in the Zerka until the beginning of the present century. A small Gnostic stele from Caesarea shows them being hunted; according to Diodorus Siculus, they were caught on baited hooks and killed with iron forks, though seldom, because of their sanctity. He wrote that the crocodile feared only the ichneumon, a creature no bigger than a little dog, which ran up and down the banks of the Nile breaking their eggs for the benefit of mankind.

The *chalkis*, a substitute for the ichneumon in Jewish tradition, is a gregarious fish. Some commentators make it a sardine, others a herring: which seems an apter choice, because in Northern European folklore the herring is preferred to the whale as King of the Sea.

4. Leviathan perhaps borrowed his stench from Tehom-Tiamat, whose name seems to have been connected by early popular etymology with the Arabic *Ta'afon* ("stinking"), and *Tihama*, a name for the low-lying south-west Arabian shore. This etymology would have been strengthened by the phenomenon of a stranded whale: no dead animal smells worse.

5. Behemoth resembles a wild ox in so far

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as he roved on the Thousand Mountains—doubtless at the sources of the Nile—and would one day rip Leviathan open with his curved horns. For the most part, however, he is a hippopotamus. Herodotus, Diodorus, and Pliny, in writing of the Nile, all pair the hippopotamus and crocodile. That the hippopotamus has enormous strength, frequents the reedy parts of rivers, can stay under water for as long as ten minutes, but is herbivorous and therefore inoffensive to other beasts, agrees with the account of Behemoth in *Job* (xl. 15–24). According to Herodotus, the female hippopotamus was worshipped at Pamprenia as Set's wife. She was called Taurt ("the great one"), and made patroness of pregnancy, but never humanised like other animal deities. Diodorus notes that it would be disastrous to mankind if hippopotami were to breed unmolested, and that some Egyptians therefore harpoon them. Possibly this comment and Diodorus's praise of the ichneumon's concern for the future of mankind has suggested the inevitable catastrophe if Leviathan and Behemoth were to mate. The mild hippopotamus caused such damage to Nile crops that by Roman times it had been practically exterminated.

6. Both crocodile and hippopotamus were sacred to Set, and supernatural pictures of them in the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, which honours Osiris, Set's enemy, may have prompted Jewish mythologists to identify them with the Babylonian monsters.

7. Crocodiles and hippopotami were, according to Diodorus, all but inedible, but Herodotus says that they were sometimes eaten, presumably at an annual totem feast: hence the flesh of Leviathan and Behemoth reserved for the righteous on the Last Day. The poor of the Middle East have always hungered for flesh feasts to supplement their predominantly cereal diet.

8. Oceanus, whom Hesiod makes the eldest of the Titans and father of three thousand rivers, and whom Homer calls a god inferior only to Zeus, was supposed to girdle the earth like a serpent, just as the Zodiac girdles the sky. He was thus readily identified with Leviathan, the Great Dragon and Rahab; Scandinavian myths also make him a dragon. His appearance on the coins of Tyre, a city against which Isaiah (xxiii. 1–18), Amos (i. 10), and Joel (iv. 4) prophesied destruction, may account for the brutal kick which God dealt him.

9. The many-headed Leviathan of *Psalm* lxxiv. 14, is the seven-headed monster on Hittite cylinder seals, and mentioned in Ugaritic mythology. He also occurs on a Sumerian macehead, and on a Babylonian seal from the third millennium B.C.

10. Mythical water-monsters in relief decorate six small panels at the base of the Menorah candelabrum shown on Titus's triumphal arch at Rome. This arch commemorates his sack of Jerusalem in A.D. 70. King Solomon had placed five such golden candelabra on either side of the Great Altar, besides supplying silver ones. When Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the Temple in 586 B.C., he took them all away. Some decades later, another golden Menorah stood in the Second Temple, built by Zerubbabel. This, in turn, was carried off by Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria (175–163 B.C.), but replaced by Judas Maccabeus. Close correspondences between the candelabrum shown on Titus's Arch and the account in *Exodus* of the pre-Exilic Menorah suggest that, though the author of *Exodus* has described no more than stem and branches, yet the monsters of the Maccabean Menorah also occurred on the Solomonic one.

11. The Menorah's cosmic significance was first mentioned by Zechariah (iv. 10), who had learned in a vision that its seven lamps were "the eyes of Jahweh that run to and fro through the universe", namely the seven planets. This view was endorsed by Josephus and Philo, contemporaries of Titus, and by midrashic writers of two or three centuries later. The annual lighting of the Temple candelabra at the autumn festival will have commemorated God's creation of stars on the fourth day: because the Menorah's central stem rises into the fourth branch, and because Babylonian priests held the fourth planet sacred to Nabu, who invented astronomy. Probably, then, the Menorah monsters represent those which God overcame before He began His work of Creation.

On the lower left panel, a pair of dragons face each other in similar positions, though their wings and tails differ. These may be read as two Leviathans: the Fleeing Serpent and the Crooked Serpent. The symmetrical and identical fish-tailed creatures with somewhat feline heads shown in the top left and right panels are, perhaps, the "great dragons" of *Genesis* (i. 21). The dragon on the lower central panel, with its head twisted haughtily up and backward, suggests Rahab ("haughtiness"). An indistinct monster on the lower right may be Tehom or Ephes. A relief on the top central panel vaguely resembles the familiar pair of Phoenician winged creatures always shown facing each other: possibly they are cherubim, God's messengers, whose effigies surmounted the Ark of the Covenant. It may have been in memory of these reliefs that a second century Tannaitic source explicitly rules that representations of dragons with spikes protruding from their necks are forbidden as emblems of idolatry, while smooth-necked dragons, such as those shown on the base of the Menorah, are permitted.

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12. Solomon is said to have won much of his wisdom from the "Book of Raziel", a collection of astrological secrets cut on sapphire, which the angel Raziel kept. The idea of a divine book of cosmic secrets appears first in the Slavonic Book of Enoch (ch. xxxiii.), which states that God had written books of wisdom (or, according to another version, dictated them to Enoch), that He then appointed the two angels Samuil and Raguil (or Samil and Rasuil) to accompany Enoch back from heaven to earth, and commanded him to give these books to his children and children's children. This seems to be the origin of the Book of Raziel, which, according to Jewish tradition, was given by the Angel Raziel to Adam, from whom it descended through Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Levi, Moses, and Joshua until it reached Solomon. According to the Targum on *Ecclesiastes* (x. 20): "Each day the angel Razial standing upon Mount Horeb proclaims the secrets of men to all mankind, and his voice reverberates around the world." A so-called *Book of Rasial*, dating from about the 12th century, was probably written by the Cabbalist Eleasar ben Judah of Worms, but contains far older mystical beliefs.

The Reem and the Ziz

SO STRONG and fierce is the enormous wild-ox called Reem that any attempt at teaching it to draw a plough or harrow would be extreme folly. God alone can save mankind from those terrible horns.

b. Only a single pair of reems ever exists at the same time. The bull lives at one end of the Earth, the cow at the other. Every seventy years they meet and copulate, whereupon the cow bites the bull to death. She conceives twin-calves, a male and a female; but, in the eleventh and last year of her pregnancy, becoming too gravid to move, lies down and rolls from side to side. There she would starve, were it not for her copious spittle which waters the fields all around and makes them grow sufficient grass to sustain life. At last her belly bursts open, the twins leap out, and she expires. Immediately the young reems separate—the male calf going east, the female west—to meet again after seventy years.

c. King David, as a boy, led his father's sheep up what he mistook for a mountain but was, in fact, a sleeping reem. Suddenly it awoke and rose to its feet. David clasped the reem's right horn, which reached to Heaven, praying: "Lord of the Universe, lead me to safety, and I will build You a temple one hundred cubits in span, like the horns of this reem." God mercifully sent a lion, the King of Beasts, before whom the reem crouched in obeisance. Since however David was himself afraid of the lion, God sent a deer for it to pursue. David then slid down from the reem's shoulder and escaped.

d. Many generations later, Rabba bar Bar-Hana, the famous traveller, saw a day-old reem-calf bigger than Mount Tabor, with a neck measuring three leagues around. The dung it dropped into the river-bed of Jordan caused the stream to overflow.

e. Yet the reem would have perished in the Flood, had not Noah saved two of its young. He found no room for them in the Ark, but bound their horns to the stern and let their nose-tips rest on deck. Thus they swam behind, leaving a furrow-like wake which spread as far as the distance between Tiberias and Susita on the opposite shore of Lake Gennesaret.

f. In Rabbi Hiyya bar Rabba's day, a newly-born reem-calf came to Israel and uprooted every tree in the land. A fast being proclaimed, Rabbi Hiyya prayed God for deliverance; whereupon its dying mother lowed from the desert, and it went back to her.

g. The Ziz is so named because his flesh has many different flavours: tasting like this (*zeh*) and like this (*zeh*). He is a clean bird, fit for food, and capable of teaching mankind the greatness of God.

h. All birds, including the Ziz, their King, were created on the Fifth Day from marsh, and thus rank between land and sea-beasts. But if God had not given the weaker birds a merciful dispensation, they could never have held their own against eagle, hawk and other birds of prey; for in the month of Tishri, He commands the Ziz to lift his head, flap his wings, crow aloud, and fill birds of prey with such terror that they spare the lesser breeds.

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i. God set one of the newly-created Ziz's feet upon a fin of Leviathan, and found that his head reached the Divine Throne. His outspread wings can darken the sun, and restrain the fiery South Wind from parching all Earth.

j. The same Bar-Hana reports that, on a sea voyage, he and his shipmates saw the Ziz standing in mid-Ocean; yet the waves wetted only his ankles. "We judged that the sea must be shallow," writes Bar-Hana, "and thought to disembark and cool ourselves. But a heavenly voice warned us: 'Seven years ago, a ship's carpenter dropped his axe at this spot and it has not yet touched bottom!' "

k. There is also a hen-Ziz. Though taking good care of her single huge egg, and hatching it on some far mountain, she once accidentally let fall one that was addled. The stinking contents drowned sixty cities and swept away three hundred cedar-trees.

l. Eventually, the Ziz will share the fate of Leviathan and Behemoth: to be slaughtered and serve as food for the righteous.

*

1. Balaam, in his blessing, compared God's matchless strength to that of a reem (*Numbers* xxiii. 22; xxiv. 8); and Moses used the same metaphor in his blessing of Joseph (*Deuteronomy* xxxiii. 17). According to Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, the *reem* of Northern Arabia, though called a "wild-ox", is a large, very fleet antelope (*beatrix*), whose venison is esteemed above all other by the Bedouin. Because its long, sharp, straight horns can transfix a man, Arab hunters keep at a respectful distance until their shots have wounded it mortally. Leather from a buck's tough hide makes the best sandals; its horns serve as tent-pegs or picks.

Since the Palestinian reem had become extinct by late Biblical times, and single horns from Arabia were imported to Alexandria as rarities, the third-century B.C. Septuagint translators rendered "reem" as *monokerōs*, or "unicorn"; thus confusing it with the one-horned rhinoceros. Balaam's comparison of God's strength to that of a reem explains later exaggerated accounts of its size. The Noah's Ark story answers a disciple's question: "Why did the reem, if it were so huge, not drown in the Deluge?"

2. The original meaning of *ziz* (in the phrase *ziz sadai*, or "ziz of the field"—*Psalms* i. 11 and lxxx. 14) seems to have been "insects", or possibly "locusts", from the Akkadian word *zizanu*, or *sisanu*. But when the Septuagint appeared, this had been forgotten, and it was translated in the First Psalm as "fruit of the field," though in the Eightieth Psalm as "wild ass." St. Jerome's Latin Vulgate (completed 405 A.D.) altered the Septuagint's "fruit of the field" to "beauty of the field"; and "wild ass" to "peculiar beast". The Aramaic Targum and the Talmud, on the other hand, explain *ziz* as *tarnegol bar* ("wild cock"), or *ben netz* ("son of the hawk"), or *sekhwi* ("cock"), or *renanim* ("jubilations") or *bar yokhni* ("son of the nest"); thus connecting it with elaborate Iranian myths about the sacred cock of Avesta, and with the *roc* or *rukh*.

The Birth of Adam

ON THE SIXTH DAY, at God's command, Earth was delivered of Adam. And as a woman remains unclean for thirty-three days after the birth of a male child, so likewise did Earth for thirty-three generations—until the reign of King Solomon, before which time God's Sanctuary could not be built at Jerusalem. The elements of fire, water, air and darkness combined in Earth's womb to produce living creatures; yet, though all her offspring were conceived on the First Day, herbs and trees made their appearance on the Third, sea-beasts and birds on the Fifth, land-beasts, creeping things, and Man on the Sixth.

b. God did not use earth at random, but chose pure dust, so that Man might become the crown of Creation. He acted, indeed, like a woman who mixes flour with water and sets aside some of the dough as a *hallah* offering: for He let a mist moisten the earth, then used a handful of it to create Man, who became the world's first *hallah* offering. Being the son of *Adamah* ("Earth"), Man called himself "Adam" in acknowledgment of his origin; or perhaps Earth was called Adamah in honour of her son; yet some derive his name from *adom* ("red"), recording that he was formed from red clay found at Hebron in the Damascene Field near the Cave of Machpelah.

c. It is improbable, however, that God used earth from Hebron, this being a less holy site

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than the summit of Mount Moriah, Earth's very navel, where the Sanctuary now stands: for there Abraham was blessed because of his readiness to sacrifice Isaac. Hence some relate that God commanded the Archangel Michael: "Bring Me dust from the site of My Sanctuary!" This He gathered into the hollow of His hand and formed Adam, thus binding mankind by natural ties to the mountain on which Abraham would expiate his forefathers' sins. Some say that God used two kinds of dust for Adam's creation: one gathered from Mount Moriah; the other a mixture culled at the world's four corners and moistened with water drawn from every river and sea in existence. That, to ensure Adam's health, He used male dust and female soil. That Adam's name reveals the formative elements of his creation: its three Hebrew letters being their initials—*epher* ("dust"), *dam* ("blood"), and *marah* ("gall")—since, unless these are present in equal measure, man sickens and dies.

d. God disdained to fetch Adam's dust Himself, and sent an angel instead—either Michael to Mount Moriah, or Gabriel to the world's four corners. Nevertheless, when Earth gainsaid the angel, knowing that she would be cursed on Adam's account, God stretched forth His own hand. Some insist that dust for Adam's trunk was brought from Babylonia, for his head from Israel, for his buttocks from the Babylonian fortress of Agma, and for his limbs from certain other lands.

The various colours found in man are a reminder of these different kinds of dust: the red formed Adam's flesh and blood; the black, his bowels; the white, his bones and sinews; the olive-green, his skin.

By using dust from every corner of the world, God has ensured that in whatever land Adam's descendants die, Earth will always receive them back. Otherwise, if an Easterner should travel to the West, or a Westerner to the East, and the hour of his death came upon him, the soil of that region might cry: "This dust is not mine, nor will I accept it; return, Sir, to your place of origin!" But whereas Adam's body was fashioned from terrestrial elements, his soul was fashioned from celestial ones; though some believe that this also proceeded from Earth.

e. The hour at which God created Adam's soul has been much disputed: whether at dawn on the Sixth Day (his body being made a little later), on whether on the Fifth Day before the appearance of sea-beasts; or whether this precious thing was the very first of God's handiworks. Some hold that the creation of Adam's inert clod preceded not only his soul, but even Light itself. They say that God, when about to breathe His spirit into it, paused and reminded Himself: "If I let Man live and stand up at once, it may later be claimed that he shared My task. . . . He must stay as a clod until I have done!" At dusk on the Sixth Day, therefore, the ministering angels asked: "Lord of the Universe, why have You not yet created Man?" He answered: "Man is already created, and lacks only life." Then God breathed life into the clod, Adam rose to his feet, and the work of Creation ended.

f. God had given Adam so huge a frame that when he lay down, it stretched from one end of Earth to the other; and when he stood up, his head was level with the Divine Throne. Moreover, he was of such indescribable beauty that though, later, the fairest of women seemed like apes when compared with Abraham's wife Sarah, and though Sarah would have seemed like an ape when compared with Eve, yet Eve herself seemed like an ape when compared with Adam, whose heels—let alone his countenance—outshone the sun. Nevertheless, though Adam was made in God's image, yet he too seemed like an ape when compared with God.

g. All living things approached the radiant Adam in awe, mistaking him for their Creator. But as they prostrated themselves at his feet, he rebuked them saying: "Let us come before God's presence with thanksgiving; let us worship and bow down, kneeling before the Lord our Maker. . . ." God was gratified, and sent angels to pay Adam homage in Eden. They bowed submissively,

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roasted his meat and poured his wine. The envious Serpent alone disobeyed; whereupon God expelled him from His presence.

Some say that all the ministering angels conceived a hatred for Adam, lest he might become God's rival, and tried to scorch him with fire; God, however, spread His hand over Adam and made peace between him and them.

Elsewhere it is told that Adam's huge frame and radiant countenance so amazed the angels that they called him "Holy One", and flew trembling back to Heaven. They asked God: "Can there be two divine Powers: one here, the other on Earth?" To calm them, God placed His hand on Adam and reduced his height to a thousand cubits. Later, when Adam disobediently ate from the Tree of Knowledge, God further reduced his stature to a mere hundred cubits.

h. It has been said that God did not shrink Adam's body, but trimmed innumerable flakes off his flesh. Adam complained: "Why do You diminish me?" God replied: "I take only to give again. Gather these trimmings, scatter them far and wide: wherever you cast them, there they shall return to dust, so that your seed may fill the whole Earth."

i. While Adam lay a prostrate clod, stretched immobile across the world, he could nevertheless watch the work of Creation. God also showed him the Righteous Ones who should descend from him—not in vision, but by pre-creating them for his instruction. These Righteous Ones were dwarfed by Adam's frame and, as they thronged about him, some clung to his hair, others to his eyes, ears, mouth, and nostrils.

*

1. It is doubtful whether the masculine word *Adam* ("man") and the feminine *adamah* ("earth") are etymologically related. However, such a relation is implicit in *Genesis* (ii.), and accepted by Midrashic and Talmudic commentators. A less tenuous connection, first suggested by Quintilian (I. v. 34), exists between the Latin *homo* ("man") and *humus* ("earth"): modern linguists trace both to the ancient Indo-European root which, in Greek, produced *chthon* ("earth"), *chamai* ("on the earth"), and *epichthonios* ("human").

2. The myth of Man's creation from earth, clay, or dust, is widely current. In Egypt, either the god Khnum or the god Ptah created man on a potter's wheel; in Babylonia, either the goddess Aruru or the god Ea kneaded man from clay. According to a Phocian Greek myth, Prometheus used a certain red clay at Panopeus; what was left there continued for centuries to exude an odour of human flesh.

3. A *hallah* was the priest's share in "the first of your dough" (*Numbers* xv. 17–21); but the rabbis ruled that dough should be subject to the Law only if it amounted to an *omer*, and that the priest's share should be one-twelfth of the whole, or one-twenty-fourth if mixed at a bakery rather than a private dwelling.

4. The ancient Hebrews regarded what we call olive-green as the ideal complexion. Thus it is said of Esther, in praise of her beauty, that "her skin was greenish like the skin of a myrtle".

5. Speculations about Adam's origin vexed Christians and Moslems who knew no Hebrew. According to the Slavonic *Enoch*, based on a Greek original, "Adam's name comes from the initials of the four principal winds: Anatole, Dysis, Arctos, and Mesembria," because his body was made of dust gathered at the cardinal points of the compass. According to the Syriac *Cave of Treasures*, God's angels saw His right hand stretched across the world, and watched while He took dust, as little as a grain, from the whole earth, and a drop of water from all the waters of the universe, and a little wind from all the air, and a little warmth from all the fire, and placed these four weak elements together into the hollow of His hand, and thus created Adam. The Moslems relate that the angels Gabriel, Michael, Israfil, and Azra'il brought dust from the four corners of the world, and with it Allah created the body of Adam; to form his head and heart, however, Allah chose dust from a site at Mecca, where the Holy Ka'aba later rose. Mecca is the navel of the earth for Moslems; as Mount Moriah was for the Hebrews; and Delphi for the Greeks.

6. An Arab tradition of Jewish origin agrees that Earth at first rebelled against Adam's creation. When Allah sent first Gabriel and then Michael to fetch the necessary dust, she protested on each occasion: "I invoke Allah against you!" Thereupon he sent the Angel of Death, who swore not to return until he had accomplished the divine will. Earth, fearing his power, let him gather white, black, and copper-red dust—hence the different-coloured races of mankind.

7. That God made Adam perfect, although liable to be misled by a wrong exercise of free-will, is the main moral of these myths and glosses. It deprives man of an excuse to sin, and

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justifies God's command to Abraham: "I am Almighty God, walk before Me and be perfect!" Nevertheless, the origin of evil continued to puzzle the sages. They invented a myth of Eve's seduction by Samael, who begot Cain the murderer on her, though *Genesis* specifically makes Adam father Cain as well as Abel.

8. Adam's rebuke to the beasts is borrowed from the Ninety-Fifth Psalm.

Adam's Helpmeets

HAVING DECIDED to give Adam a helpmeet lest he should be alone of his kind, God put him into a deep sleep, removed one of his ribs, formed it into a woman, and closed up the wound. Adam awoke and said: "This being shall be named 'Woman', because she has been taken *out of* man. A man and a woman shall be one flesh." The title he gave her was Eve, "the Mother of All Living".

b. Some say that God created man and woman in His own image on the Sixth Day, giving them charge over the world; but that Eve did not yet exist. Now, God had set Adam to name every beast, bird, and other living thing. When they passed before him in pairs, male and female, Adam—being already like a twenty-year-old man—felt jealous of their loves, and though he tried coupling with each female in turn, found no satisfaction in the act. He therefore cried: "Every creature but I has a proper mate!" and prayed that God would remedy this injustice.

c. God then formed Lilith, the first woman, just as He had formed Adam, except that He used filth and sediment instead of pure dust. From Adam's union with this demoness, and with another like her named Naamah, Tubal-Cain's sister, sprang Asmodeus and innumerable demons that still plague mankind. Many generations later, Lilith and Naamah came to Solomon's judgment seat, disguised as harlots of Jerusalem.

d. Adam and Lilith never found peace together; for when he wished to lie with her, she took offence at the recumbent posture he demanded. "Why must I lie beneath you?" she asked. "I also was made from dust, and am therefore your equal." Because Adam tried to compel her obedience by force, Lilith, in a rage, uttered the magic name of God, rose into the air and left him.

Adam complained to God: "I have been deserted by my helpmeet." God at once sent the angels Senoy, Sansenoy, and Semangelof to fetch Lilith back. They found her beside the Red Sea, a region abounding in lascivious demons, to whom she bore *lilim* at the rate of more than one hundred a day. "Return to Adam without delay," the angels said, "or we will drown you!" Lilith asked: "How can I return to Adam and live like an honest housewife, after my stay beside the Red Sea?" "It will be death to refuse!" they answered. "How can I die," Lilith asked again, "when God has ordered me to take charge of all newborn children: boys up to the eighth day of life, that of circumcision; girls up to the twentieth day? None the less, if ever I see your three names or likenesses displayed in an amulet above a newborn child, I promise to spare it." To this they agreed; but God punished Lilith by making one hundred of her demon children perish daily; and if she could not destroy a human infant, because of the angelic amulet, she would spitefully turn against her own.

e. Some say that Lilith ruled as queen in Zmargad, and again in Sheba; and was the demoness who destroyed Job's sons. Yet she escaped the curse of death which overtook Adam, since they had parted long before the Fall. Lilith and Naamah not only strangle infants but also seduce dreaming men, any one of whom, sleeping alone, may become their victim.

f. Undismayed by His failure to give Adam a suitable helpmeet, God tried again, and let him watch while he built up a woman's anatomy: using bones, tissues, muscles, blood, and glandular secretions; then covering the whole with skin and adding tufts of hair in places. The sight caused Adam such disgust that even when this woman, the First Eve, stood there in her full beauty, he felt an invincible repugnance. God

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knew that he had failed once more, and took the First Eve away. Where she went, nobody knows for certain.

g. God tried a third time, and acted more circumspectly. Having taken a rib from Adam's side in his sleep, He formed it into a woman; then plaited her hair and adorned her, like a bride, with twenty-four pieces of jewellery, before waking him. Adam was entranced.

h. Some say that God created Eve not from Adam's rib, but from a tail ending in a sting which had been part of his body. God cut this off, and the stump—now a useless coccyx—is still carried by Adam's descendants.

i. Others say that God's original thought had been to create two human beings, male and female; but instead He designed a single one with a male face looking forward, and a female face looking back. Again He changed His mind, removed Adam's backward-looking face, and built a woman's body for it.

Lilith

j. Still others hold that Adam was originally created as an androgyne of male and female bodies joined back to back. Since this posture made locomotion difficult, and conversation awkward, God divided the androgyne and gave each half a new rear. These separate beings He placed in Eden, forbidding them to couple.

*

1. The tradition that man's first sexual intercourse was with animals not women, may be due to the widely-spread practice of bestiality among herdsmen of the Middle East, which is still condoned by custom, although figuring three times in the Pentateuch as a capital crime. In the Akkadian *Gilgamesh Epic*, Enkidu is said to have lived with gazelles and jostled other wild beasts at the watering-place, until civilised by Aruru's priestess. Having enjoyed her embraces for six days and seven nights, he wished to rejoin the wild beasts but, to his surprise, they fled from him. Enkidu then knew that he had gained understanding, and the priestess said: "Thou art wise, Enkidu, like unto a god!"

2. Primeval man was held by the Babylonians to have been androgynous. Thus the *Gilgamesh Epic* gives Enkidu androgynous features: "the hair of his head like a woman's, with locks that sprout like those of Nisaba, the Grain-goddess." The Hebrew tradition evidently derives from Greek sources, since the terms used in the Tannaitic *Midrash* to describe the bisexual Adam are Greek: *androynos*, "man-woman," and *diprosopon*, "two-faced". Philo of Alexandria, the Hellenistic philosopher and commentator on the Bible, contemporary with Jesus, held that man was at first bisexual; so did the Gnostics. This belief is clearly borrowed from Plato. Yet the myth of two bodies placed back to back may well have been founded on observation of Siamese twins, which are sometimes joined in this awkward manner. The two-faced Adam may have been a fancy derived from coins or statues of Janus, the Roman New-Year-god.

3. Divergences between the Creation myths of *Genesis* i. and ii., which allow Lilith to be presumed as Adam's first mate, result from a careless weaving together of an early Judaean and a late priestly tradition. The older version contains the rib incident. Lilith typifies the Anatha-worshipping Canaanite women, who were permitted pre-nuptial promiscuity. Time

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after time the prophets denounced Israelite women for following Canaanite practices—at first, apparently, with the priests' approval—since their habit of dedicating to God the fees thus earned is expressly forbidden in *Deuteronomy* xxiii. 18. Lilith's flight to the Red Sea recalls the ancient Hebrew view that water attracts demons, and that "tortured and rebellious demons" find safe harbourage in Egypt. Thus Asmodeus, who had strangled Sarah's first six husbands, fled "to the uttermost parts of Egypt", when Tobias burned the heart and liver of a fish on their wedding night.

4. Lilith's bargain with the angels has its ritual counterpart in an apotropaic rite once performed in many Jewish communities. To protect the newborn child against Lilith—and especially a male, until he could be permanently safeguarded by circumcision—a circle was drawn with natron, or charcoal, on the wall of the birthroom, and inside it were written the words: "ADAM AND EVE. OUT, LILITH!" Also the names Senoy, Sansenoy, and Semangelof (meanings uncertain) were inscribed on the door. If Lilith nevertheless succeeded in approaching the child and fondling him, he would laugh in his sleep. To avert danger, it was held wise to strike the sleeping child's lips with one finger—whereupon Lilith would vanish.

5. "Lilith" is usually derived from the Babylonian-Assyrian word *lilitu*, "a female demon, or wind-spirit"—one of a triad mentioned in Babylonian spells. But she appears earlier as "Lillake" on a 2000 B.C. Sumerian tablet from Ur containing the tale of *Gilgamesh and the Willow Tree*. There she is a demoness dwelling in the trunk of a willow-tree tended by the Goddess Inanna (Anath) on the banks of the Euphrates. Popular Hebrew etymology seems to have derived "Lilith" from *layil*, "night"; and she therefore often appears as a hairy night-monster, as she also does in Arabian folklore. Solomon suspected the Queen of Sheba of being Lilith, because of her hairy legs. His judgment on the two harlots is recorded in 1 *Kings* iii. 16ff. According to *Isaiah* xxxiv. 14, Lilith dwells among desolate ruins in the Edomite desert where satyrs (*se'ir*), reems, pelicans, owls, ravens, jackals, ostriches, arrowsnakes, and kites keep her company.

6. Lilith's children are called *lilim*. In the *Targum Yerushalmi*, the priestly blessing of *Numbers* vi. 26 becomes: "The Lord bless thee in all thy doings, and preserve thee from the Lilim!" The 4th-century A.D. commentator Hieronymus identified Lilith with the Greek Lamia, a Libyan queen deserted by Zeus, whom his wife Hera robbed of her children. She took revenge by robbing other women of theirs.

7. The Lamiae, who seduced sleeping men, sucked their blood and ate their flesh, as Lilith and her fellow-demonesses did, were also known as *Empusae*, "forcers-in"; and *Mormolyceia*, "frightening wolves"; and described as "Children of Hecate." A Hellenistic relief shows a naked Lamia straddling a traveller asleep on his back. It is characteristic of civilisations where women are treated as chattels that they must adopt the recumbent posture during intercourse, which Lilith refused. That Greek witches who worshipped Hecate favoured the superior posture, we know from Apuleius; and it occurs in early Sumerian representations of the sexual act, though not in the Hittite. Malinowski writes that Melanesian girls ridicule what they call "the missionary position", which demands that they should lie passive and recumbent.

8. Naamah, "pleasant", is explained as meaning that "the demoness sang pleasant songs to idols." *Smargad* suggest *smaragdos*, the semi-precious aquamarine; and may therefore be her submarine dwelling. A demon named Smaragos occurs in the *Homeric Epigrams*.

9. Eve's creation by God from Adam's rib—a myth establishing male supremacy and disguising Eve's divinity—lacks parallel in Mediterranean or early Middle-Eastern myth. The story perhaps derives iconotropically from an ancient relief, or painting, which showed the naked goddess Anatha poised in the air, watching her lover Mot murder his twin Aliyan; Mot (mistaken by the mythographer for Yahweh) was driving a curved dagger under Aliyan's fifth rib, not removing a sixth one.

The familiar story is helped by a hidden pun on *tsela*, the Hebrew for "rib": Eve, though designed to be Adam's helpmeet, proved to be a *tsela*, a "stumbling", or "misfortune". Eve's formation from Adam's tail is an even more damaging myth; perhaps suggested by the birth of a child with a vestigial tail instead of a coccyx—a not infrequent occurrence.

10. The story of Lilith's escape to the East and of Adam's subsequent marriage to Eve may, however, record an early historical incident; nomad herdsmen, admitted into Lilith's Canaanite queendom as guests, suddenly seize power and, when the royal household thereupon flees, occupy a second queendom which owes allegiance to the Hittite Goddess Hebat.

The meaning of "Eve" is disputed. *Hawwah* is explained in *Genesis* iii. 20 as "mother of all living"; but this may well be a Hebraicised form of the divine name Hiba, Hebat, Khebat, or Khiba. This goddess, wife of the Hittite storm-god, is shown riding a lion in a rock-sculpture at Hattusas, which equates her with Anath. She was worshipped at Jerusalem. Her Greek name was Hebe, Heracles's goddess-wife.

(A concluding part will be published next month)

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John Mander

Indian Autumn

Letter from New Delhi

WHERE TO BEGIN? India, land without beginning or end, is not to be tied down. Just now, an event has stirred her shapeless, incontinent, subtropical complaisance. India, one is told, "will not be the same again...." Three months ago, all was apathy and corruption: to-day all is national unity and endeavour. "We fight for the motherland," say the posters and headlines, "to the last drop of blood." To war-bitten Westerners, obviously, the talk is embarrassing. Where is the country of Gandhiji and Annie Besant, *ahimsa* and *satyagraha,* home-spun, vegetarian paradise? Was India never as pacific as she seemed—as Indians themselves argued at the time of Goa? Perhaps India meek-and-gentle, nation unlike other nations, lamb among the international lions, was always illusory, a wishful projection of the European crank? Certainly, to judge by what one has heard, here in Delhi, in Bombay and Calcutta, India has now reverted to the human norm with a vengeance. One has heard the Americans blamed for not bombing beyond the Yalu ten years back; one has heard demands for a pact with Chiang Kai-Shek and for American bases in Tibet. And one has heard this from the same people who believe in non-violence but say, human imperfections being what they are, that violence must sometimes be resorted to as a second-best....

Certainly, it is all very confusing. And the foreigner is not here to carp. Yet the sympathetic observer does India no service by echoing the remarkable complacency of the official handouts and the Press. Government press policy has been unfortunate: defeats have been confirmed when rumour has long since spread the news; security has concentrated on keeping the facts from the people, not from the Chinese. At a first look, again, the English-language papers seem impressive. They are well produced, conscientiously edited, soberly written. But day-to-day comparison with reporting in the British or American press reveals a serious lack of frankness. This may be partly due to "Government interference"; but it is at least as much due to the papers' willingness to print or paraphrase Government handouts without comment of their own. Reportage, in the Western sense, hardly exists. The people know quite well that what happened in NEFA was not a check but a rout; they know there was shameful panic and confusion during the evacuation of Tezpur. They know that India has been humiliated in the face of Asia and that there is, for the moment, nothing she can do about it. But they sense this from the Government's own evasions and hesitations, lacking direct guidance. If India is confused, those in authority have much to answer for.

Authority in India is not quite synonymous with Jawaharlal Nehru, but very nearly so. It is said his authority has suffered during the past weeks, and this is plainly true. Whether, if the Chinese had taken Assam, his government would have fallen, is highly speculative. More likely, actual control would have passed—as it is slowly passing now—into the hands of the practical men, the Chavans, Desais and Sastris and the army leaders, who have little use for non-alignment so long as the threat to the country remains. Conceivably, a coalition government would have come into being. But to suppose that India could have done without Nehru's authority—however responsible Nehru might be for the *débâcle*—is to misunderstand

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the nature of his authority. Thus, though there are anti-Congress opposition parties, there is no real opposition to Nehru. When the crisis broke, he could rely on Socialist backing. The Right-wing Swatantra party, violently critical of his policies in the past, promised "conditional support." Even the Communists—apart from their pro-Chinese wing, hastily clapped into gaol—rallied to the Nehru standard. To be sure, within Congress there were rumours of rebellion, hints that if Krishna Menon did not go, further heads might roll. When Nehru tried a familiar gambit and threatened to resign, a young Congressman informed him that "the party would tell him when it was time to go." Nehru has always been one to sense a change of wind. His militant response to the invader, though a good deal less militant than the mood of the country, nipped rebellion in the bud.

THESE WEEKS, British history has been assiduously combed for analogies. The newspapers have been full of talk of "Chamberlain... Churchill... Munich... Dunkirk." That Indians should turn to British political experience is of remarkable interest: it suggests that the identification is deeper than is commonly realised. Yet these analogies are not entirely convincing. A Swatantra leader justified "conditional support" by analogy with Labour's attitude during the Phoney War. He could not unconditionally support a government that included Krishna Menon. Up to a point, the analogy is sound. The role of the Opposition leaders has not been unlike that of Arthur Greenwood when Amery called on him to "speak for England." Many Congressmen, loath to attack Nehru or Menon in public, have privately urged Opposition members to "speak for India." It was this plain speaking, backed by vociferous public protest, that secured Menon's removal. In any appraisal of what the crisis has meant to India, the point needs to be made: India's democracy, whatever its faults, has proved itself a good deal more robust than the other fair-weather democracies of the Afro-Asian world.

Unqualified, that would be too optimistic a conclusion. It leaves too much out of account. If the appeasement analogy is sound—and how could the Nehru-Menon policy towards China be more aptly described?—there is certainly no Churchill waiting in the wings. Nor, despite the rhetoric, can the physical shock of the defeat in NEFA be compared with Dunkirk. Indeed, it may turn out that the shock has been, from the Indian point of view, too mild. But what must qualify any optimistic conclusion about Indian democracy is the personal quality of Nehru's authority. It is here that the British analogy breaks down. India is a democracy, but a one-man democracy. Jawaharlal Nehru may be the most enlightened despot the world has known; but he is none the less a despot. It is not that Nehru is an "authoritarian" personality in the familiar sense—though his gentleness hides a quick temper and a low threshold of tolerance for the weak and incompetent. The authoritarian personality has been thrust upon him. Elsewhere, Jawaharlal Nehru would have become an Asquith. India required him—the least religious of men, as he remarks in his *Autobiography*—to be a *guru*. It is India's luck—but also her good judgment—that she has chosen a *guru* with the instincts of an English liberal.

THAT PARADOX is the key to Indian politics. Nor does it apply to Nehru alone. A striking feature of the political scene is the difference in quality between the leadership of a party and its rank and file. It is fashionable to be pessimistic about Congress, as though it were certain to become an Indian Kuomintang. Corruption exists, though hardly on a Chinese scale—no one can deny that in Morarji Desai, that steely fanatic for prohibition and handwoven cloth, India has a Finance Minister of Cromwellian integrity. Yet its keenest apologist would not claim that most Congress parliamentarians are more than a bunch of ignorant, yea-saying backwoodsmen. Even in Cabinet, one gathers, the anti-Menon faction, though strong both in conviction and numbers, never openly opposed the Nehru-Menon policy towards China, so strongly ingrained are Hindu habits of authority. Outside Congress, the situation is similar. India has a dozen leaders whose charismatic appeal falls not so far short of Nehru's. The Swatantra party has that sprightly 83-year-old sage, the formidable Mr. Rajagopalachari of Madras. There is the vehement, subtle Acharya Kripalani, now Independent. The Praja Socialists are led by so striking a figure as Ashoka Mehta. But other members of this reserve-team charismatic leadership—and here I can think of no analogy outside India—are not really "in politics" at all. Jayaprakash Narayan, closest in spirit to Gandhi of all his political disciples, was at one

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time the leader of the Socialist movement within Congress. In 1948, the Socialists left Congress and set up house on their own, Jayaprakash in the lead. By the mid-fifties, he had moved away from active politics to follow Vinoba Bhave—another towering charismatic figure—in his *Bhoodan* movement for the voluntary redistribution of the land to the poorer peasantry. Yet Jayaprakash's pronouncements on politics—and he has sweated blood during the past weeks to reconcile Gandhian *ahimsa* with India's defence needs—reach a wider public than those of many a Cabinet minister.

In effect, there are two co-existent patterns of political leadership in India. There is the basic democratic, party-political pattern, borrowed from Britain, to which the great majority of educated Indians are attached. Beside it, intersecting it at many points, there exists an older, semi-religious pattern of personal authority. Superficially, it might appear a dangerous situation: who can be sure that future despots will have Nehru's enlightenment? This alarm, at least, seems unfounded. None of these "charismatic" figures has the characteristics of an incipient Indo-Aryan *fuehrer*. That would be to rate Indian spiritual perceptiveness rather low: the qualities Indians admire in their *guru*-leaders are different. But the problem of the future intersection of the two patterns, after Nehru, remains. One of the shrewdest of Indian political observers, A. D. Gorwala, remarked to me during the crisis that "it does not take a genius to be Prime Minister." In Western terms, it would seem a very just remark. But in India? "The answer to the foreign visitor's query: after Nehru—what?" says Gorwala, "is really quite simple: after Nehru—Congress." There is no doubt that, say, Defence Minister Chavan would make a highly competent future Prime Minister in any Western context. But he is a tough Congress politician, a Maharashtrian man of the people, no *guru*. One fears that India's tragedy might be precisely that her Prime Minister has to be a genius.

THE ARGUMENT is far from academic. Yet, though Nehru's authority may not be fully explicable in Western democratic terms, this is not to say that democracy has shallow roots in India. The astonishing and quite spontaneous response of the people—it took the government by surprise—is disproof of this. But the Westerner assumes that, because India's democratic forms are of the West, the authority upholding them is also Western. I believe this to be far from the case. And the argument has implications beyond the present crisis. There has recently grown up a school of experts on India who take a distinctly pessimistic view of her prospects. Chief among the exponents of this new, gloomy science is Mr. Selig Harrison. In his *India: the Most Dangerous Decades* Mr. Harrison deploys a formidable knowledge of modern India in the service of his thesis that the new social, political and linguistic forces at work in India are basically *centrifugal*. Thus, the new linguistic States into which India has been redivided are certain, he argues, to develop strong regional loyalties at the expense of New Delhi. On the rapid expansion of education—a million students by 1970—will follow a rapid decline in the standard of English. Very soon—since no one really believes that Bengal, Madras, or Bombay can be compelled to learn Hindi—there will grow up language-barriers within India, not merely between Hindi-speaking North and Dravidian South, but between individual—and extremely powerful—States such as Gujerat, Maharashtra, Andhra, and Mysore. Simultaneously, the States will become the source of political patronage and power (already, Madras has a Chief Minister who needs an English-speaking interpreter when he calls on Prime Minister Nehru). Again, the development of democracy often *encourages*, as in the case of caste, potential factors of division. For democratic competitiveness, in such a radically non-competitive society as the Hindu, increases the tendency of previously inert social groups to act in concert. If the forces making for disintegration have not yet triumphed, Mr. Harrison implies, that is in large part due to Nehru's unique and irreplaceable authority. After Nehru, the deluge.

AT FIRST SIGHT, the events of the past few weeks would seem to make hay of this thesis. Far from stimulating separatism in the South, the patriotic upsurge was as strong there as in the rest of the country. The Committee for National Integration met in November, and adjourned indefinitely: the Chinese had accomplished what fifteen years of talk had failed to achieve. However vague and undirected, a quite new climate of opinion had come into existence, confounding pessimists and optimists alike. Reading Mr. Harrison's book at the time, it struck me that his analysis had been too ration-

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alistic; he had ignored the imponderables of patriotic emotion. He had ignored, too, the elements that bridge the linguistic divisions of India: above all, the Hindu culture that is common to the Ganges Valley, Assam, the tropical South and the plains of Bengal. The patriotic upsurge had, significantly, a strong undertone of Hindu revivalism. I was told that if I had been in India six months ago, I would have found people talking of "Hindi Imperialism" and the States' determination to resist New Delhi's encroachments. These bickerings, of course, were carefully fostered by the Indian Communists, who derive a great part of their strength from just these non-Hindi speaking regions (Kerala, Bengal, Andhra) where a sense of under-privilege is strong. Indeed, Mr. Harrison argues that the Communists' grand design for India is the systematic encouragement of separatist tendencies in the States. Stalin, he comments, in an interview with the Indian Ambassador a few weeks before his death, expressed "great interest" in the future development of India's language problem. No wonder: here was an instrument ready-made for any strategist of disruption. Yet the events of the past weeks suggest another reading: the instrument may prove, for the Communists, a double-edged weapon. It is a truism that Communism only succeeds where it can pose as the champion of national aspirations. The sudden re-emergence of an all-Indian patriotism is as likely to upset the CPI's optimistic calculations as the pessimistic prognostications of Mr. Harrison.

It is not always realised, nevertheless, how intractable India's language problem is. One lightly assumes that India, with her birthright of English, possesses a head-start over most other underdeveloped countries. In some fields, notably in science, economics, engineering, this may still be true. But the advantage is more apparent than real. English is simply the international language of scholarship in these fields: an Indian may still be able to write better English than an Indonesian or a Japanese, but his advantage in being able to read English has dwindled to nothing. At the same time, his dependence on English as a language of intellectual communication within India herself looks more and more like a disadvantage. It is not merely that the standard of spoken and written English has declined catastrophically over the past fifteen years. (Mr. Minoo Masani tells me that his *Our India*, written during the war for twelve-year-olds, is now used as a textbook for eighteen-year-olds.) The real problem is that English remains, for all but a tiny minority, a foreign language. And the more insecure a writer's grip on idiom the greater the urge to reach for the dictionary: English has become essentially a dead language. For older writers and journalists, of course, educated in Britain or by British teachers (and most of the people a foreigner is likely to meet on a visit to India will fall into this category) the problem is not acute—though it is noticeable that the "good English" of the newspapers and magazines has a slightly old-fashioned flavour.

But everything is conspiring to make the lot of the younger English-language writer or journalist intolerable. He will learn English at school from Indians, not Englishmen or Americans; and the existence of American English poses a problem to which there is no solution. Before Independence, standard English was British English. But soon the number of American teachers, magazines, and textbooks in India, and the number of Indians attending American universities, will make American English the more familiar idiom. The younger English-language writer will then have to contend with two parallel streams of idiom (which at times confusingly, converge). To these his dictionary is no adequate key. Yet, at the same time, currency restrictions, and the general poverty of Indian intellectuals, are making travel abroad and the buying of British and American books more and more prohibitive. Whether an "Indian English" was ever a possible proposition, I am not sure: but it is almost certain that it is now too late. An intellectual and political élite for whom English was a native tongue never existed outside the ICS and the anglicised communities—Jewish, Christian, or Parsee—along the West Coast. Conceivably, such an élite might have imposed its linguistic preferences on the rest of India, after ejecting its British mentors. For a variety of reasons, this did not come about. "Indian English" never achieved that "take-off" which is the goal of India's economic planning. Indian writers who choose English as their medium run the risk, even at their best, of remaining in a colonial relationship towards the English of London and New York.

MOST INDIANS ARE perfectly aware of this. If they write in English, it is because of accidents of birth or education, not from the much-cited desire "to reach a wider audience." Yet what

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is the alternative? A Bombay-Jewish English-language writer, Mr. Nissim Ezekiel, was sure that the development of the regional languages was, in the long run, the only alternative. Would this lead to greater provincialism and a further decline in intellectual standards? He admitted frankly that it would. It would also, as Mr. Selig Harrison insists, set up a language-barrier between Indian and Indian. But there was no short-cut. No Indian language could do the job which, for a century and a half, English had done for India. I fear Mr. Ezekiel is right. Hindi is spoken by 40 per cent of the popuation. But it lacks the kind of cultural predominance that Russian (the native language of 57 per cent of the people) enjoys in the Soviet Union. It has no modern literature of consequence—unlike, say, Bengali. It is in many ways a primitive language, complex in grammar, stilted, and inadequate for modern technological requirements. True, it is related to the other languages of North India, having Sanskrit as a common parent. But for a large part of the population it is quite as much a foreign language as English. There is simply no way—no way that would not bring about the disintegration that Mr. Harrison fears—by which Hindi can be imposed as India's national language. Yet, unquestionably, lacking a national language, India is at a great disadvantage compared with Japan, China, or the Soviet Union. If Bengali can boast a sophisticated literature, many other Indian languages are comparable rather with Slovak, Roumanian, or Serbo-Croat in the early 19th century. If recent events have proved the existence of an Indian national identity, it is not easy to see how it can find literary expression. (It may be significant that the modern Indian cultural contribution best known in the West—Satyajit Ray's films—bypasses the language problem altogether.)

FOR THE MOMENT there is something Austrian about India's predicament; the situation is desperate, but not acute. The older pre-Independence élite is still very much in the saddle and English is still the main language of political and cultural controversy. (But it is significant that the sales of regional language newspapers have increased five or six times since Independence, whereas English-language circulations are now almost stagnant.) The new-found national identity of the past weeks is likely to give English as the language of the Government—and perhaps also as the language of the Anglo-Saxon powers—a new lease of life. The attempt to impose Hindi as the national language will be abandoned, English being conceded the status of a joint national language. But the real problem will be thereby postponed, not solved. For, bound up with these language troubles, there is a further problem, not less intractable. Since this is a subject which is likely to give offence—though its existence was readily admitted by all the intellectuals I met—let me shelter behind a formulation of Professor Edward Shils, who has already suffered some brickbats in the controversy. In a fascinating study of India's cultural problems, *The Intellectual between Tradition and Modernity*, Professor Shils argues that India suffers, as did America or Russia in the 19th century, from the disease of "cultural provincialism." The symptoms are easily recognisable: the province resents the opinions of the metropolis and yet is abnormally sensitive and subservient to them. Let me quote—if he will forgive me—a highly intelligent young Bengali critic's opinion of the Shils thesis:

> What is sad is not the influence of the West on our poets and novelists—let there be more of it—but our emotional reaction to the West and the blind faith that we have in the certificates granted us by Western reviewers and critics. "A book is good," says Professor X., "because it is published in London." "This man has been mentioned in an ENCOUNTER article," says another in an awed voice about Mr. Z. Let this stop.

I quote, unabashed.

"Provincial" 19th-century Russia was also, as Mr. Jyotirmoy Datta goes on to argue, the Russia of Pushkin, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky. And Goethe's cosmopolitanism suggests that even provincial dependence, frankly recognised, may be turned to account—a citizen of Weimar can be the more easily a citizen of the world. I am not sure that Mr. Datta would accept this sop, especially since modern India's Goethe—Rabindranath Tagore—is already something of a period figure. He would probably prefer to face the situation frankly and admit that political independence has accentuated India's cultural provincialism rather than otherwise. Nor is there any obvious solution. My own feeling is that, if the choice is between a further withdrawal into herself (which is what the Gandhians among India's present leadership—though not Nehru—would instinctively prefer) and a frank admission of dependence on the West, India should not hesitate to admit her dependence. In fact, there is not likely to be any choice. How-

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ever India settles her language problem, the pace of events is likely to force her into greater dependence on the West, in technology and military aid, as well as in cultural matters. The decisive point—and this is true of the whole non-alignment controversy—is whether India can preserve the *political* freedom she wrested from the British. If India can be shown to exist as a nation—and recent events have shown precisely this—she should be able to absorb whatever she needs from the West without fear of losing her soul. "Seek ye first," as Dr. Nkrumah so rightly said, "the political kingdom."

Surprisingly, India is a great deal less interested in Dr. Nkrumah than Afro-Asian propaganda would suggest. In the mind of the average Indian, the smaller nations are not greatly respected. The West looms large and means Britain and America; Britain being by far the more real country of the two. Indeed, many Indian opinions about other countries are only British opinions slightly modified. The attitude to Africans—but also to Americans—is often patronising. "Britain and Canada came to our help," remarked a clerk in a government office, "They are Commonwealth countries. But Dr. Nkrumah let us down. We cannot have that. Mr. Macmillan will kick him out." Similarly, Britain's motives tend to be less suspect than America's—perhaps because Britain is the weaker partner. No doubt one should beware of exaggerating the warmth of India's feelings towards Britain. To some extent, this new warmth is the work of the Chinese. But its sudden eruption is proof that a strong reservoir of friendship has been present all along, despite Suez, despite Krishna Menon (it is my personal theory that this is because pre-Independence resentment against Britain was so quickly re-invested in resentment against Pakistan: more people blame America for arming Pakistan than blame Britain for bringing her into existence). The West, as I say, means almost exclusively Britain and America and the white Commonwealth. The general ignorance about France and Germany, the Common Market and the Berlin problem —but also about Eastern Europe and Russia—is quite remarkable. That the edifice of Afro-Asian solidarity was built on rather flimsy foundations has been, of course, a major revelation of the present crisis. Just as the crisis has revealed that the Indian people's estimate of the West differs from that of New Delhi (there was strong popular resentment against Nehru's somewhat ungenerous response to Western arms aid), so the Indian people's real estimate of the value of Afro-Asian solidarity has come to light. All this must be set to the credit of that greater realism about India's position in the world that has emerged from the crisis. In these matters, it is plain that public opinion is now taking the lead. It is equally plain that Nehru, the chief fount of unrealism in Indian politics, will bow to the new wind.

The extent to which intellectual India is dominated by attitudes originating in Britain is not always realised. This has a negative as well as a positive aspect. Thus, I had assumed that Indian politicians, writers, and intellectuals would be well-informed about Asian affairs. I did not find this at all. Mr. Nirad Chaudhuri, the charming and eccentric author of *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*, records the Japanese victories over Russia in 1904 as a memorable feature of his Bengali childhood. Similarly, one might think that intellectuals to-day would look to Japan as a possible model for economic development in an Asian context. In fact, I found little curiosity; and attitudes to certain other countries of South-East Asia were surprisingly contemptuous. In part, of course, this shows a healthy democratic contempt for régimes that easily succumb to dictatorship and corruption. More often, it is simply an egotistical lack of interest in other people's affairs, strikingly at variance with that urge to set other people's affairs to rights, which has often been India's official posture. The explanation for this surprisingly narrow conception of world affairs is sought by some Indians in British Imperialism's policy of insulating India from her natural neighbours. But this explanation is too simple. Indians who know their history will tell you that India has never—contrary to what is supposed in the West—been influenced in any important way by the countries to her East. True, she exported Buddhism to Burma, Tibet, China and beyond, and profoundly influenced the cultures of Siam, Malaya, and Java. But it was a one-way process; India received nothing from China in exchange. Indeed, the contacts between India and China seem to have been scarcely closer than those between China and mediæval Europe. When India was influenced from outside the subcontinent before British sea-conquest in the 18th century, it was from the West and the North. It was from

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Central Asia that the Aryans poured into India during the second millennium B.C.; it was through the north-western passes that Alexander, the Huns, and the Muslim invaders entered the Indus valley. Hindu civilisation has a long memory; the lands now comprising West Pakistan and the Punjab, one gathers, have been considered impure by strict Brahmins for centuries. That the Himalayas form an impassable barrier, on the other hand, was a basic assumption of all Hindu mythology. The obsession with Pakistan over the past decade, and the blindness to any threat from China, has roots in Indian culture of which Krishna Menon is unlikely to have been aware.

Yet it is experience-with-Britain that colours most Indian political thought—not least that of Krishna Menon. There is a significant ambiguity at work here. Britain was for long India's window on the world; but she was also the prison-wall that obstructed India's vision. At Independence, the prison-wall collapsed. But, though her physical presence was now removed, Britain still remained the window through which India looked at the world. It is not therefore surprising to find certain attitudes co-existing in the Indian mind which strike the Westerner as contradictory. Thus, a rather Anglo-Saxon contempt for the petty despotisms of the Afro-Asian world may co-exist with sanctimonious anti-colonial claptrap. This is only to say, perhaps, that India's borrowings from British political experience are partial; her borrowings have been dictated by her needs. But this is relevant to her present predicament. For, while India has borrowed from Britain's internal anti-imperialist, socialist-pacifist traditions, other aspects of British—though not, of course, exclusively British—experience have passed her by.

TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, the impact of militant Fascism and Communism on the West. Here, Nehru's case is not typical; his *Autobiography* (1935) shows that he was very well aware of the threat of Fascism at the time he wrote it. It is well known that, during the 1942 "Quit India" campaign, he was initially in favour of supporting the British war effort (as groups like M. N. Roy's, and the Communists after 1941, were willing to do). But Gandhi and the Congress leadership ruled otherwise; "Quit India" was launched when the Japanese were practically at the gates of Assam. It is dead history now; yet the assumptions underlying then Congress policy are worth reflecting on, because they foreshadow many of the more ostrich-like post-1947 policies. It is surely plain that, however clumsily the British handled the situation (the Viceroy's declaration of war in September, 1939, was not preceded by any consultation of Indian political leaders), the course of Indian Independence—not to speak of India's security—could only have gained from tight wartime co-operation. The embrace of Congress would have strangled the British Raj. But Congress at the time was wholly preoccupied with the struggle for *Swaraj*; Britain was the prison-wall, not the window. And the same applies to the post-war period of Communist expansion. While the West was resisting the new imperialism in Germany and Greece, in Persia, Malaya, and Korea, India was preoccupied with partition and its horrific aftermath. When she emerged, amazingly unscathed, into the world of the 1950s, the frontiers of the Cold War era were already set. Containment was a fact—but not a fact to which India had contributed, either for good or ill.

"YES, WE WON INDEPENDENCE too easily: we're paying for it now"—I have heard the sentiment expressed time and again in the past weeks. "British Imperialism was a bad mentor," it is implied, "you did nothing to prepare us for the Chinese variety." The truth of it is indisputable. Plainly, the strategy of the Independence movement was dictated by the uniquely vulnerable character of its opponent. Partly, this vulnerability was physical: in the long run, India could not be ruled against the consent of its three hundred million inhabitants —an awareness of this seems to have been with the men of the British Raj from the beginning. But it was primarily a moral vulnerability. In this sense, the British Raj was doomed from the day Macaulay recommended English as the language of higher education and Indians could read John Stuart Mill. In Bentham and Mill, as later in T. H. Green and the early Fabians, in Laski, Forster, Shaw, the Left Book Club and *New Statesman and Nation* of the 'Thirties, intellectual India found an ally within the enemy camp. Without that alliance, can one doubt that the strategy of an Independence movement in India would have had to be radically different? What is certain is that the experience set Indian political attitudes in a distinctive mould. When the Chinese proclaimed their cease-fire, it was at once suggested that the "moral pressure" of world opinion had brought this about. Again,

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the Indian Communist Party resolution condemning Chinese aggression was welcomed—by Nehru, but also by a large section of public opinion—as putting "moral pressure" on the Chinese to withdraw. Of course, no one denies that world public opinion is a force to be reckoned with. But it has been proved something of a paper tiger by recent events. And this is particularly galling to those who thought to glimpse its fearful symmetry in the ancient jungle of international affairs. Many Indians today will admit that they have generalised quite unjustifiably from their experience of the British Raj.

So MUCH FOR the prison-wall. But the window, too, allowed of a double vision. Partly, India was seeing the world through the eyes of the conventional Briton: Magna Carta, the Glorious Revolution, Blackstone, Erskine May, and Mr. Gladstone. Partly, India was seeing the world through the eyes of the British Left, so that she acquired, in the course of time, a strongly anti-Establishmentarian view of politics. This was particularly true of the generation that grew up before the Second World War. Nehru himself belonged to an older generation. But it is clear from his *Autobiography* that the formative period was not Edwardian Cambridge but the late 1920s, when he was again living in Europe, attending anti-imperialist gatherings in Brussels and Berlin. The same is true, *a fortiori*, of Krishna Menon; it is the explanation of his great influence on Nehru. It also explains why India, in the 1950s, provided a home for the kind of fellow-travelling which existed in England in the 1930s, but lost its innocence on the day Stalin signed a pact with Hitler. I would not be misunderstood. I met many in India who regard Krishna Menon simply as a Communist agent, and would cheerfully see him impeached. My point is that the fellow-travelling of the Indian 'Fifties (and I do not doubt that Menon expressed the views of the great majority in India) was essentially a *recapitulation* of the English 'Thirties—with, of course, Gandhian undertones. It was, indeed, a telling illustration of that "cultural provincialism" of which Professor Shils speaks. In this Indian context, fellow-travelling preserved an innocence which was lacking elsewhere. The sentiments of the Indian masses towards Russia and China during the high noon of the Bandung era echoed those passages in Nehru's *Autobiography* where he speaks of Communism as "fundamentally good," while gently disapproving of its methods. Now the recriminations have begun—recriminations that may still engulf Jawaharlal Nehru—it is good to remember this: the illusion was evil in practice, not in intention.

The same is true of "non-alignment." "India's non-alignment policy has collapsed," the papers back home are saying—the British say it with regret, the Americans with *schadenfreude*. But if five weeks in India teach one anything, it is that abstract discussions of non-alignment are so much froth-blowing. Non-alignment was based, in India as elsewhere, on a calculation: the calculation that a posture of neutrality between the two blocks would ensure India's defence and strengthen her economy. What has happened is that India has miscalculated. To read some commentators, one would think that the Indians, once a little lower than the angels, were now hell-bent for the City of Destruction. As Nehru remarked to me of one such, "He accuses us of jingoism—but what does he expect?" And he added, thoughtfully, "Ah yes, there's non-alignment *in theory*... but we're not non-aligned towards China, are we?" The irony of non-commitment, no doubt, is that it is morally ambiguous. The non-committed nations were confident of their moral edge over Communists and Westerners alike. But those who believed this were twice-deceived. For political non-commitment is not far from ideological neutrality—asserting that it does not matter who is right—which cannot be presented as a morally superior attitude. Indeed, for a young, aspiring democracy like India it can only be profoundly demoralising. Yet, inasmuch as non-alignment is simply a calculation of one's chances, it is a policy not less moral than any traditionally practised, but certainly not more so. Thanks to the Colombo Conference of non-aligned powers, something of this moral ambiguity has now been brought home to the Indian people.

THAT INDIA MISCALCULATED, most Indians would now readily admit. Indeed, perhaps, too readily: "If we had joined SEATO or CENTO," it is being said, "none of this need have happened." The sentiment is symptomatic: in their rage at the "failure of non-alignment," many seem willing to go the whole way with the West—indeed further, perhaps, than the West has a mind to go. But there is a sense in which the Indian miscalculation, disastrous as it has proved, is

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irrelevant to the non-alignment controversy. Where India miscalculated was in not acquiring a military potential that would have made the recent Chinese strategy impossible. This could not have been done without considerable economic sacrifice. But it could almost certainly have been done without joining any formal military alliance, had the will to do it been there. That it was not there has everything to do with Nehru's and Menon's illusions about the nature of Communism. The point, of course, is that neutrality had to be paid for, and that it may well prove more expensive than commitment. But this is a calculation that every nation has to make. What was honourable about India's past policy was something different. India's attitude has been compared with Washington's (or was it Jefferson's?) adage that young America should keep clear of "entangling alliances." The freedom that had been won from the British must not be surrendered to some new protector. To many Indians, looking at the sorry state of some countries entangled in the SEATO and CENTO alliances, non-alignment meant just this. There was calculation in the policy, but also jealous honour.

SO INDIA, after all, is going to change. The excitement of the past few weeks will die down—China's cease-fire brought an almost audible sigh of relief—but the events of this Indian autumn will be educative. The things that the alarmists have predicted will not occur: Nehru will not go, the businessmen will jostle for arms contracts, New Delhi clerks will pedal to work at 10.30 in the morning, the Emergency will be lifted, the Communists will be let out, Prohibition and Non-alignment will remain. But some things are going to be different. A new body of public opinion is now in being, which Nehru can no longer ignore. The Communists are in utter disarray—and it looks as if the icing will be off the Russian cake quite as much as the Chinese. The army is very angry, and will not tolerate again the treatment it received at the hands of Krishna Menon: here also there is a limit to Nehru's freedom of action. Chavan, the new Defence Minister, has both the will, and the kind of support, that will be needed to make of the Indian army an opponent the Chinese will not lightly challenge. Chavan is a realist: for him ten Globemasters in the hand are worth 50 MiGs in the bush. He will not allow "non-alignment" to prevent India getting exactly what she needs from whatever sources are available. It is clear, of course, that India will turn to the West; and there is no doubt that this policy has now overwhelming popular backing.

My own guess is that this outcome will prove (whatever course negotiations, or even renewed hostilities, may take) rather more satisfactory to all parties than at first appears. For the Russians, India's turning to the West relieves them of the embarrassment of arming China's opponent. They may well prefer a strong Western-allied India, which does not threaten the Soviet Union and will soon develop its own anti-American complex, to the alternative of a Chinese-dominated subcontinent. The Chinese, too, may think the demonstration that India is ultimately dependent on the "imperialist" West well worth their recent efforts, if the humiliation of India in the eyes of Asia is not in itself enough. The Chinese, it appears, stopped short at just the point where a Korean situation might have developed, seeking to cause maximum damage with minimum force. For the sake of India, of course, one hopes that the opposite will prove true: that the Chinese thrust has been just strong enough to mobilise her energies and just too weak to provoke disintegration. It will be many months, however, before that kind of judgment can be made.

But no one who has seen the Indian people's response to Chinese aggression this autumn can doubt that—even in torpid, complaisant, enervating India—the bullock-cart has been eased half-way out of its accustomed rut.

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V. S. Naipaul

Mr. Stone and the Knights Companion

IT WAS ON that night that the idea of the Knights Companion—the name came later and was the creation of young Whymper, the PRO—came to Mr. Stone. The idea came suddenly when he was in bed, came whole, and to his surprise, in the morning it was still good. All the way to London he turned it over in his mind, adding nothing, experiencing only the anxious joy of someone who fears that his creation may yet in some way elude him.

As soon as he got home he announced that he was going to "work" in the study. Such an announcement had been long hoped for, and the two women hastened to supply his wants, Margaret's delight touched with relief that the silence she had noted all day was not moodiness. She adjusted reading-lamp, sharpened pencils; without being asked she took in a hot drink. Unwilling herself to withdraw, until she noticed Mr. Stone's impatience, she gave instructions to Miss Millington that the Master was working and was not to be disturbed. Miss Millington compressed her lips and attempted to walk on tiptoe. Her long skirts made it difficult to tell whether she was succeeding; but so she persevered, whispering in hoarse explosions that carried farther than her normal gasping speech.

While, in the study, aware only of the baize-covered desk (Margaret's) as a pool of light in the darkness, Mr. Stone wrote, soft pencil running smoothly over crisp white paper.

Until late that night he worked. When he returned from the office on the following day he went directly to the study; and again it was announced that he was working. And so for more than a week it went on. He wrote, he corrected, he rewrote; and fatigue never came to him. His handwriting changed. Losing its neatness, becoming cramped and crabbed, some of its loops wilfully inelegant, it yet acquired a more pleasing, more authoritative appearance, even a symmetry. The lines were straight; the margins made themselves. The steady pattering of each page was a joy, the scratch of soft pencil on receiving paper, the crossings out, corrections in balloons in the margin.

And then the writing was finished. And though Mr. Stone might go up in the evenings to the study, there was now nothing there to occupy him as before. The fair copy made, he put it in his briefcase one morning (giving that object a purpose at last), and took it out of the house to the office, where he persuaded one of the girls from the pool to type it. Two or three days later, receiving the typescript on rich Excal paper, he was struck anew by the perfection and inevitability of what he had written. And now he was overcome by shyness. He was unwilling to submit the typescript to the head of his department. He did not think he was a good advertisement for his work, and preferred it to be sent to someone who did not know him. This was why, ignoring correct procedure, he some days later addressed what he had written to Sir Harry, the head of Excal, enclosed a covering letter, and let the envelope fall into the Internal Post tray.

He felt exhausted, sad and empty. He might garden, watch television or read the newspapers: his evenings remained a blank.

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He expected nothing to happen, but was not surprised when Keenan, from Accounts, a man who knew everything before it happened and took pleasure in making a secret of facts that were well known, came into the library one day and, negotiating the last steps to his desk on a ridiculous tiptoe, said in a whisper, "I believe they'll be wanting you at Head Office, Stoney."

Keenan didn't say more, but it was clear he believed that Mr. Stone was guilty of a misdemeanour. His moustache curled up above his small well-shaped teeth; his eyes twinkled behind his spectacles with one arm missing (a dereliction he cultivated); within his baggy trousers his long thin legs appeared to be twitching at the knees.

And quickly the word went round the office. Mr. Stone was wanted at Head Office! As though Mr. Stone had committed an offence of such enormity that the department was incapable of handling it and had passed it on to Head Office, resulting in the present summons, such as only the head of the department received.

Mr. Stone was aware of the talk. He caught the looks. And he pretended to an indifference which he knew would be interpreted as an unexpected bravery. The situation was oddly familiar. Then he remembered the eater in the Cornwall teashop. "Of course there was a lot of whispering. But what's so funny about a last day, I said." This was unsettling. But the familiarity went deeper. All the events of the morning seemed to have been lived through before.

And it was only towards the end of the morning, when he was walking past Evans's open door, that he realised what it was. Evans was ex-RAF, a fact he never mentioned but which others invariably did. He wore dark-blue double-breasted suits, moved briskly on his short legs, leather heels giving each step a military sharpness, and he had the severe manner of an importantly busy man. He was suspect even when he descended among the "boys", for he was a type of head-boy, a self-appointed office watchdog who permitted himself jokes about superiors and office organisation which on analysis could always be seen to be harmless but which occasionally encouraged some of the boys to be indiscreet. Walking, then, past the always open door of Evans, Mr. Stone found himself carrying the needless papers which, to give himself the appearance of being busy, he carried whenever he left the library. And it occurred to him that on that day of all days the papers were not really necessary, that the look Evans, sitting frowning at his desk, gave him was not the everyday look, but the look of awe which he had been receiving from everyone that morning. And at last he was able to place the familiarity of the morning's happenings. What he felt now was the sensation he enjoyed in his fantasies when he flew calmly about in his armchair and the people in the office stared in astonishment.

So he exaggerated his calm, and it was only when he was on the train, the briefcase on his lap, that he relaxed. The delicate lines about his deep-set eyes became lines of humour; the lips curved. He smiled, a tired elderly office worker oblivious of the crowd, his eyes fixed unseeing on the insurance poster.

After dinner that evening, when he was filling his pipe and Margaret was knitting, in light of painful dullness (she was sensitive to harsh light), he said, "I believe they'll be wanting me at Head Office."

The words meant little to her. And she simply said, "That's very nice, Doggie."

He fell silent. She did not notice it, so it did not develop into one of their silences. However, he resolved to tell her nothing more.

OLD HARRY—as he was known to those who did not know him, but Sir Harry to those whom he admitted to converse which they hoped to suggest was intimate—was a terrifying figure. In the eyes of their wives, men like Mr. Stone and Tomlinson and Tomlinson's friends had their forbidding public image as well. But whereas they dropped the public mask in private, Old Harry, such was his importance, dropped his public mask in public. He wrote letters to

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The Times. He wrote on the number of pins in new shirts, the number of matches in matchboxes; he wrote on concrete lamp-standards. He never entered the first cuckoo competition, but he made important contributions to "The Habits of the No. 11 Bus" and initiated the correspondence on the London Transport bus ticket. ("The smudged curling scrap of paper with which I am presented neither looks nor feels like an omnibus ticket, which is after all a certificate of travel, however humdrum. It is scarcely suitable for tucking into the hatband, like any respectable ticket. Rather, its flimsiness and general disreputable appearance encourage one heedlessly to crumple it into a ball or, in more creative moments, neatly to fold it into a miniature accordion, both ball and accordion vanishing at the moment when the omnibus inspector makes a request for their appearance.") Transport was in fact his special subject, and he had built up a reputation, nowhere more formidable than at Excal, for his knowledge of the country's railway system. (What he said to Miss Menzies at the garden party was famous. "So you live in Streatham? But that's where the main line trains branch off for Portsmouth.") Every letter Old Harry wrote to *The Times* was cut out by Miss Menzies together with the correspondence contents column, which made the title of the letter plain, pasted on to a sheet of thin white paper and circulated round the department, returning from its round impressively initialled in a variety of handwritings, inks and pencils. The effect of these frivolous letters over the years was to turn Old Harry into a figure of awe. With every letter he receded; his occasional references to himself as "a member of the travelling public" were shattering; and the impression of grandeur and inaccessibility was completed by his reported left-wing leanings.

So Mr. Stone's departure for his interview with Old Harry at Head Office, for a reason neither Evans nor anyone else in the department knew, was in the nature of a solemn send-off. He was in his best Simpson's suit; Margaret, with an appreciation of Sir Harry rather than the occasion, had chosen his tie. For a moment Mr. Stone felt it was like going to a wedding, and the feeling was encouraged by the tearful appearance in the library of one of the typists, a broad-framed young slattern whose main topic of conversation was the refusal of the LCC to put her down on their housing list (in fact she and her husband ran a car). She had had a difficult morning; she had been "reprimanded" by Evans; and now she said almost angrily to Mr. Stone, "It's people like you who make it hard for the rest of us."

He paid no attention and, walking down the middle of the corridor, not at the side, as he had done in the past to escape detection, and carrying no papers in his hand, went out of the office, in the middle of the working morning.

HE HAD HARDLY SAT DOWN in his chair in the library that afternoon when Keenan came tiptoeing in.

"Well, what did Old Harry have to say?" Keenan's knees were twitching; his hands, in his pockets, appeared to be fondling his private parts; and the concern in his whispered question was belied by the delight in his eyes, his lips, his moustache.

"Sir Harry and I," Mr. Stone said, "discussed a project I have put up for the creation of a new department."

And again Mr. Stone had the delicious sensation of flying in his chair. Keenan's reaction was a caricature of astonishment and incredulity. For seconds he held himself in his conspiratorial stoop, held his smile. Then he straightened, his hands and knees went still, his smile grew empty and disappeared, and it was as if the distance between the two men had become unbridgeable. Keenan's joviality vanished. The lines of good humour in his face became fussy lines of worry and suppressed hysteria. In his thin, shapeless trousers, his broken spectacles, he appeared, beside Mr. Stone in his Simpson's suit, quite abject and mean. The almost immediate return of his restless jollity did not efface that moment.

Another relationship had been adjusted, changed. But Mr. Stone flew. For the rest

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of that afternoon, for the rest of that week, he walked about the corridors of the office as one who sat in his chair and flew.

At the end of the month Mr. Stone was moved to Welfare, to a new office in a new building, where the furniture was brand-new from Heal's and where there was no Miss Menzies to signal the passing of the days by her costume. His salary was raised to £1500 a year. His transfer but not his salary was mentioned in the house magazine; there was also a photograph. And it was the house magazine that he casually showed Margaret on the day of its publication (some half a dozen copies in his briefcase), saying, "Something about me here."

Around him the world was awakening to green and sun. The tree in the school grounds at the back became flecked, then brushed, with green. And this was no mere measuring of time. He was at one with the tree, for with it he developed from day to day, and every day there were new and inspiring things to do.

AT WELFARE there were the long sessions with Whymper, the young PRO who had been assigned to the new department. The idea, Whymper said, was good, very good. He was "excited" by it, but it had to be "licked into shape." These last words he spoke with almost physical relish, passing a thick tongue over his top lip, tapping a cigarette in his own manner on his silver cigarette case. Whymper saw himself as a processer of raw material. He spoke as one whose chief delight lay in sifting, cleaning, removing impurities. He said he made nothing. "But," he added, "I make something out of nothing."

For someone who took pride in his ability to refine, his appearance was strangely coarse, and Mr. Stone's first impressions were not good. The squarish jaws were slack and a little too fleshy, the lips bruised-looking with rims like welts (having tapped his cigarette in that way of which he was so proud, he rolled it between these lips, and sometimes the cigarette came out wet at the end); the eyes were soft and brown and unreliable, as of someone made uncertain by suffering. He was of medium height and average physique. For such men ready-to-wear suits are made by the hundred thousand, but nothing Whymper wore appeared to fit. His clothes had the slackness of his jaw; they suggested that the flesh below was soft, never exposed, unhardened. His jacket, always awry, made him look round-shouldered and sometimes even humped. And his fancy waistcoats—for Whymper was interested in clothes—were only startling and ridiculous.

Mr. Stone did not like being told that his idea had to be licked into shape. And his displeasure grew when at their first meeting in Welfare Whymper abruptly said, "I hope you don't mind my saying so, Stone, but I find the way you tap a cigarette profoundly irritating."

Cigarette in hand, Mr. Stone paused.

"Go on," Whymper said. "Let's see you tap it."

Mr. Stone held the cigarette between forefinger and thumb and struck.

This, Whymper said, was wrong. The correct way was to let the cigarette drop from a height of half an inch, so that it bounced back into the grip of forefinger and thumb.

For two or three minutes they tapped cigarettes, Whymper the instructor, Mr. Stone the pupil.

Distaste for Whymper was, however, quickly replaced by pleasure in the man's quick mind, his capacity for hard work and above all his enthusiasm, which Mr. Stone took as a compliment to himself, though it very soon became clear that Whymper's "excitement" differed from his own.

"How about this?" Whymper said. "Our pensioners visit the pensioners of clients. Take them a little gift from the company and so on. It wouldn't break Excal. And look. Word will get around. 'Our relationships are more than business relationships. They are relationships between friends.'" He spoke the words as if they were already a slogan. "That sort of thing will do a lot more good than all those Christmas cards. Nobody likes a PRO. You don't have to tell me. But who will suspect these old boys?

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And think. Men working for Excal even after they retire. A whole army of Excal old boys on the march, in every corner of the country."

Mr. Stone allowed himself to play with the idea. He gave the pensioners of his fantasy long white beards, thick knotted sticks and Chelsea Hospital uniforms. He saw them tramping about country lanes, advancing shakily through gardens in full bloom, and knocking on the doors of thatched cottages.

"Thousands of unpaid PROs," Whymper was saying. "Welcome wherever they go. One in every village."

"Unrealistic."

Always there was this difference in their approaches, Whymper talking of benefits to Excal, Mr. Stone having to conceal that his plan had not been devised to spread the fame of Excal, but simply for the protection of the old.

And in Whymper's attitude lay this especial irritant, that he seemed not to acknowledge the concern and fear out of which the plan had arisen, or the passion which had supported Mr. Stone during its elaboration, going up night after night to his study. Whymper did not acknowledge this; Mr. Stone was unwilling to state it. And as they endlessly discussed modifications and alternatives Mr. Stone found that he was beginning, however slightly, to adopt Whymper's position that the venture was one of public relations.

"I am excited by this thing," Whymper said every day during their discussions. "I feel that something big can be made of it."

He was full of ideas. It amused him to exercise his inventiveness, and he described even the wildest idea at length, with much tangential detail. When these ideas ran down or were otherwise disposed of, he returned to the duplicated memorandum that lay before him and asked Mr. Stone to outline his own scheme afresh.

"We write to our pensioners," Mr. Stone said. "We invite those who want to do so to become Visitors or Companions. In this way we sort out the active from the inactive. We send our Visitors or Companions or whatever we call them details of the people they have to visit. The inactive. Age, department, date of retirement, length of service and so on."

"That's where we'll need staff," Whymper said.

"Our Visitors report cases of special need. We investigate those. But for the normal visit nothing more is required than the Visitor's travelling expenses and a refund for the small gift—flowers or chocolate—that he takes. In this way we organise our pensioners into a self-sufficient, self-help unit. All we provide is the administration."

Always they came back like this to Mr. Stone's original points, so that it seemed that by "licking into shape" Whymper meant only wandering away from a point before returning to it.

This perversity of Whymper's encouraged Mr. Stone to speak with increasing enthusiasm. Fear of being too explicit about his motives led him to vagueness. But he steadily revealed more of what he truly felt, and to his surprise Whymper neither derided nor looked puzzled.

"This is interesting," Whymper would say intently, his eyes narrowing. "You are holding me. This is what I want."

Mr. Stone expanded. He had solved some of the problems of old age. He rescued men from inactivity; he protected them from cruelty. He preserved for men the comradeship of the office, which released them from the confinement of family relationships. He kept alive loyalty to the company. And he did all this at almost no cost: his scheme would cost Excal no more than £20,000 a year.

"A society," Whymper said, "for the protection of the impotent male."

Whymper's talk was full of sexual references like this. Mr. Stone had learned to ignore them, but at this remark he could not hide his embarrassment and disgust.

Whymper was delighted. "This is what I want," he said. "You've got me interested. Go on."

More and more, in the process of licking into shape, Whymper placed Mr. Stone in

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the position of the defender, the explainer, until at length, passion exhausted, Mr. Stone was driven to make easy statements which were like insincerities. But these impressed Whymper no less.

Once, towards the end of the week, Mr. Stone heard himself saying, "It is a way, you see, of helping the poor old people."

It was ridiculous and cheap, and far from what he felt. But Whymper only said in an earnest, matter-of-fact way, "The treatment of the old in this country is scandalous."

And it was at this level that their discussions remained, as though they had both decided not to open their minds fully and had tacitly agreed not to point this out to one another.

They came to discuss the name of the project.

"We want something really inspiring," Whymper said. "Something that will actually get the old boys out on the road and up to the various front doors."

Mr. Stone had not thought of a name at all. And now, sitting at the desk with Whymper, Whymper tapping his cigarette and rolling it between his lips, he felt he did not want to think of a name. He feared a further cheapening of his idea.

"Luncheon Vouchers are big business," Whymper said. "And you know why? The name. Luncheon voucher. In those words you have lunch, crunch, munch, mouth, rich. You even have belch. Why, the words are like a rich meal. That's what we want. Something that would explain. Something that would inspire. Something memorable."

"Veterans," Mr. Stone said.

Whymper shook his head tolerantly. "Just what we don't want. The name we want will suggest youth. Youth and comradeship and the protection of the male."

Mr. Stone thought he saw how Whymper processed his raw material.

"Something like Knights," Whymper said.

"Scarcely for the protection of the male."

Whymper paid no attention. "Knights of the something. Knights of the open road. Knights-errant. That's just what they're going to be, aren't they? Knights-errant."

Mr. Stone thought the suggestion ridiculous. He felt like sweeping the Heal's table clear of memoranda and paper, saying something offensive to Whymper, and returning to the peace of his library desk.

There was silence, while Mr. Stone inwardly raged and Whymper thought. Then, as sometimes happened when he thought, Whymper grew lightheaded.

"Door-knockers," he said "The Company's Door-Knockers. The Most Worshipful Company of Door-Knockers."

Mr. Stone lit a cigarette, tapping it in his own way and rather hard. But the suggestion went home. He stripped his pensioners of their red uniforms and gave them elaborate ones in dark brown with yellow stripes; they wore knee breeches and black stockings and knocked on doors with poles carved with some meaningful ancient design.

"The Knight Visitors," Whymper said.

"That's another sort of night."

"I am not a child, Stone."

"You're behaving like one."

Whymper's uncertain eyes went appealing. "The Good Companions."

"Knight Companions," Mr. Stone said wearily.

"Scarcely at their age." Whymper gave his little titter.

Mr. Stone looked at the window.

"Knights Companion," Whymper said.

Mr. Stone was silent.

"Right in every way," Whymper said. "Youth in the Knight. The Company in Companion. And then the association with those titles. KCVO and something else. Knight Companion of the something. Suggesting age and dignity. So we have youth and age, dignity and good companionship. *And* the Company. Knights Companion. God! The thing is full of possibilities. Your Knight Companion can form a Knights' Circle. A Round Table. They can have a dinner every year. They can have competitions. You know, Stone, I believe we've licked this thing into shape."

AND NOW Margaret took on a new role, and took it on as easily as she had

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always taken on new roles. She ceased to be merely the wife who waited for her husband at home; she became the wife who encouraged and inspired her husband in his work. Whereas before the nature of Mr. Stone's employment was scarcely mentioned, a little of the fraudulence of the designation of "head librarian" remaining to remind them both of their spurious attitudes at their first meeting, now they talked about his work incessantly, and the subject of his retirement receded. Her dress subtly changed: when she welcomed Mr. Stone in the evenings she might also without disgrace have received visitors. (And what affection he had begun to feel for her clothes, for the garnets and the red dress of watered silk, once the arresting adornments of a new person, now the familiar, carefully looked-after parts of a limited wardrobe!) She still moulded herself around him, but she expanded, regaining something of her earlier manner. She saw, before Mr. Stone did, that her responsibilities had widened, and she spoke of these responsibilities as of a bother which yet had to be squarely faced. She spoke of "entertaining" as of an imminent and awful possibility; and she became graver and more insistent as the references to Mr. Stone and the Knights Companion became more frequent, longer and self-congratulatory in the house magazine. Duty called her, called them both; and duty must not be shirked.

So then, like any young couple (as Margaret herself said, laughing to counter ridicule and destroy embarrassment), they discussed the changes that had to be made in the house. They needed new carpets, new pictures, new wallpaper, and Margaret was full of suggestions. Mr. Stone listened with only half a mind, saying little, savouring Margaret's feminine talk in that room with the tigerskin as part of his new situation. His gestures became more leisured; he exaggerated them, acting them out for his own pleasure. The reading of the evening paper was no longer the exercise of a habit which solaced and without which the evening was incomplete. It was with a delicious sense of patronage that he read about the rest of the wonderful world. He was more easily amused and more easily touched. He often read items out to Margaret; and it was a relief, so tight were they with emotion, to laugh or be moved. Every sensation was heightened. They even fabricated little quarrels, which they never, however, allowed to develop into one of their silences.

About the improvements to the house Mr. Stone said little. Playfully adopting her attitude, he said that these things were for the woman; just as she, in spite of all Mr. Stone's expositions, pretended to know little about the Knights Companion and at times even claimed to be slightly bored or irritated by all the talk about them.

So gradually the house began to change again. Gradually, because it was discovered that if the repairs were to be thorough whole areas of the house would have to be re-built. Part of the roof had subsided, the attic floor was dangerous, the window frames had buckled. Uncompensated war damage, Mr. Stone said—he told her how the planes came over this part of South London every Saturday night—and it roused Margaret to perfect fury against the government. They decided, therefore, to do up only those sections which might be exposed to the view of distinguished guests: the hall, the sitting-room, the dining-room, the bathroom, and those parts of the stairs which were visible from the highest stage of ascent that might reasonably be considered legitimate. The kitchen, on the ground floor, and their own bedroom, on the first, they decided to leave untouched.

Miss Millington was thought to be competent to undertake the re-decorating. First of all she painted. Her fussy, ineffectual, and inaccurate brush-marks were to be seen everywhere. She proclaimed herself thereafter ready for the papering, hinting at the same time at the availability of Eddie and Charley, who, she said, were just finishing the fish shop. And that very afternoon a neat white card—E. Beeching and C. Bryant, Builders and Decorators,—came into the letter-box. They called that evening. They were elderly but spry. Bryant, round-faced and with spectacles, smiled. Beeching, the cadaverous-

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faced spokesman, said they were free-lances, anxious to build up a reputation. Their prices were high; but Beeching said the prices of the firm they had previously worked for were higher. They were engaged. And gradually, section by section, one patch of building and decorating separated from the other by a week or a fortnight, during which Beeching and Bryant went off to do other jobs and Miss Millington was encouraged to try her hand again, the public areas of the house, or the areas soon to be public, were done.

MARGARET HAD ENVISAGED dinner parties spreading out on to the lawn in summer. It was a small lawn, and in spite of views of the backs of houses might have been suitable, particularly with the openness of the adjacent school grounds. But the neighbours were not co-operative. The keeper of the black cat was no handyman; his fence was in an appalling condition, wobbling and sagging; and his garden was rank, with a few hollyhocks and overgrown rose trees rising out of much bush. The people on the other side went in for desert rather than jungle; they also took in lodgers, and their back garden was strung with clothes-lines. Their own back fence, too, was not what it might have been, being steadily forced out of true by the roots of the tree Mr. Stone considered every day when shaving.

So the changes that came to the house did not alter its character. To the alien mustiness brought in by Margaret's possessions, which had now grown familiar, there was added only a gloss. The re-decorated portions of the house did not lose their smell of old dirt, rags, and polish. And every evening when they climbed up the stairs to their bedroom, to the brown velvet curtains, the tasselled lampshade painted green, the nondescript carpet and linoleum, it was like re-entering the old house, the past.

Change also came to Miss Millington. Whereas before she was an old servant whose inefficiency and physical failings were getting more and more troublesome, now she became precious; she added lustre to the establishment. In how many houses these days were front doors opened by uniformed maids? And now to summon her, who had previously only been shouted or ululated for, there appeared, on the table in the hall, next to the flower-pot in the brass vase, a brass bell on a brass tray; and to enable her to summon them, there appeared at the same time on the wall a large gong of beaten brass, which the failing old soul managed with great difficulty, compressing her lips, closing her eyes, and striking in a daze with a slow curving gesture until the sound she created penetrated her consciousness and reminded her to stop. So now she existed in the changed house, shuffling steadily in and out of her roles as drudge and ornament, a pensioner only on Thursdays, when she went to the pensioners' cinema show to sleep through the afternoon.

"ALL WE PROVIDE is the administration," Mr. Stone had told Whymper, and now they were occupied with the administering of the pilot scheme. So Whymper called it. He had a flair for urgent, important names. It was his suggestion that the Knights Companion Department of Welfare should be called a "Unit." The Unit was conducting an "operation," for which it needed "intelligence." This accumulation of military metaphor, combined with the frequency with which Whymper called him by his name and referred to the large-scale wall-map of the area chosen for the pilot scheme, occasionally led Mr. Stone to indulge in the fantasy that they were both in general's uniform, in a high-panelled room such as Mr. Stone had seen in some films: they spoke softly, but at their word pensioners deployed all over the country.

He relished Whymper's words. He relished the urgency Whymper, by his manner, his bulging briefcase, and his talk of paperwork as of something tedious and vitally important, gave to the operation. He relished the words "administration" and "staff." And staff was recruited, the word and the concept declining into three typists whose ordinariness and near-illiteracy robbed

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them of the charm of typists in films and cartoons (which, in spite of his experience, was what he expected), four male clerks whose advanced age diminished and somehow mocked the urgency of the project and whose appearance of unremitting diligence went with a strangely limited output, and a junior accountant from Yorkshire, a young man of ridiculous sartorial and social pretensions.

Letters had to be written, replies sorted, Knights Companion appointed, short biographies of the inactive prepared, machinery set up for the handling of accounts. And in spite of the staff, diligently tapping, diligently turning over pages, bustling about corridors with sheaves of paper, a good deal of this work had to be done by Mr. Stone himself. At the same time a continuous stream of propaganda on behalf of the project had to be maintained. This was Whymper's job. And Mr. Stone was grateful for Whymper. Whymper had flair. All the ideas which had seemed theatrical and cheap were those that caught on.

It was Whymper's idea that a Knight Companion should be issued with a scroll of appointment on hand-made paper with rough edges. For this words had to be composed, archaic but not whimsical, and authoritative; and Whymper composed them. A special visit had to be made to Sir Harry to get his approval for the use of the Excal seal on the scrolls, and to Mr. Stone's surprise Sir Harry was not annoyed or amused by their play, but enthusiastic and commending. It was Whymper's idea that Knights Companion should carry in their lapels little silver figures of knights, armoured and visored, charging at full gallop, lances tilted—that and nothing else, no word or letter. It was his further idea, though this was not adopted, that all Excal pensioners should wear little metal roses, of varying colours, to indicate their length of service with the Company, to facilitate recognition by other pensioners and by Knights Companion. And so always Whymper's mind sparked, racing ahead of the Unit's schedule and occasionally wasting much time thereby (for days, for example, he played with the design of the charging knight, though he was no artist), but always generating enthusiasm.

And by his work of administration, of creating out of an idea—words written on paper in his study—an organisation of real people, Mr. Stone never ceased to be thrilled. Now his worn, shiny briefcase carried documents that mattered. Now, too, he caught himself looking at briefcases in shop windows, ready to discard the once fraudulent container that had given him so much pleasure in the days when the weeks were to be got through and numbered and hoarded. His talk became exclusively of the Knights Companion. Margaret knew as well as anyone the problem of staff, and Grace Tomlinson responded with tales of staff problems that Tomlinson had silently endured for years. Now, Grace seemed to say, she could speak: Margaret and Richard could understand. And Margaret gave a ready retrospective sympathy.

THE PILOT scheme ran into certain difficulties.

A former head of an Excal department, scenting old blood on his appointment as a Knight Companion, took a leisurely tour through Wales, visited eight widely scattered pensioners of his acquaintance, and sent in a bill for £249 17s 5½d, neatly worked out, the bills of expensive hotels enclosed together with restaurant bills, garage bills, and receipts for the gifts he had bought. For one pensioner he had bought a radio. He regretted his inability to buy a television set for another, who had gone deaf; and in his letter strongly urged the Unit to do so.

Twenty Knights Companion were on the road. Letters were hastily dispatched to nineteen. And the bill of the former department head, rejected in horror by official after higher official, had to go up to Sir Harry himself. It was decided to refund the sum demanded; but with the cheque went a letter, composed after much labour by Whymper and Mr. Stone, outlining the limited scope of the project. A Knight Companion, the letter said, was not unexpected unduly to

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exert himself; he was to visit only those pensioners—and they were within easy reach—whose names were supplied to him; and only token gifts were to be made. Energy such as the former department head had displayed was admirable, but for eight visits he was entitled to no more than £4, and they could not hide from him that his request for more than sixty times that sum had gravely embarrassed them with their accountants and threatened the continuance of the scheme itself.

Promptly the reply came, in a large envelope: the scroll of appointment was inside. In a long, confused letter, indignant and hurt and apologetic, the former department head thanked the Unit and Excal for the cheque. But, he said, he felt obliged to return the scroll of appointment. In his day he encouraged his staff to believe, as he himself was encouraged, that Excal did a thing well or not at all. As for the silver pin, he was keeping that for the time being; he awaited their instructions.

They urged him to keep the pin. And nothing more was heard from him until the end of the year.

Less disastrous, though perhaps more embarrassing, was the administrative error which sent an inadequately briefed Knight Companion, a former messenger, to visit a retired Excal director. The short biography provided was democratically defective and the messenger knew nothing of the eminence of the person he journeyed to succour. Pertinacious in the face of kindly surprise, his chivalry at last turned to doubt and then was dissipated in anxiety. The former director appeared; the messenger bowed low, presented a packet of Co-op. tea, and withdrew.

Whymper had made much in his handouts of having a messenger and a department head as Knights Companion. But now they decided that there ought to be some parity between the visitor and the visited. It was also decided to abandon the fixed gift allowance for a sliding scale related to the status of the person visited. It was, too, at this time, disillusionment with the Knights Companion momentarily going deep, that the Yorkshire accountant suggested that bills for gifts should be sent direct to the Unit. This would mean more work, but the accountant produced some figures to show that if as a result of this precaution two or three shillings were saved per visit—and it might be more, for some shops could be persuaded to give Excal a discount—the Unit would gain or at worst break even.

"What we need," he said, "is more staff."

The request for more staff, enthusiastically put up by Whymper and Mr. Stone, was as enthusiastically greeted by Sir Harry. And more staff was recruited, so that the female flurry towards the lavatories between twelve-thirty and one and five and five-thirty became disturbing: tock-tock-tock on brisk heels, pause, flush, tock-tock-tock: like a lazy sea whipped to spasmodic but towering fury on a steep rocky shore.

Two further irregularities came to light, and to the first there appeared to be no solution. A series of aggrieved, complaining letters in various shaky hands revealed that a Knight Companion was using his right of entry to homes to propagate the creed of the Jehovah's Witnesses. The gifts he took, and for which the Unit had been paying for some weeks, were copies of *Let God Be True* and an annual subscription to a magazine called *Awake!* Eighteen letters were hastily dispatched, warning the Knights Companion against such practices, and to the Witness himself there was a letter informing him that he was struck off the roll of Knights Companion. A calm reply was received. The Witness wrote that what he had done was legitimate, since the truth had to be spread by whatever means. Authority always feared the truth and the action of the Unit did not surprise him; but he would continue with his "preaching and publishing work." He carried out his threat, and for long the district remained disturbed, as could be seen from the concentration of red on the wall-map, where blue pins indicated satisfaction, red dissatisfaction and yellow, cases to be investigated by the Unit itself.

It was decided that in future Knights

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Companion would be carefully sounded for the depth of their religious convictions. More work was involved, because Personnel did not have the necessary information. And Whymper, saying it in much the same way as he used to say "The treatment of the old in this country is scandalous," said, "That's the terrible thing about living in a pagan country." (This was Mr. Stone's first intimation that Whymper might be a Roman Catholic.) "A man works forty, fifty years for a firm, and no one cares whether he is Muslim or Buddhist."

The other irregularity was discovered by chance. A Knight Companion claimed to have visited ten persons in his area, and was sent £5. The very day the cheque was sent, however, Pensions reported that one of the pensioners had moved to another address a fortnight before the date mentioned by the Knight Companion. Investigation revealed that the pensioner had not been visited at all. A further stern letter was sent, a further set of insignia recalled, and Whymper decreed that in every list of pensioners sent out thereafter to Knights Companion one dead pensioner should be included.

AT THE DINNER PARTIES they had begun to give—the guests senior officials from Welfare, Personnel, and Pensions, Miss Millington despairingly praised by her mistress for her chips and her fish—these were the stories that Margaret and Mr. Stone told. They had thought their life's store of stories completed; now they had the joy of acquiring new stories almost every week. The story of the cat and the cheese, through which Mr. Stone and the Tomlinsons had sat through so often, was forgotten, almost as completely as the cat: the animal had ceased to dig up the garden, which Mr. Stone on free evenings and on week-ends diligently cultivated, with the now superfluous but still reverential encouragement of Margaret and Miss Millington.

To some of these dinners Whymper came. He astonished them the first time by appearing in formal wear, his jacket sitting uncomfortably as always on his soft round shoulders. At that first meeting he was excessively courtly towards Margaret, and displayed none of the brusqueness or desire to shock which Mr. Stone had feared. He was courtly, but he was severe. His eyes were narrowed; his mouth determinedly set, giving an unconvincing tightness to his jaw. He smoked innumerable cigarettes, tapping them in his way and rolling them slowly between his lips. He said little. He resisted all Margaret's brightness, and she was intimidated by him. She thought she had failed with Whymper, and so did Mr. Stone. But he came again, and again, accepting each invitation with alacrity; and each time he appeared in formal clothes. Margaret persevered in her brightness, and gradually Whymper thawed, acquiring something of his office manner. He sprawled in his chair, his legs wide apart, his back humped; his eyes lost their severity and uncertainty; and he occasionally gave that titter which Mr. Stone found coarse and irritating in the office but which he was now glad to hear in his home.

"Tell me, Mr. Whymper," Margaret said one evening, in her best imitation of the actress, "what do you think of all this talk about virgin birth?"

"What they call virgin birth I call grudge birth," Whymper said. "Somebody had it in for the husband."

Margaret saw it before Mr. Stone. She forgot the actress, her mouth went square with delight, and she gave a great guffawing laugh, widening her knees and leaning towards Whymper.

Their friendship grew firm. He became a regular visitor to the house and often had dinner alone with them, so that at times Mr. Stone wondered whether Whymper, in spite of his smart, busy appearance, had no other friends. In his usual way of not letting civility stand in the way of honesty, Whymper spoke his mind about Margaret's clothes and the food she offered. Mr. Stone suffered, but Margaret was delighted. It was "just like Whymper." This recognition pleased him, and he made an effort to please. He became Bill to Margaret, and she Margaret to him, while Mr. Stone remained simply Stone,

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spoken in a mock-formal affectionate way at home, serious at the office.

THE LEAVES on the tree in the school grounds faded and fell, revealing once more the houses of the Monster and the Male (ferreting this autumn into the earth for a purpose which Mr. Stone in spite of long observation could not ascertain). The pilot scheme ran its course and could be pronounced a success. Impressive sums had been spent; but the achievements were impressive. The Unit had been licked into shape. Administration had been simplified, liaison with Pensions and other departments regularised; and expansion could be easy. The usefulness of the scheme had been proved beyond doubt. The Knights Companion not only uncovered cases of distress and need; they also uncovered many cases of neglect and cruelty. Whymper fell on those with zeal, wrote them up in *Oyez! Oyez!*, the Unit's cyclostyled news-letter, and reproduced photographs of the Knights Companion concerned, encouraging the others to a more rigorous investigation of their charges. The protective function of the Unit became increasingly important, beyond what Whymper or even Mr. Stone had envisaged. And the name of the Knights Companion, in which Mr. Stone had at first discerned only Whymper's irreverence and professional enthusiasm, though Whymper always spoke it with the utmost earnestness and had indeed once roundly abused the junior accountant for speaking it with a smile of complicity, the name of the Knights Companion became a reality. For the operation had become a crusade.

It was another example of Whymper's flair, and Mr. Stone was admiring. But such was Whymper's zeal, so great his delight at proofs of the scheme's usefulness, that Mr. Stone could not be sure that Whymper had not committed himself without reserve to the cause. It was hard to tell with Whymper. In this respect he was a little like Evans, ex-R.A.F. He permitted himself moments of mockery, particularly at the petty crookedness which came to light, but he was quick to snub anyone, even Mr. Stone, who attempted to do likewise. So that there were occasions when Mr. Stone felt that he, absorbed in administration, and Whymper, speaking with the accents of passion, had exchanged roles.

"The thing's a success," Whymper said, looking at the map with its blue pins everywhere, its obstinate patch of red, and its now liberal sprinkling of yellow. "But what is success? We have a lot of letters, we can quote a lot of figures, the Knights are as happy as sandboys. But it isn't enough, Stone. A rescue here and a rescue there is all very well. But in a few months even that will become routine. Everyone will become bored, even the Knights. We want something big. Something explosive. Something that will drive the whole thing along on its steam for a year or so."

This was Whymper, dissatisfied with a thing as soon as it began to run smoothly, needing the stimulus of fresh ideas, and always slightly unsettling to Mr. Stone, who was content but not surprised at the proofs of the usefulness of his project, and whose delight in the creation of the Unit was doubled by its smooth functioning and the daily contemplation of real men and women, with serious lives of their own, engaged in the working out of a project he had sketched in words, in the pool of light in his study.

Then they discovered the Prisoner of Muswell Hill.

LATE ONE AFTERNOON Mr. Stone received a telephone call from a man who announced himself as Mr. Duke. Mr. Duke was so distracted and much of what he said was unintelligible. But Mr. Stone gathered that Mr. Duke had been recently appointed a Knight Companion, that he had on that day sported the silver knight on his lapel for the first time and gone out to pay his visits. The first two pensioners he called on were dead, and had been dead for years.

"I bought a walnut cake for one of them," he said more than once, as though distressed by its perishable quality.

One of the pensioners was indeed dead. But

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Pensions reported that the other was alive, or that at any rate pensions were still being sent to him. A yellow button went up like a quarantine flag over Muswell Hill, and an investigator was sent out the next morning. She returned just before lunch, quite shaken, and told this story.

The address had turned out to be in one of the respectable red-brick streets of Muswell Hill. The house was not noticeable if one walked past it quickly, for red brick is red brick and there are more rank gardens in Muswell Hill than the borough of Hornsey would care to admit. It was only on scrutiny that one noticed that the house was derelict, the window-frames washed of all paint, that the curtains had a curious colourlessness, and that about the structure there was that air of decay which comes from an absence of habitation. The walk up to the front door had strengthened that impression. The bells were rusted; so was the knocker. She had knocked and knocked. At length there was movement, and as soon as the door was opened she was assailed by the smell of dirt and mustiness and cats and rags, which came partly from the house and partly from the cheap fur coat that the woman who opened was wearing. This woman was about fifty, of medium height, with pale blue eyes behind pink-framed spectacles. Her eyes were searching but held no suspicion. Behind her in the dark hallway there was continuous movement, and she held the door as much to prevent the escape of what was behind her as to deny entry to the investigator. The movement continued, little rubbings, bristlings, soft thumps. The house was full of cats. Her father, the woman said, was dead. She already told them he was dead. Why did they want to hear it again?

The investigator forced her way into the hall. Cats rubbed against her legs, and to the protests of the woman in the fur coat she responded with something like bullying. There were many letters in the hall: a mound of football coupons, letters from various government departments, and all the literature the Knights Companion Unit had sent out. Breathing with difficulty, the investigator had searched the house, and in a room bolted from the outside had found her pensioner. The smell was even more disagreeable than that downstairs. The man did not see her; the room was in darkness; he was lying on a bed of rags. "He doesn't like cats," the woman in the fur coat said. The man appeared to have lost the gift of speech; what he uttered were gruff little noises. The investigator pulled down curtains, an easy task; with greater difficulty she opened windows. And then at last the man spoke, a sentence of pure foolishness. But here the investigator broke down and sobbed.

What did the man say, from the mound of rags on the bed?

"Going to put you up for the MCC."

The story shocked and frightened Mr. Stone. It awakened all the unease which he had lost sight of since joining Welfare, which he had submerged in the creation of the Unit, in the thrill of authorship and the savouring of his own good fortune.

It was not one of the stories he told Margaret. And it was no consolation that evening to be in his own brightened home, where everything spoke of newness and the possibility of rapid change, where the bedroom with the tasselled green lampshade could become a prison. Its mustiness was once again unfamiliar and threatening.

He was glad when morning came and he could get away to the office.

From his gloom he was rescued by Whymper, on whom the story of the Prisoner of Muswell Hill—as the newspapers later called the affair—had had an altogether stimulating effect. He too was shocked and horrified, but his fury was translated into energy, into a desire, as he said, "to shame the country which permits this sort of thing to happen."

"This is too big and disgraceful for *Oyez! Oyez!*" he said. "I think we should call in the Press."

Mr. Stone wished to dissociate himself from Whymper's zeal. He saw the advantages of publicity, but at the same time he feared, as he had feared the previous evening to reveal anything to Margaret, to publicise a humiliation which was so close to them all,

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a humiliation which rendered the threatened more vulnerable.

But he didn't say this. He only said, what he knew Whymper expected him to say, "I think we should move cautiously. I think this is a matter for higher authority."

And Whymper agreed, not as one who had had an unexpectedly easy success but as one who out of deference and a desire for harmony was accepting a brake on his enthusiasm.

Once again it was as though unspoken words lay between them.

Higher authority was approached; higher authority was approving; and the story was given to the Press. In this way the Knights Companion scheme came to the notice of the public. The story was released in time for the Sundays, and there was enough interest for follow-up stories to appear in the dailies, national and provincial. The local Muswell Hill paper, whose posters, while photographers and reporters were in the area, proclaimed nothing more exciting than "Boy, 11, Bitten by Alsatian," had solider fare for its readers.

In the commendations that followed, both from within Excal and without, Mr. Stone found himself rejoicing. The Unit had established itself; its future was assured; the crusade would go on. He fended off congratulations by saying they had had a lot of luck. Whymper said as much. And Mr. Stone revealed to Tomlinson and Tomlinson's friends the high-level discussions that had taken place before they had "released the story"—speaking the words as one who had earned the right to speak them—to the Press.

SOME TIME LATER Mr. Stone travelled north on business. He took the opportunity to visit the Yorkshire asylum, called a hospital, where the daughter of the Prisoner of Muswell Hill was lodged. The Prisoner himself had died shortly after his release. The daughter had been freed of her fur coat and cats. She missed neither. She was entirely harmless and was allowed to look after the room of one of the doctors. Every morning she presented him with a bouquet of flowers from the hospital gardens. Every day she bought two sweets from the canteen. One she kept for herself, the other for a person she was unwilling to name. For this person she looked all morning. She did not find him. Then sadly she gave the sweet to the staff nurse.

N.B.

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Roy Jenkins

Notes from the Brink

A Common Market Diary

Brussels

DESPITE an almost excessive recent concentration upon the affairs of the Common Market, this was my first visit to Brussels since the European Commission became fully established. Still less had I seen the city since the British negotiators took up semi-permanent residence in the slightly faded splendours of the *Hôtel Métropole*. The possession by the delegation of a semi-superannuated Rolls Royce, which was recently retired from the embassy at The Hague, fits in well with the *Métropole* background; but the office, modern, small, bright, and the personnel, give a quite different impression.

The Commission operates in equally utilitarian offices. The only striking thing about the main one is its address (appropriate or otherwise, according to taste) in the *Avenue de la Joyeuse Entrée*. Professor Hallstein's room on the top floor has a good view but is of modest size with undistinguished, rather heavy Germanic furniture. If he shows signs of becoming the "Kaiser of Europe" (the phrase is Dr. Adenauer's, used mockingly in one of the Chancellor's lighter moments), he is doing so against a singularly unimperial background. Not only the Wilhelmstrasse and the Ballplatz, but the chandeliers of the Quai d'Orsay and the marble corridors of the Foreign Office seem equally remote from this centre of modern Europe.

WALTER HALLSTEIN fits neatly into his surroundings. He is benevolent rather than distinguished in appearance but has a greater charm of manner than he is usually allowed. He smiles frequently when speaking, but rarely when listening or thinking what to say. The bent of his mind is formalistic, even a little rigid, and he leans heavily on the bible of the Rome Treaty. But he does not in general wish to interpret it in a restrictive, inward-looking way. Apart from anything else, he is too sensitive to American opinion for that. He goes to the United States frequently, and agrees with Jean Monnet in thinking of the Common Market as an essential step towards "closer North Atlantic unity." Does he want Britain in? I think the answer is "yes", if only because of these Atlantic considerations, but not at the cost of any real risk to the coherence of the existing Community. He is most nervous, and therefore most inflexible, in the field of agricultural policy. Any special arrangement with Britain which might provide an excuse for one of the Six—Germany would be the obvious candidate—to try to go back on the delicately constructed and laboriously arrived at agreement of January 14th, 1962, fills him with apprehension.

Perhaps by a natural process of compensation, agricultural policy is the one field in which Dr. Hallstein accuses Mr. Heath of excessive rigidity. Elsewhere, he implies, the Lord Privy Seal has combined shrewdness with realism, but on agriculture he has lost time and maybe more by failing to comprehend the difficulties of the Six. It is a line of attack which will at least seem novel to most of Mr. Heath's critics within the United Kingdom.

Dr. Hallstein dismisses with vehemence the idea that the negotiating position of the Community has "hardened" as a result of the enthusiasm of the Conservative Conference at Llandudno. No one in Brussels, he insists, has at any stage assumed that Britain would enter regardless of the terms. The difficulties are the

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inherent ones of reconciling Britain's special commitments with the basic provisions of the Rome Treaty. Bargaining positions are no doubt taken up by both sides from time to time, but if there are dangers to the future of the negotiations they arise not from these but from this real problem of reconciliation.

Like most people with any sense of proportion, Dr. Hallstein dislikes discussing British entry solely in terms of the negotiations. Unlike M. Monnet, whose unofficial position but vast intellectual authority enable him to transcend "little local difficulties," Dr. Hallstein does not regard the negotiations as of small importance. Indeed he is at this stage somewhat apprehensive that they might fail. But he thinks (and thinks rightly, in my view) that the question of how, after entry, Britain can influence the future development of the Community is really a more significant one. Most people in Brussels understand that we need to bargain toughly for New Zealand dairy products or our own deficiency payments. But they are a little puzzled by the increasing tendency of the British public (encouraged by our politicians) to think of the Common Market almost exclusively in these bargaining terms. Of course transitional arrangements for British agriculture are important, but could we not spare an occasional thought for, say, the strengthening of parliamentary institutions in the Community —a most necessary step if the bureaucracy of Brussels is to be democratically responsible, and one towards which we ought surely to be able to make a large and distinctive contribution?

PART OF THE TROUBLE arises from the long-drawn-out and much-publicised course of the negotiations. When the Six themselves were hammering out the shape of the Rome Treaty, the glare of public attention was much less closely upon them. When the agricultural negotiations were taking place in January, 1962, they did not escape to the same extent, but they were by then all deeply committed to the Community, even if not to its agricultural aspects.

Two thoughts arise. The first is whether it might have been better if the British negotiations could have been conducted behind closed doors, with no pronouncements about interim agreements—or lack of agreements—until the whole deal was complete. The answer is almost certainly "yes." But it is not very interesting for the course was hardly practicable; unless the negotiations had all been completed within a couple of weeks, large-scale leaking would have been unavoidable. But could the negotiations have been telescoped in this way—in other words avoided almost altogether? In retrospect there is much to be said for this course. On agriculture we could then have been party to the January 14th talks and *fought our battles from inside*. On the Commonwealth it is surely highly problematical whether much has been obtained in the negotiations which we could not have obtained equally certainly and more easily after entry.

The Government's major mistake (encouraged, needless to say, by the opposition) has been that of choosing to remain for the longest possible time in our position of maximum weakness—on the threshold of Europe. Few courses could have been more helpful to the French. So long as we are merely applicants for membership, meeting the Six only across a table, they have little difficulty (provided they keep in step with the Commission, which they are reasonably careful to do) in exercising leadership over the other five. But once we are in, participating in all the meetings of the Community, power is certain to become more diffused. A lot of people in Italy, Holland, Belgium, even Germany, still talk in terms of a "position of leadership" being automatically available to us. I think this is an exaggeration, perhaps an intentional one. But what is probably true is that we will provide an alternative pole of leadership to the French, and that this new element of choice will strengthen the position of the other countries. They will have competing pulls between which to choose.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DECISION to hover on the brink during a long period of negotiation was no doubt largely dictated by the hope that this period would help to prepare British public opinion for entry. This has proved a horribly mistaken view. At first perhaps it did have this effect. But it has long ceased to do so. The decision to go into Europe must be a psychologically disturbing one for public opinion. It goes to the roots of our whole view of ourselves as a nation. For this reason it needs to be taken and carried through with a certain amount of *panache*. Nothing could be less favourable than an accompaniment, not of fanfares, but of apparently interminable haggling. The result has been inevitably souring.

Nor is there any reason to think that this sourness, seeping through into Europe, im-

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proves our bargaining position. Skilled, even tough negotiating may bring some results. But it cannot be done more easily against a background of our appearing totally indifferent as to whether we get in or not. This strengthens not our own hand but that of those within the Six who argue that it is not worth making concessions to secure the adhesion of such a half-hearted partner.

WHY IS THE FRENCH POSITION of leadership so strong here at present? In large part it is due simply to national self-confidence, backed up by the sheer intellectual quality of their public servants. And this intellectual quality is in turn backed up by an equally remarkable capacity for hard work. As a result the principal French negotiators (Couve de Murville himself; Olivier Wormser, who manages to sublimate his deep-seated pro-British feeling in a conviction that Britain would be betraying her destiny by going into the European Community on any terms which it is his duty, as a French representative, to make available; and Bernard Clappier) are pre-eminent amongst the Six. But so are the Frenchmen on the Commission or its staff. Robert Marjolin is the foremost; and his Brussels reputation remains unimpaired by his recent, highly unsuccessful venture into French politics. His attempt to become a Socialist deputy for the Allier ended almost in fiasco. He withdrew after the first ballot and a Communist was elected. It is rather as though Sir Frank Lee decided to run as a Labour candidate and finished, not only behind the Conservative, but behind the Liberal as well. The SFIO, with a lack of imagination still greater than Transport House would have been likely to show in the circumstances, made practically nothing of Marjolin's reputation.)

Denis Healey suggested (in the House of Commons) that Marjolin decided to run because he thought that the real foci of power were in "national politics" rather than in Brussels. But in fact it is much more likely that he felt a hair-shirt compulsion to put his beliefs before a democratic electorate, and if necessary, to sacrifice power as a result. The foray over, he is back in Brussels and anxious to carry on, provided that the French Government does not make it impossible for him to do so.

MARJOLIN AMONGST the Frenchmen of the Commission is unique in reputation but not in intellectual talent. Jean-François Denniau, aged 34, *Inspecteur de Finances*, and the deputy for the Commission in the negotiations, is one of those who stand equal in the latter respect.

Perhaps fortunately the British in Brussels are about equally clever. The permanent side of the delegation is increasingly dominated by Sir Eric Roll. Amongst the "flying knights" from Whitehall he stands out as an accomplished linguist of great resilience who knows every twist of the negotiations and can meet the French on their own terms; "too much on their own terms", it is sometimes suggested by those who are suspicious of his intellectual subtlety. Roll comes rather surprisingly from the Ministry of Agriculture, but before that he was an economics don and is well-known in the network of power-conscious academics which extends from Washington to Delhi. I first met him through J. K. Galbraith. If, as Anthony Sampson has suggested, the last great battle in the centuries-old Anglo-French war will be fought within the Commission (after British entry) between our two civil services, Roll will probably be the leader of the British shock troops.

Bonn, Dusseldorf

I LEFT for Germany by one of the recently instituted Trans-European Expresses. These trains are a symbol of the new unified Europe of the Six, and they treat frontiers with an appropriate arrogance. A few uniformed customs and passport officials wander ineffectively down the corridors, but they are not allowed to interfere with speed. Much busier and more useful are the money-changers who follow them—but they are likely to become almost equally quickly redundant. Nor was there any of the old hooking on and off of national restaurant cars. This, however, has its disadvantages, as I discovered on the following evening when, in the course of a six-hour journey from Dusseldorf to Paris, I ate a highly Germanic meal while crossing the plains of Picardy. Sleeping-cars have also been superseded by these trains. They are based on the theory that, at least within the "golden triangle," most journeys ought to be possible either in the early morning or between a day's work and a night's sleep. (But, for the comfort of British Railways, I am bound to record that, of the three TEE trains on which I travelled, none arrived less than ten minutes late.)

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On the way to Bonn I contemplated the question of why the other five—and notably Germany, the most powerful amongst them—are so impotent *vis-à-vis* the French. The answers I was given when I arrived were surprising. They came from two utterly disparate figures—Dr. Heinrich Krone, a courteous, rather heavy Berliner who is Minister of Special Affairs in the Bonn Cabinet and Adenauer's choice (so it is said, but nobody else's I think) as his successor, and Ludwig Rosenberg, the new, clever, Jewish, almost over-articulate head of the German trades unions. They both agreed that Germany, for historical reasons, must be extremely careful not to push herself forward into any position of European leadership. And Krone added a strange *cri de cœur* for a representative of German energy and thoroughness: the French, he said, always turned out to be better briefed, more determined, and impossibly skilled in argument.

Rosenberg operates from Dusseldorf, not from Bonn. He spent the war in England, and if Germany is as "nationalist" as some would have us believe, is the oddest possible choice for the new head of her increasingly powerful trades union movement. Like all the leaders of German left-wing opinion he is now for the EEC *sans phrase et sans question*. But he wanted to see it develop in almost exactly the way that most of the Labour Party here advocate. He wants Britain in and the Scandinavians too. He regards neutrality as no bar to associate membership. He wants low tariffs, an "outward looking" approach, and a high sense of responsibility to under-developed areas. But it does not occur to him that these objectives cannot best be achieved from within.

Furthermore he wants a great change of economic direction within Germany. Without this he is highly sceptical of the prospects for a continuance of the *Wirtschaftswunder*. He thinks the economy is becoming flabby and demands a policy of toughness and sacrifice. The only thing which would sound unfamiliar to British left-wing ears is that easy profits (and their generous taxation treatment) have encouraged excessive, often wasteful investment. He believes in some sort of wage policy, but his idea of the restraint this would involve might make British mouths water for the lushness of a growth economy. The German unions, he thinks, will have to reconcile themselves to a 6 and not 12 per cent rate of annual increase....

Paris

This is now by far the least "European" of the capitals of the Community. One can note with pleasure the disappearance of the constant undercurrent of violence which was produced by the last days of the Algerian war—and with displeasure the disarray of all the republican parties. But neither of these are "European" developments. Its relationship to the Community is rather like that of Washington to Nato. It dominates, but remains preoccupied with its own internal problems.

"What claim has Norway to be part of Europe?" I heard a Frenchman ask in Brussels. "About as good as France," was the legitimate reply by one of the English negotiators.

Nevertheless the prospects for the British negotiations are sometimes seen more clearly here than anywhere else. M. Raymond Aron was one of the most optimistic men I met anywhere. "Of course the negotiations must succeed," he said. "If they do, the Government, thanks to Mr. Gaitskell, has a chance of winning the next election. If they do not, it has no chance at all. Surely, in these circumstances, there can be no doubt what intelligent men will do." But how intelligent are they, one is tempted to ask....

Copenhagen

To arrive in Denmark (and still more Sweden; but Norway is different) after visiting the Six is to move from a world in which people believe they are making history (and sometimes being a little rough about it) to one in which people are content to sit in the grandstand, in comfortable, fairly allocated seats, always calmly cheering on the right side and the right values, but accepting without much question the role of spectator rather than participant. The "Europeans" believe they have a universal message. Most of the Scandinavians do not (although they think, quite rightly, that they have organised their own lives pretty well).

Danish opinion is nevertheless overwhelmingly in favour of joining the Common Market. Even the Radical Party, which was against Nato in 1949 and now gives to the largely Social Democratic Government the small but necessary extra slice of coalition support, is firm on the issue. But the real pull is given by economic and not political considerations.

"Mr. Krag does not want to join Europe; he wants to sell cheese," was the somewhat cruel

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comment made by a Dutch socialist after the Danish Prime Minister (then Foreign Minister) had made his statement of application in Brussels. This was unfair to Krag (aged 47; quick and intelligent; looking a little like a less tough Willy Brandt), who has a real feeling for Europe. So too, it is said, has Haekkerup, the new Foreign Minister, but he was away and I did not see him.

For most of the other Danes whom I saw, however, market considerations are paramount. They are not very interested in voting rights, political institutions, or the dream of a "new Europe." But they are horrified by the prospect of being cut off from the 40 per cent of their present agricultural market which is in the Six, mostly in Germany. Neither, of course, do they want to be cut off from the 45 per cent which is in the United Kingdom, and they are overwhelmingly anxious for the success of the British negotiations for entry. With Britain in, there will not be the slightest difficulty in securing the 5/6ths vote of the Danish Parliament which is necessary for their entry. If the British negotiations were to fail, however, a lot of Danes would still be in favour of their membership. This is largely because they regard the German market for their food as more vulnerable than the British one. The movement for entry in these circumstances would be headed by the Farmers' Party, but it might well be supported, for slightly more idealistic reasons, by a substantial portion of the Social Democrats. If a simple majority in the Danish Parliament possessed the same powers as in the House of Commons, these groups might just carry the day. But they could not muster a 5/6ths majority. The alternative of a popular plebiscite (in which a minimum of 30 per cent of the total electorate is required as a blocking minority) might be a somewhat easier hurdle.

Some Danes are a little uneasy about their lack of political enthusiasm for Europe. One explanation they offer is that "Europe" to them, for simple geographical reasons, means "Germany." But why should they be more influenced by anti-German feeling than, say, the inhabitants of Holland, in many ways a rather similar country but one which happened to suffer a great deal more from the Nazis? Perhaps the Danes just lack enthusiasm. They are by no means uncontrolled in their expressions of Scandinavian solidarity. They want the Norwegians in with them, and they want some form of association for Sweden, but mainly because they do not want to re-erect tariff barriers in Scandinavia. They do not feel a great need for Norwegian support within the political institutions of the Community, and if Sweden could make a trade agreement which avoided a customs barrier across the Kattegat they would probably be satisfied.

Stockholm

I went both from Copenhagen to Stockholm and from Stockholm to Oslo by overnight trains, thinking that in the depths of the Nordic winter they might be more reliable than planes. Scandinavian railways appear to have the cheapest double-berth sleepers (Copenhagen–Stockholm) and the most expensive single-berth sleepers (Stockholm–Oslo) in the world. Perhaps that is how it should be in highly-developed welfare-states. Ordinary services are relatively cheap. But if you want to be unusual and demanding, you are not prevented from being so. You are just made to pay through the nose.

Stockholm looked superb under a covering of hard-frozen snow. Several of the channels between the islands were beginning to freeze. But why on earth anyone ever called it "the Venice of the North" I cannot imagine. A few inlets of icy water do not make a lagoon. There is a touch of Rome, although not of Venice, about some of the Stockholm buildings. But if one is looking for a recipe in terms of foreign cities, the correct ingredients and proportions for Stockholm seem to me to be 60 per cent Leningrad, 30 per cent Edinburgh, and 10 per cent Kansas City.

Swedish official opinion is interested, highly informed, and a little complacent about the state of "the Brussels game." I lunched with Gunnar Lange, the Social Democratic Minister of Trade, and Hugo de Besche, the head of the economic department of the Foreign Ministry in a strikingly good restaurant attached to the Opera House. Lange, an internationally orientated economist full of remarks about Kaldor and Balogh, had himself insisted (against some parliamentary criticism) on including the restaurant in the rebuilt Opera House. De Besche (Walloon by family origin, but Swedish for many generations) could easily be a high-grade French or Italian diplomat. They both

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know inside out the detail of the European negotiations from the beginning and are fascinated to watch them. They want the British application to succeed, and they believe that Sweden will then get associate membership without undue difficulty.

The views of Tage Erlander, the Prime Minister, seemed to me a little less certain. Benign and impressive as always, he looked tired when I saw him, and I attributed to this the fact that he was not speaking English as easily as usual. But it was subsequently suggested to me in Norway that this may also have been due to his finding the subject "worrying," and therefore difficult for clear views. He showed some interest in a Swedish newspaper rumour that de Gaulle (in the Rambouillet talks) has suggested to Macmillan that Britain might do better to seek only a trade agreement with the EEC and to depend upon the "special relationship" with the United States for political influence; but he quickly agreed that this suggestion would have had more force had it come from President Kennedy rather than from President de Gaulle.

The bulk of Swedish opinion is firmly in favour of full economic association with the EEC, provided they can interpret this in such a way as not even to seem to impair their neutrality. To make sure of this they want two special provisions. The first is the right to terminate the association whenever international tension or the threat of war makes them think such a termination desirable. The second is the right to conclude separate commercial agreements—not involving the common external tariff—with any outside country, including the Soviet Union.

WHETHER THEY WILL GET these provisions is open to question, as is the extent to which they will stand out for them, and the support they will receive from their Scandinavian neighbours if they do. The fact of Swedish neutrality is accepted throughout Scandinavia. No one wishes to see any upset to the delicate North Baltic balance of power. But what is resented is the occasional Swedish tendency to parade their non-commitment and to suggest that it gives them some sort of moral superiority over their neighbours.

"I really don't want any more Swedish lectures on the noble act of neutrality," a Norwegian minister put it. The Swedes also cause some irritation—even in Helsinki, it is said—by continually stressing the "great help" they are to Finland.

If therefore the Swedes merely want the articles of association to respect the fact of their neutrality in a quiet way, their neighbours will support them. But if they seem to be demanding a vote of congratulation from the rest of Europe, such support will not be forthcoming. And Swedish stubbornness about theoretical issues like the "right to secede" may fall within the latter category.

"After all," the same Norwegian minister said to me, "if the Swedes want to walk out before their economy is fully integrated, who in practice can prevent them? And once it is fully integrated, what would be the value of the theoretical right?"

Oslo

THE NORWEGIAN CAPITAL was muffled in falling snow, with a depth of nearly a foot already on the ground. These conditions increased the sense of physical remoteness from the core of Europe. Yet the sense of intellectual participation in the European debate was far greater than in either Denmark or Sweden. The Norwegians are peripheral in the sense that they would not contemplate joining a Europe which did not include the United Kingdom, but committed in the sense that, if they go in, they will do so more for political than for economic reasons. And in no other prospective member country is the issue the subject of such intensive and informed debate. Nothing could have been more unfair than the scheme, originally much canvassed in Brussels but now fortunately dropped, that the Danes should be allowed full political rights from the beginning, but that the Norwegians, remote in their fjords and troublesome with a lot of special economic problems, should be kept on probation for up to five years.

The Norwegian Parliament has already voted by 3 to 1 in favour of applying for full membership. The opposition came from the fellow-travelling "People's Socialist Party," a fringe of about ten leftists within the Labour Party, and the farmers' party—as natural a group of isolationists as one could hope to find. The support came from the intriguing combination of the bulk of the Labour Party (which is only one seat short of an absolute majority) and from the much smaller Conservative Party. When the negotiations are complete, another 3 to 1 parliamentary vote will be required, but there is not much doubt that it will be forthcoming. The

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Labour Party leadership is now deeply committed to entry. At first the Prime Minister, Einar Gerhardsen, was a little hesitant, more so than the Foreign Minister, Halvard Lange, but during the early part of 1962 he became convinced that the case for entry was "overwhelming." His speech in the parliamentary debate was the most decisive; and once he had made up his mind, Mr. Gaitskell's speech at Brighton, while he did not agree with it, did nothing to unsettle his conviction. Other ministers are equally enthusiastic.

Apart from the need for a three-quarter parliamentary majority, however, the Government is now committed to holding a referendum on the issue. There is no constitutional necessity for this, and the result of the referendum will nominally be purely advisory, but an adverse vote clearly could not be ignored. But such a result is unlikely to occur. Even the opponents of entry anticipate a 60 per cent favourable vote, although on a low poll, they suggest. A variety of propaganda committees have been set up. There is a neutralist "Committee of 143" against entry. There is also now an attempt to organise a group which is pro-Nato but against full membership, although willing to contemplate association. Much the most powerful, however, is the Norwegian "Common Market Referendum Campaign," committed to entry and under the direction of Trygve Lie, Foreign Minister in the first days of the Gerhardsen Labour Government and then United Nations Secretary-General. Lie's heavy eyelids, heavy jowl, and rather guttural English conceal a deep commitment and mordant gift of phrase. He is the most outspoken critic of the Swedes that I met. He does not appear to share the view (now popular in some sections of the British Labour Party) that they were the first up the slope at Vimy Ridge. He is more inclined to remember that they were fairly generous in their treatment of Hitler's troop-trains between 1940 and 1945. Perhaps as a result he would be quite willing, if the choice between this and Norway being excluded from Europe presented itself, to accept a tariff barrier down the spine of Scandinavia. But he freely admits that he is not "typical" of national opinion. No one who thinks and talks as freely as he does ever is. But his views are probably not very different from those which Ernest Bevin would hold if he were alive and in retirement to-day.

Scandinavia is naturally different from the Europe of the Six. Nevertheless, a visit there is not discouraging to anyone who believes that the European Community can and should be extended without losing its essential cohesion....

The Birds

The birds in this plantation worry me.
A voice shakes like a leaf. Where was it?
Robin and wren and blackbird and soon,
gluttonous, always busy. Stray voices.
And throwing music from the deep shadows
a nightingale unable to chew nuts.
The wood trails over like a rough-leafed cloud.
It blows to rags. I often walk on it.
The birds chatter and call all winter,
I see them pass busy in the bare wood.
They shake the silence loose in withered masses.

Peter Levi

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THEATRE

The Eye at Bay

By Nigel Dennis

THOSE WHO SALUTE the spirit of men and insist that it can hold its own against darkness and barbarism are people who have not thought much about the dreadful fate that befalls human visions. A rare and remarkable man has no sooner begun to make his presence felt in the world than people want to know why: they get the answer not from the visionary himself but from that dreadful tribe of capsulators and tabulators with whom the evil art of pre-digestion is handed down from father to son like some hereditary curse. Those who are frankly opposed to any sort of vision do very little harm; the light rays bend round them: almost all the ingenuity comes from those who catch bits of the light in a box and dine out on it. And it is the visionary, of course, who must pay for the dinner. Nietzsche, with his numberless visions, is made to answer for the nightmares into which they have been translated by monsters with pea-sized brains; Freud can never sit down without overhearing his neighbour whisper: "He thinks everything's because of sex." That visionaries go crazy sometimes is not at all surprising, for lunacy does at least have the advantage of being too scatter-brained to compress into a bolus.

If we had been privileged to come into the world as Mr. Gordon Craig, we should long since have run into an asylum and passed the remainder of our days striking attitudes and talking nonsense. That the actual Mr. Craig has lived long and continued to express himself with spirited cheerfulness shows either that he has indomitable goodness of heart or that his genius is swung so nicely on elastic bands that nobody has found a way of snapping it. But he himself tells us how hard people have tried to reduce his noblest ideas to little capsules of pap;* and we who go to the theatre may see for ourselves, year after year, the extent to which everything that is most inspiring in Mr. Craig has been forced into the service of all that is most thick-witted in the theatre.

Mr. Craig's vision began, as all visions must begin, with a feeling of awe and a recognition of majesty. When he read *King Lear* and *Macbeth* he concluded that they were already "complete": the dramatist had formed his ideas so well and appealed, simply in print, so successfully to the imagination that no director could hope to do justice to such texts, let alone improve them by showing, in flesh and costume, what was already incomparable without. One of the examples he gave of the existing "completeness" was the long soliloquy of *Macbeth* that begins: "Is this a dagger that I see before me...?" and ends: "I go, and it is done; the bell invites me...etc." Between the beginning and the end of this soliloquy, Mr. Craig affirmed, we meet with more ideas, images, and visions than any stage can accommodate: only the mind has the apparatus that is needed to do the scene-shiftings, the multiple imaginings, the springs and parabolas demanded by the text.

> And when art is so great and so perfect that it can bring us on the mere reading such priceless magical things, it is little short of sacrilege to destroy that which produces those ideas by confusing us and our other senses by appealing to those other senses at the same time.

This humble and intelligent appreciation of the situation led Mr. Craig to three important conclusions. The first was that since the theatre could not cope with such plays, it should try and develop a different sort of play, one which was designed expressly to bring into use and blend together all the resources of the theatre. The second was that one person should be the "captain" in this work, shaping into one harmonious whole the contributions of the poet, the painter, the musician, etc.; this man would be the "Stage Manager," or director. The third was that since no such new order of plays existed as yet, the theatre must perforce continue to do the impossible, namely, produce plays that were

* *On the Art of the Theatre*. By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG, now available in Mercury Books (Heinemann), 12s. 6d.

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better read than staged. And since the key to these plays was the written word, the director must be guided by the text alone and, by sheer fidelity to it, do his best to retain in a production as much as possible of the original completeness.

WHAT ELSE Mr. Craig had to say may and should be read; for we have no wish to make him into a capsule ourselves. The vision is large and exciting: it is also plainly and delightfully written. But we may remark that one of the most attractive things about it is the spirit of self-effacement in the visionary himself. Mr. Craig is not interested in either William Shakespeare or Gordon Craig: his whole attention is on the stuff that has been put on paper already, or may be put on paper in his "Theatre of the Future." All the words he uses apply to sounds, colours, and movements: the "harmony" he dreams about is of these things and admits no personal portraits. His "Stage-Manager" of the future is likened by him to a ship's captain; but this is a technical title, not a personal one: when Mr. Craig dreams of to-morrow's theatre he sees pictures and hears sounds; he does not see a glorious figure striding a bridge and impressing the passengers with the firmness of his voice and the power of his command. The plain reason for this is that the illusions of art are destroyed immediately by the interjections of the living. A good play must seem to have no author, no director, no actors. A good text must be opaque, not a sort of grille through whose holes we must always see the playwright, mouthing Gioconda smiles and drooping his lashes over a fan: we may call him on to the stage afterwards and refresh with a rain of cheers the poor, dried, forked radish from which the flower we have just seen has somehow burgeoned: but what we cheer him for, really, is his previous invisibility, his self-denial. And if this is true of the author, how much truer it must be of the director! A perfectly-directed play—for instance, Mr. Tony Richardson's production of *The Changeling*—is one which shows no sign of human handling: the highest praise a director can receive is congratulations for apearing to have contributed nothing whatever to the play.

SUCH ARE the lessons we can learn from Mr. Craig; let us follow them up with the lessons that have actually been learned from him—the capsules into which his selfless visions have been brutishly crushed.

Just as Freud is all sex and Nietzsche all power, so is Mr. Craig become one who believes that the theatre is nothing but an immense director. His vision, seen at the umpteenth remove by a squinting blockhead, has been corrupted absolutely. The director bestrides the stage on what he thinks are legs of Craig. With a brain that he imagines is Craig's brain, he "creates" plays himself, imposing his own conception on the existing one. As to the text, he sees it as Craig hoped to see the text of to-morrow's play: far from honouring it as already "complete," he regards it as mere rough stuff —the sow's ear out of which he, the wonder and darling of the stage, will somehow cut and shape a silk purse. And let nobody retort that such ignorant people can manage nicely without any Craig at all. The very first thing that stupid or evil people look for is a vision or theory which will sanction their ambitiousness. It makes them feel unselfish. It gives them an illusion of dedication.

This month has provided admirable examples both of Mr. Craig's vision rising in much of its true glory and descending into the depths of vulgar nightmare. The glory is in Mr. Peter Brook's *King Lear*, at the Aldwych; the vulgarity may be undergone at the Old Vic, where Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist* endures nightly ruin at the hands of Sir Tyrone Guthrie. We shall begin with the ruin.

THE ALCHEMIST is the most perfect of Jonson's plays and, until Wilde wrote his masterpiece, could claim to be the best comedy in the language. It is constructed like an impeccable parody of the Grecian mode: the stage becomes one open-fronted "temple" or "House" within which three scamps disguised as augurs boil up filthy messes and interpret phoney oracles in exchange for offerings of hard cash. The play meshes together perfectly the author's love of the classics and his Jacobean bluster, and within its correct and formal box parades all the easy, delightful amusements of the theatre, such as switches of clothing, absurd disguises, and outrageous pretences. The writing employs exactly the same combination: much of the bawdry, lies, and philosophical nonsense are piped through a severe blank verse; anything that is totally meaningless is expressed in scientific language or in Latin. The play is, as Mr. Craig would say, "complete" already; but its completeness is not of an associative nature, resting only upon evocative words; *The Alchemist* flourishes upon colour and costume, although it simply can be read with great satisfaction. If it were not such an excellent play, Sir Tyrone Guthrie would not have bothered to spoil it; for just as the bad director loves to lean upon a good theory, so does he love to elevate himself by choosing a high achievement as a mounting-block.

Sir Tyrone Guthrie's first conclusion about

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The Alchemist was that it was a piece of "literature." This conclusion was correct. All plays with well-written texts are "literature": they would be no good if they were not. But this plain fact, which pleases most of us so much, only distressed Sir Tyrone Guthrie. He felt that the play should be "a slice of life" instead. This means that Jonson having done his best to make literature out of life, Guthrie felt the need to change it back again. Why anybody who feels this particular need should be connected with the theatre at all, is more than we can say. Perhaps the trouble begins with some childhood *aversion* to the arts: then, when the child grows up, he realises that by entering into close association with the enemy, he will have every opportunity of making it look silly. Certainly there must be some such *subtle* reason for a man's wanting to change literature into life, for no man could be so stupid as to believe that the value of an art increases when it is prevented from being one. Perhaps our theatrical knight was impelled by simple honesty: since *The Alchemist* was about people who pretended to turn pewter into gold, he thought to set a good example by turning gold to pewter.

This was not an easy thing to do. Like all "slices of literature", *The Alchemist* is a solid piece of work. Fuller compared Ben Jonson to a high-built Spanish galleon, rather slow to manœuvre but difficult to sink. To succeed in sinking him, a director must be more than just a one-eyed pirate disguised as one of Mr. Craig's ship's-captains. He must be able to do the job completely, or lay off it altogether.

Sir Tyrone Guthrie showed from the start that he was capable of wrecking the Old Vic itself. He began by changing the period from Jacobean times to the present day and dressing all the characters in modern clothes: only "traditionalist", he said in a brisk programme note, would object to his doing this. Such a statement puts thoughtful people in an ugly position: they must either regard Sir Tyrone Guthrie as advanced or themselves as retarded. To avoid making a snap decision on this point, we think it would be fairer to leave out long words like "traditionalists" and ask simply if modern dress suits Ben Jonson. For if characters are dressed in a new way but obliged to speak in an old one, they can bear no resemblance either to modern life or old literature. The only thing they can be a slice of is the brain that has left them straddled across two periods—and the brain that can commit such an act is like the point in geometry: it can claim position, but scarcely magnitude. To be just to Sir Tyrone Guthrie we must admit that he saw the discrepancy between Jonson's brain and his own and tried to reduce it by cutting as much as possible of Jonson's and inserting as much as possible of Guthrie's: but no play, once riven, can be re-joined by half-measures. References to Lyons Corner House, the Palladium, the Riviera, Dr. Barbara Moore, and so on, cannot bring *The Alchemist* up to date, except in so far as they can focus our attention on what we must expect from an up-to-date director. Similarly, to make Abel Drugger suffer from halitosis is a poor way to turn literature into life and only points up the fact that the whole production stinks. The director who tries to enliven Jonson by writing-in such lines as: "Which my Mum kept in a tea-pot on the kitchen-dresser" should have nothing to do with literature at all: it can only bring out the worst in him.

A brief word of condolence to the actors before we lay down our tongs. First, to Mr. Leo McKern, who, as Subtle, fought the course bear-like and showed how well he could have played the role if the director had left it in. Secondly, to Mr. Charles Gray, who, though dressed to resemble Toulouse-Lautrec's painting of Oscar Wilde, insisted on playing the Jacobean part of Sir Epicure Mammon: this role will suit him admirably once he has got over the grief of the present disaster. Thirdly, to all the actors and actresses who joined the play after the interval: we did not stay to see them but have been told that they died bravely. This world, they should remember, is only an agonising testing-ground: Jonson will be the first to extend his sympathies when they meet him on the other side.

THE EXCITEMENT and enthusiasm created by the Brook-Scofield production of *King Lear* becomes an ecstasy if one has been to *The Alchemist* first. Everyone who is interested in the machinery of theatrical production will delight in discussing Mr. Peter Brook's technical ingenuities and general craftsmanship; but although this sort of interest is perfectly proper, the principal triumph of this production is that none of these technical feats are noticeable. One can buy one's seat at the Aldwych and simply see *King Lear*: one can concentrate one's entire attention upon the play and rarely be obliged to give a moment's thought to Mr. Brook, or Mr. Scofield, or Shakespeare: the thing itself simply passes before one's eyes as if it existed purely by virtue of itself. The shape it takes is open to criticism, but the plainness and clarity with which it takes it can only fill one with gratitude and admiration. Nearly everything appears to have been done without effort, without rehearsal, without direction: the "literature" seems to have entirely swallowed Mr. Brooke's "life". Of course, this is an illusion, but a play,

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too, is only an illusion: to disappear inside it should be every director's favourite vanishing-trick. The matter is a moral rather than an æsthetic one: the director must ask himself where he will find the greatest honour—in presenting the play, or in presenting himself? *The Alchemist* is a horrible example of the second course; *King Lear* is a high example of the first.

Various complicated reasons have been put forward to explain Mr. Brook's magic; but they are all secondary compared with the fact that he began his work in the spirit demanded by Mr. Gordon Craig: faced by a play that was already "complete", he went straight to that which made it "complete": the text. And by resting on the text alone he made the pleasant discovery that its completeness was not absolute—that there were ways in which a production could make some of it more revealing than it was on paper. This is exactly the opposite method to the director who begins by taking for granted that production is somehow superior to print, and by bending his whole attention on the former drives his whole audience to refuge in the latter.

It is "little short of sacrilege", Mr. Craig has said, to detract from a text that is "priceless" by introducing strong visual impressions. Mr. Brook has reached the same conclusion. Throughout his production there is not a single object that catches the eye. There are flat walls of a negligible shade, entirely unornamented. There is nothing that could be described as a colour, in or on anything. All the characters are dressed in a plain leather that is non-committal except in so far as it suggests nicely the period in which the play is set. All the tables and chairs are lustreless solids; the swords appear to be made of dulled iron; the very flowers in the king's hair are hardly perceptible. In brief, all the vivid elements that the "Stage Manager" usually values most have been sacrificed, and we are left merely with a plain frame for the gaudy disporting of the words. It is because this *must* be done when a text is priceless that Mr. Craig yearns for a "Theatre of the Future," where such sacrifices will not be necessary.

For most people, as Mr. Craig notes, things seen mean much more than things heard. And since this is undoubtedly the case, many people who go to "see" this *King Lear* will complain quite rightly that there is nothing to see. Only those who feel more intensely through their ears than through their eyes will be entirely thankful for a production that, for once, has catered solely for them.

THERE ARE OTHER ADVANTAGES to Mr. Brook's neutral frames. One is that there seems to be a great deal of room on his bare stage, so that all the incidents of the play enjoy a free passage: this fluency helps the author greatly when he is doing cumbersome tricks with intercepted letters or rigging Edmund's implausible plot against Edgar and Gloucester. More importantly, characters that were half-lost formerly in a shuffle of conflicting colours, costumes, and ornaments now have a chance to fill their proper place. This is a great help to the quieter characters—the upright, kindly ones, like Kent and Albany. We now have a chance to see the latter progress clearly from a small beginning to a big end: Albany is the steadiest factor in this turbulent play and we are able to see why his author gave him the privilege of speaking the play's last lines. In handing this privilege over to Edgar, Mr. Brook has sacrificed solidity to sentimentality, just as in meddling with the last scene and trying to keep his corpses off-stage, he has paid too much homage to hygiene.

THE MOST INTERESTING point that arises out of the production is also one that allows us to put Mr. Craig's theories to practical test. The advantages of allowing the text to dominate completely are almost sure to be accompanied by certain disadvantages—for it is impossible, surely, that any one theory of drama can be applied to Shakespeare's tragedies and fit exactly. The pros and cons are bound to vary according to which tragedy is being played: what fits *Macbeth* may not so fit *King Lear*. And, clearly, the difficulty with the latter play is that it is not quite so "complete" as we who live through our ears would like to think. A great deal in it, quite apart from the eyes of poor Gloucester, is concerned with what we see and what we show, in contrast to what is hidden from us and what we conceal. Lear only learns when he is thrown out into the storm how the poor and naked live: he falls with one great crash out of ermine into nudity, out of palace into hovel. Clothing, that was once a luxury of pomp, becomes abruptly a necessity of life, and this contrast—along with all the philosophical reflections on magistracy, government, honesty, and pretence that accompany it—is an impressive part of the play. We are bound to lose some of this impressiveness if Lear starts off looking like a rustic and if his palace is simply more solid than the hovel that awaits him. We do not lose the contrast between the reverence paid him by his courtiers at the start and the mocking howls he gets later from the rain and wind: this is because words alone can convey reverence and sound-effects disrespect. But the visual contrasts, the opposing eyefuls, must go; nor can one think of any way

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in which they could be retained, given Mr. Brook's method.

But out of this box comes, it seems, another. When colours are absent, when neutrality is the visual rule, what effect does this have on the players—on those who must make it their business to provide with their voices all that is colourless elsewhere? It *should* have no effect at all: for actors should be able to run up and down the register quite happily regardless of their surroundings. But in Mr. Brook's production, many of the voices seem to have been muted, as if to chime in with their surroundings rather than illuminate them. Mr. Paul Scofield is as unexpectedly substantial as the leather and stonework, and his voice can accommodate both severity and tenderness. But it is not a grandiose paint-brush, particularly at the beginning—and the beginning is just the moment when the voice must provide the pomp and brilliance that are being denied to the eye. For example, though we have never managed to discover what religions, or anti-religions, are at work in *King Lear*, we do know a curse when we read it; and when Mr. Scofield curses Cordelia out of court, saying:

> *For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,*
> *The mysteries of Hecate and the night,*
> *By all the operation of the orbs*
> *From whom we do exist and cease to be,*
> *Here I disclaim all my paternal care . . . etc.*

—we should like to get a purple shudder from the imprecation and not just feel that Cordelia was being sent to an approved school. *"The barbarous Scythian/Or he that makes his generation messes/To gorge his appetite . . ."* and *"Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!/ Suspend thy purpose . . . etc."*—if vocal transport is missing from these, where is the colour which the text is intended to provide?

ALL DIRECTORS AND ACTORS are rather stingy fellows in respect to the beginnings of plays. They fear that if they start off with a bang they will have no shots left in their lockers for the middle and the end: this is why, perhaps, Jonson's furious opening to *The Alchemist*, or Shakespeare's opening brawl to *Romeo and Juliet*, have rarely been copied and we have had to accept a desultory quarter of an hour of explanatory charwomen instead. This may be the real reason why Mr. Brook and his company trot off so soberly, and why Goneril and Regan appear to be such domesticated fillies in the early part of the play. In fact, of course, the text tells us that they are a pair of harpies from the very start, and it is certainly a defiance of the text to try and pretend that their evil is not innate and is merely the consequence of their father's lack of house-training and his knights' rowdiness: these are merely the excuses they give for their behaviour—as vixens might insist that they killed ganders to encourage noise abatement.

Beyond this, we have no desire to criticise. Mr. Brook has brought so much New Year's sweetness into our heart that we feel nothing but a desire to share our happiness with others. If we saw Sir Tyrone Guthrie standing on the edge of a cliff at Dover, like blind Gloucester, we should of course push him over; but there would be no malice in the gesture: it would just be a sort of critical conclusion.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Pugwash

THE ABSURD but unforgettable name is an accident; it has stuck because there is no agreement on anything else. The history of the—and even here one is in difficulty what words to use: some like to say "movement," some carefully avoid this and say "series of conferences"—the history of the organisation or phenomenon begins two years before the name Pugwash was ever attached to it. In 1955 Bertrand Russell drafted an appeal to the scientists of the world to come together and discuss the social and political results of their revolution, especially the danger of the nuclear arms race.

The document ("remember your humanity, and forget the rest") was signed by eleven scientists—most of them Nobel prizewinners. For Einstein it was the last public action of his life, and it is usually known in the West as the "Russell-Einstein Declaration," but the Russians prefer to add another one of the signatories to the short title and call it the "Russell-Einstein-Curie Declaration."

The trumpet blast was recorded; the next step would have to be a conference. But where; and who would pay? Nehru showed interest, and a conference was almost set up in India, when Suez and Hungary happened. For the moment, science, that white man's invention, and its results, ceased to be popular.

Then Cyrus Eaton heard, and offered to pay for a conference on condition it was held in his native village of Pugwash in Nova Scotia. Cyrus Eaton is an American steel and railroad magnate, a man of advanced age, firm business methods, simple political theory, and extremely "pro-peace" views. By then two years had gone by since the declaration, and the impetus was flagging. The deal was accepted; hence the name. Mr. Eaton paid for several of the earlier conferences, but three years ago there was an open breach between him and some of the American scientists who come to the meetings. Although he did not tire of praising capitalism, he had gone so far towards the Soviet view of international affairs that many American scientists decided it was either him or them. Mr. Eaton is now regarded with gratitude as an early benefactor, and sometimes comes to the larger meetings as a guest, but there is no longer any significant contact between him and the organisation which bears the name of the place where he was born. In fact, even the name has been changed in the United States. The American group uses the name Conferences on Science and World Affairs—"COSWA," and conferences held in America are called that. The Soviet group, who remembers Mr. Khrushchev's friendship with Cyrus Eaton, keep to "Pugwash." The International Committee calls itself "Pugwash-COSWA."

The conferences have been through two distinct phases, and their future is now rather a question-mark. The first phase (1957 to 1959) was one of small beginnings leading to the first impact on the public mind. Several conferences were held in Canada and Austria at which scientists from East and West compared notes and found that nuclear war was indeed an unthinkable monstrosity; that scientists had indeed a special duty, since they had made it possible, to suggest ways of avoiding it; and that biological and chemical warfare, though monstrous, was probably not yet as monstrous a possibility as nuclear war. This phase closed with a meeting at Kitzbühel and Vienna, larger than earlier ones, where a "Vienna Declaration", less powerful indeed than the original one drafted by Russell, but still a solid document, was adopted, publishing these findings over a list of signatures which made the press of the world sit some way up. The phase was one of tentative contact between men who often met ridicule and inertia at home, some of whom therefore trod warily. Others, particularly on the Western side, were well used to ridicule and inertia, and pulled no punches for peace. On the Western side, the whole operation had been completely unofficial; it was obvious that governments would give no encouragement, and they were not asked to. On the Eastern side the operation was as "unofficial" as anything can be in the Soviet Union, if it wants to work. The Russian scientists set up a group within the Soviet Academy of Sciences. At first a majority was in favour of those who had the time and the dedication to do so going out to Canada and Austria and making contact, but there was a sizeable minority which remained sceptical. This minority did not press its opposition and, after the Kitzbühel-Vienna meeting, it fell in with the majority in approving the conferences as an international activity to be nationally handled by the Academy of Sciences.

THE SECOND PHASE opened with the convening of the Sixth Conference, in November, 1960, in Moscow. When the Western scientists saw the list of people the Soviet organisers proposed

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to bring, they felt the thing was changing gear; the list included "everybody we've ever heard of." The American Pugwashers asked for a delay, partly to allow noses to be kept clean during the presidential elections, and partly to collect a team which could match the Russian one. When the conference met, the top brass of Soviet science met quite a section of the top brass of American science, including one or two men who knew that they would hold high office in Kennedy's administration. The British government and official scientific community had not yet realised what was happening (Pugwash papers were still treated in Whitehall as part of the propaganda war) and none of the British participants had an official connection.

Three things happened at the Moscow conference. The Russians explained the merits of general and complete disarmament under explicit agreement as opposed to limited measures of arms control resting on tacit agreement, and the Americans understood. The Americans proposed the idea of the minimum transitional deterrent (that is, of disarming down to the point where the margin of error in inspection techniques might leave so high a proportion of weapons undetected that a dangerous imbalance could arise, and then pausing while the inspection is improved), and the Russians understood. Thirdly, the Americans Louis Sohn and David Frisch proposed the first version of the system of sampling by opening up the territory of a disarming country to inspection in a series of geographical areas which has since become famous as "Sohn Zones." The Russians listened to this, but with one or two exceptions did not seem interested.

The next meeting on disarmament was held on a hillside in Vermont nearly a year later, in September, 1961. Breaths were held; the understanding had been good last time; how would the agreement be, after time for thought and consultation? It was very good; too good to last. The Americans accepted general and complete disarmament, and the voice of the "arms controller" was not heard in the land. The Russians accepted the minimum transitional deterrent as it had been outlined in Moscow the year before. They even accepted, though in more doubtful fashion, the principle of sampling for inspection. British and French scientists in government jobs and in consultative contact with governments were at that meeting; it seemed that something concrete, imaginative, and wise might have been done. The Soviet government, it is true, started testing just before this meeting, but most of the people there understood that testing is part of the arms race; they were looking for ways of putting an end to the whole arms race.

Between that meeting and the one held in Cambridge, England, at the beginning of September last, the Geneva negotiations began. Both sides tabled their plans, and Pugwashers watched to see what Pugwash had achieved, if anything. The American plan contained much that conflicted with the understandings of the 1961 meeting, but nothing that went against their general grain In particular, it included zonal sampling in inspection (in the form most favourable to the U.S.). Though it did not specify a minimum transitional deterrent, it rather obviously did not exclude it. The Soviet plan, on the other hand, went clean against the Pugwash grain. It did not provide for any sampling, and Soviet negotiators have since fiercely rejected this part of the American plan. It proposed the abolition of all means of delivery of nuclear weapons in a short first stage, which negated the idea of a minimum transitional deterrent.

The recent disarmament Pugwash seemed at the time a good deal less productive than its two predecessors. Negotiations were going on at that very moment, and this restricted the freedom of manœuvre of those who had any contact with governments, even though everybody, however official his work, comes to Pugwash as an individual, representing nothing.

The Soviet participants stuck very much closer to their government's plan than the Western ones did. Indeed, there were certain provisions of the American plan that no American present was prepared to defend. It is conceivable, though unlikely from such old hands, that the Russians expected the Westerners to defend the Western plan lock-stock-and-barrel, and therefore held extra fast when they found we did not. A more likely interpretation is that they value these conferences, and knew that the price of being allowed to come again in the future was to toe the line pretty closely this year. They were not perfectly monolithic; on one or two points the ranks were broken, typically by those who knew least of politics and most of science. When this happened, the others handled the deviants not with scorn, not with pressures, not with bland indifference, but with a canny solicitude which taught one a lot about that society. They know they need their mavericks; this is one of the main changes since Stalin.

One of the more hopeful fruits of this conference was the "black box" proposal, put forward jointly by three Russians and three Americans. Very briefly; inspection for small

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underground tests in the context of a general test ban might be provided by chains of sealed, tamper-proof boxes containing seismographs, which could be despatched into the inspected country by the international control commission, and returned to it at set intervals, or in cases of doubt, for opening. The commission would know where they had been located because of the traces they would show of known and undoubted earthquakes. This might be a good technical means of overcoming the inspection deadlock, but since the deadlock is not technical but political, it is probable that a technical means will not suffice. It has been clear for about a year now to people with open minds and freedom of conscience that each side could sign a test ban on the other's terms without endangering its security.

Much of the discussion went on in numerical terms, and in terms of fairly hard military and technical concepts. But just as instructive were the insights into how the Russians feel about disarmament, and particularly about the American proposals. When the idea of the minimum transitional deterrent was raised again (it would involve leaving *just a few* means of delivery over into stage two or even stage three), one Russian told a Siberian folk story. God threw a rebel angel out of heaven, and he landed on earth. The fallen angel asked God for an acre of land to call his own, and God said no. He asked for a square metre, and God said no. He asked leave to plant a stick in the ground, and God said: all right. But when the stick was pulled up all manner of creeping things came out of the hole and inherited the earth. Again: the scheme of zonal inspection was being discussed. One Russian said: "It is hot in the atomic age. All right, I will take off my trousers. But now the Americans come to me and say: 'No, just take off one leg of your trousers.'"

The second phase of the Pugwash conferences ended with a large meeting of more than two hundred in London. Not only disarmament was discussed, but also the role of the scientist in society, aid to under-developed nations, and international co-operation in scientific research. It was rather more of a peace rally than the smaller and more private meetings, and, to the microscopic eye, its statement was just a little further towards the Soviet line than the usual strict neutrality of Pugwash statements. There was also a discussion of "Whither Pugwash," and various plans were drawn up. On the whole, the decision was that the one thing which must continue is the series of closed meetings on disarmament, and that any meetings on other matters which Pugwash may arrange should as far as possible contribute to this main aim.

PUGWASH arose because scientists gave man the power to destroy himself and all his works and, being men, some of them thought it was up to them to take some lead in trying to prevent this. Deep embedded in it is the nuclear physicist's conscience; the germ of Pugwash came into existence before Hiroshima—at Los Alamos. Some of the more extreme consciences are still governed by the trauma of what the governments did to them then; they can only see governments as instruments of the death wish, luring seekers for truth into the sands of plot and advantage. Behind every politician they see General Groves. These men want Pugwash to express a life-giving refusal of science to encompass destruction; not far from their minds is a Sorelian myth of the Scientists' Strike, when bombs would no longer be made because all who could make them refuse to do so. To them Pugwash is for declaring the truth, and testifying to the people. They are, as it were, the Witness Wing. At the other extreme is the neo-diplomat who behaves in Pugwash as if he were secretary of state (and very good secretaries of state some of them would make). Between the two extremes are the bulk of those who know and witness with conscience that something, that *everything* must be done to avert the holocaust, but know too that only governments can do it, and seek to use Pugwash as a way of trying out new solutions, even new gimmicks, of clearing away misunderstanding, of doing just what the poor devoted strait-jacketed negotiators in Geneva cannot.

That is among the Americans and British. The Russians have, amid a conflict of opinions that we can only imagine, got the thing going at their end, and repeatedly come out to do their best. It is a very different best; no Russian is free to speak outside Russia except in support of Soviet policy. When Soviet policy is set, as it was in disarmament in 1962, there cannot be much flexibility. When it was still fluid, as it was in 1960 and 1961, Pugwash was at its best.

BUT IT IS WHEN they go home that the difference between Eastern and Western Pugwashers becomes most apparent. Western participants will report to interested groups in their national scientific associations (the 1961 meeting in America was sponsored by the National Academy of Science and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; this year's meeting in England was sponsored by the Royal Society), but many of them will also hurry to foreign offices and defence ministries to let them know what passed. The Russians on the other hand regard it as their first, perhaps even their only, duty to report back to the scientific community, through the Soviet Academy. This is the reason

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why the Soviet disarmament plan did not reflect Pugwash understandings—and the American, however faintly, did. It would not be possible to find an American or British negotiator in Geneva who was unfamiliar with the Pugwash papers; it is possible to find Soviet negotiators who are.

And yet it may be that the apparently greater impenetrability of the Soviet government machine to Pugwash understandings is only another effect of its ponderous slowness. Two years after the first discussion in Pugwash of the minimum transitional deterrent, one year after the Soviet Pugwashers accepted it, six months after the Soviet negotiators at Geneva formally rejected it, and four weeks after the Soviet Pugwashers fell into line with their government in rejecting it, the Soviet Government accepted it. On September 21st at the U.N. Assembly, Mr. Gromyko retreated from the demand that all means of delivery of nuclear weapons should be eliminated in stage one, and proposed that an agreed number of I.C.B.M.s should be left outstanding after that stage. This concession is profoundly hopeful for the whole prospect of disarmament.

Paradoxically, the Pugwash group which has the closest ties with its government at home is the French. One might expect the French government with its supercilious boycott of the Geneva negotiations to be even less interested in Pugwash. Why French official interest in Pugwash is so strong is (like much else about the Fifth Republic) a mystery for the moment.

The West German group is markedly less government-oriented. Only now for the first time are German study groups, which have the interest of officials, in their turn beginning to take an interest in Pugwash. From farther afield come only scientists who are themselves and alone interested in disarmament. The problems of local disarmament, even in Central Europe, have barely yet been touched on; all the effort goes on the great duality.

In the West, there is some tension between the Witnesses and the Neo-diplomats. "Are we becoming part of the Establishment?" is the worry of the former. The worry of the latter is how much one can actually get done when so much time is spent listening to formulations of the dilemma of our time and of the degree of harm done by testing, and drafting public statements about all that. Some would even allow Pugwash to develop two separate streams in order the more comfortably to accommodate the two attitudes. It seems likely, though, that the Russians need a certain tincture of public rally in order to be allowed to come out and do what business they can in quiet working groups. If you offend Americans, there are always other Americans who can come along to some other meeting and say something useful. If you offend Russians, you get no Russians at all and that is the end of the whole dialogue. Maybe that does give them an unfair advantage, but it is necessary to do business with a closed society if a closed society is what you have to do business with.

Is there a picture which would show what it is all about? Certainly not of the formal opening sessions with their "keynote" speeches, veiled but sharp complaint from the Americans, trenchant objection from the Russians, open diatribe from the Chinese when they are there. Nor of the parties when there are bursts of liking and respect for an honest interlocutor, whether ally or opponent, and everybody sings national songs with arms round each other's shoulders. Far more from the little groups, working parties of the conferences, or over meals, when the interpreters leave their laborious, sequential catching-up of the other side and transmit two or three messages at once, like a satellite or a telephone cable. But most of all perhaps, when a good explainer from East or West jumps up to the blackboard and draws a diagram, and you can hear the penny drop in West or East: so *that's* what they mean.

This is what scientists are good at. They also have the advantage, for this purpose, of being the only intellectuals the subject-matter of whose study behaves the same on both sides of the iron curtain. There is no such thing as a communist laser or a capitalist neutron.

Wayland Young

MRS. JOLLY

will type or duplicate it for you

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Drumma

I had a dream of a Versailles marquise
—Petite and svelte, six inches small,
her hair whitepowdered, built up high—
Confronting on a kettledrum a Chinese mandarin
—Seven inches of stately decorum
topped by a tortoiseshell comb—

White shoulders, blue brocade strewn with pearls,
Faced yellow silk embroidered with dragons,
Lusty green dragons lolling large red tongues,
Quite unlike St. George's victim on the pendant
Which hangs from her necklace.

Curtsies from her
And courtesy from him;
Bows: she the head,
He from the waist;
Smiles, repetitive routine of smiles,
Useless words, sounds:
No understanding!

Pauses get longer,
Tempers get shorter,
She taps her heels,
He stamps his foot.
Miniature thunder comes from the drum,
The sound ripples the skin;
Courtly marquise, imperial mandarin
Fall on their backs, feet in the air,
Unmannerly end to a mannered affair.

Moral:
There's danger for people of all nations
In a lack of basic communications
And it's possible to go under
To the roar of selfmade thunder.

*

THE AUTHOR *of this prize-winning poem must remain anonymous. The reason for his anonymity is that he is serving a sentence in one of H.M. Prisons. For the first time this year prisoners in this country—and as far as we know nowhere else—were allowed to compete for awards in literature, music, the arts, and crafts. The competition was open to inmates of both sexes in prisons, borstals, Broadmoor, and similar institutions. There were approximately 300 entries—80 literary, 200 paintings and models. A panel of experts, including Sir Kenneth Clark, Eric Newton, Sir Arthur Bliss, Sidney Torch, J. B. Priestley, Henry Green, V. S. Pritchett, and Philip Toynbee, awarded the prizes, totalling £400. The first prize this year was £50, but up to £100 can be awarded for works of exceptional merit.*

The competition will be repeated every year. The prize money is donated by Mr. Arthur Koestler, after whom the Award is named, as an experiment in unorthodox ways of prison reform.

The author of the poem which we publish—he also entered a short novel—won this year's first prize in literature.—ED. NOTE.

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The End of the Adenauer Era

Letter from Germany — By F. R. ALLEMANN

IT WAS A LITTLE MORE than thirteen years after the formation of the first post-war government in Bonn that the German *Bundesrepublik* underwent its first real governmental crisis. When Dr. Konrad Adenauer was first elected Federal Chancellor on September 15th, 1949, gaining the required constitutional majority by a single vote (his own), no one would have dared predict that not only a Cabinet, but an entire era, would come to bear his name and be stamped with the seal of his personality. The new state, uneasily fashioned out of the Western occupation zones by the Western Allies, was intended to be merely a *"Provisorium,"* imposed from outside, and in reality only a "lesser evil" which the Germans could accept for the present with reluctance rather than enthusiasm: it appeared to have little prospect of firm majorities or long-term development. At that time there was a good measure of faith in a "reunified Germany" into which Bonn could be fitted, and for which it might conceivably serve as a first, temporary model—faith, too, in the rise of a new "integrated" Europe—in some circles, even faith in both. The fact that an old man, ten years past the age of retirement, a former *Oberbürgermeister* of Cologne, by dint of seniority and shrewdness (plus a little bit of luck) should have been appointed to the highest post in the state seemed entirely in keeping with the general sense of "transition." Adenauer's own government seemed even less stable than the state itself, for it was composed of three parties which were disunited in every way and bound only by the common front they maintained against the Social Democrats. It looked very much as if only the constitutional provisions of the *Grundgesetz* could prevent the premature collapse of government, give it a minimum of stability, and grant its leader a modest period of time in which to set the new house—which seemed more like emergency quarters—at least partially in order.

I think it important to recall these beginnings in order to put the present crisis in Bonn in proper perspective. Only by looking back can we find the right yardstick to measure the unique achievement of the "Adenauer Era." And it is only in the light of this achievement that the full tragedy of decline and disintegration played out for the past year and a half on the Rhine becomes apparent. The recent governmental crisis represented only one act in the drama, and obviously not the final one. For more than thirteen years—almost as long as the duration of the Weimar Republic—Dr. Adenauer not only succeeded in retaining personal control (to which he clings with every shred of his being, having finally attained power at an age when other men are glad to relinquish their responsibilities), but managed to build the whole State around his authority. By tenacity, will-power, and sheer force of personality (and obviously thanks to the fact that he was dealing with new and as yet unformed political material willing to submit itself to a guiding influence), the German Chancellor was successful—where even a man like de Gaulle could only succeed by a series of cataclysmic convulsions which on several occasions threatened the foundations of the French Republic. Moreover, the course that Adenauer pursued was smoother and less hazardous than that of de Gaulle. He so effectively identified himself with the State, and the State with his own person, that he was able to build up this insecure and fragile structure with his own strength, to lead it safely through perils, and to earn it prestige in the outside world. If it can be said of any living statesman that he "made" his State—in the double sense of the word: he fashioned it and established its reputation—this certainly applies to the first and until now the only leader of the West German government. With due pride and understandable arrogance, he could say of himself, like Louis XIV (albeit in a different, though no less important, sense than that of the absolute monarch)—*"L'État, c'est moi."*

The German Federal Republic *is* Adenauer: and here's both the strength and the weakness. He created the *res publica* in his own image, and served it as ruler; admittedly this has been effected within the framework and limits laid down by the existing constitution, but then the constitution itself bears the imprint of his influence. Outside Germany the day when the *Bundesrepublik* will have to make do without

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its "founding father" has long been awaited with anxious anticipation; and this feeling on the part of foreign observers is perhaps more in tune with history than the German political passions which either long for his régime to end, or indulge in the self-deception that there are enough competent and able men ready to step into his shoes.

How could Adenauer's departure from the political scene issue in anything but a serious crisis? The Chancellor founded the State—*his* State—on his own personal authority, and all the forces within it were subordinate; those that ran counter to this authority were removed to the outer periphery of decision-making and excluded from real responsibility. He rarely exceeded the limit of his powers, but he always interpreted them in his own personal way and exploited them to the full. The forcefulness of his convictions, plus his considerable tactical skill, enabled him to establish a personal-authoritarian régime, without infringing upon the forms of democracy. This is why the democratic machinery is still intact, but democracy itself has remained under-developed. The selection of a legitimate successor, therefore, does not present an insurmountable obstacle; the machinery, missing in authoritarian or totalitarian states, is always there, and there's nothing to indicate that it is not equipped to deal with this task. But how to *organise* the succession? Clearly it will be necessary to make far-reaching alterations in the state apparatus in order to adapt it to a chancellor who will have less authority and less political acumen. It is the inevitability of changing and readjusting the complicated Bonn machinery that is the core of the "succession crisis"—and for years this vague term *"Nachfolgekrise"* has been used to describe the situation but not to diagnose it.

However, there is another factor that perhaps could not have been foreseen: that this crisis should have entered its virulent stage while *der Alte* was still at the helm, and that he would not only witness the disintegration of his power and his work, but that he would even help it along. I say "perhaps." But for a long time now the watchful observer has been able to detect something of Konrad Adenauer's power of self-destruction. He made himself irreplaceable, and then flatly refused to face the dangers of being irreplaceable. Never at any time did he indicate that he had considered the possibility of his capabilities diminishing, or that he wished to make provisions for a time when he might no longer be there. He trusted in his incredible vitality as if time and biological laws did not exist. He never once attempted to single out a successor. If ever his gaze rested upon one of his paladins with favour, it was because he saw in him a useful helper, not an heir. This may well have been because he knew that he could have no real heir, and that after him the *Bundesrepublik* would be quite different from what it was with him and under him. But although he knew this, he did not raise a finger to facilitate the transition into a different pattern for the future. So did he cling to the semblance of power, while its basis was plainly about to crumble. There was no one he trusted to continue his work, and he had little time left ahead of him in which to carry out necessary modifications. He preferred to allow everything to disintegrate in his own hands rather than risk experimenting with the inner workings of the state whose functioning had gone stale and atrophied beneath the pressure of his overpowering personality. And it is exactly this that caused him to precipitate the crisis that he must surely have feared. When he attempted to extend his term of office it was not so much because he wanted to prevent the crisis but in order to postpone it.

The crisis is an "Adenauer crisis" because the German Federal Republic is an "Adenauer Republic." Here, vividly, are the consequences of the *hybris* of one man taking upon himself the affairs of a state representing almost sixty million people, and of persistently refusing to secure a broader and sounder basis for government. I say *hybris* because the matter goes further than mere presumption; it is, I think, the folly of greatness seeking to surpass itself, and in so doing, ignoring its own limitations as well as its responsibility.

Are these words too big for the mean and petty spectacle that we've been witnessing these past weeks and months? Those who have preserved a sense of historical proportion will not deny Konrad Adenauer his greatness at a time when the depth of his fall only emphasises it the more. What West Germany has been living through to-day is, I think, a tragedy. Old age is human, not tragic. For a man to outlive his achievements and witness his own decline is occasion for sympathy and regret. But was it not something in the intrinsic nature of the Adenauer era that led with dramatic inevitability to this pathetic ending? Herein lies the tragedy of the situation: the folly of attempting to repeal the laws of change and to extend the longevity of that era beyond normal human scale. He clings fast to his task to which he is no longer equal, not daring to relinquish his post for he dreads the consequences of being irreplaceable; he ruins his own reputation with hectic stop-gap measures, which undermine his

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own authority and also the power on which this authority rests.

There is something logical about all this, but it was not inevitable. If the tragedy of Adenauer was inherent in the system he himself created and manipulated, it was certainly not a matter of fate. In fact, we can single out the exact turning-point at which the latent danger could still have been averted by one bold decision, and for a short while it looked as though the Chancellor were going to brace himself to take it. In April, 1959, when he presented himself as the candidate to succeed President Theodor Heuss, it appeared as if a natural and organic transition were guaranteed. Within a few weeks he regretted this decision and publicly reversed it. This was his greatest error—one of those errors that can never be made good. On that day when he shrank from the decision he had previously made, the decline of his régime began.

Of course, he was able to give reasons and justifications, and for some they even seemed plausible. Of course, the Chancellorship would have gone to Ludwig Erhard, who had never proved himself a man of real political vision, and who certainly lacked that hardness and ruthlessness which Adenauer had to excess. (There is one qualification that Erhard has which makes him eligible: *i.e.*, the kind of popularity that wins votes and would thereby ensure the continuation of the type of "government by plebiscite" current during the Adenauer epoch—yet it must not be forgotten how fast popularity without authority can fade away.) But was it really any of these considerations that settled the issue? The decisive factor was that the Chancellor was unable and unwilling to tackle the problem of the transition from his own personal régime to a different, broader-based system. He only created an impression of groping uncertainty and lack of direction. How fatal this is for a stateman whose rule rests on his resources of nerve and will rather than *Geist*. And the way in which the Presidency (the highest, albeit not the most important office of state) was being passed to and fro for months like a mug of flat beer, succeeded in discrediting one of the very institutions whose significance would have increased in the post-Adenauer period.

At first it seemed as if Adenauer would be right in assuming that the whole affair would be "forgotten within a matter of weeks," and that no one would mention it thereafter. But it proved not to be so. The "crisis in leadership" became apparent in German politics after August 13th and the Berlin Wall. It came into the full light of day during the embarrassment of forming a government, after the Christian Democrats had lost their absolute majority on September 17th, 1961. With the *Spiegel* affair a year later it finally reached staggering heights (or depths). Basically, however, all this was simply the bitter fruits of the lost opportunity in 1959. At the height of his career the Chancellor had the opportunity of preserving his prestige in an *"Autoritätreserve,"* which, in a new role as President, he could have put to good use. But once he had rejected this chance, it became impossible to halt the inevitable process whereby this authority exhausted itself and withered away.

Once again the vicious circle was at work. The feeling that the Government (which meant Adenauer) had lost its firm hold, and that its decisions could no longer be relied upon, led to the loss of its majority. The 1961 election was just as much a plebiscite against Adenauer as the elections of 1953 and 1957 had been a plebiscite for him. The sensational success of the Free Democrats (it gave them an entry into the Government) was the outcome of a popular mood that did not wish to break with the familiar structure of *"bürgerliche Politik,"* but nevertheless wished to register its distrust of "the old man." For a moment it looked as if the FDP were prepared to act upon this and overthrow the Chancellor. They retreated when threatened with a *"grosse Koalition"* (of the two major parties), or an all-party cabinet. (It was towards this end that President Lübke in the face of the threatening international situation deployed all the limited means at his disposal with unaccustomed firmness, even though he was ultimately unsuccessful.) The Free Democrats made Adenauer promise to resign, and then entered a cabinet under a chancellor whom they had not wanted and whom they had every reason to distrust. In so doing, however, they merely turned the vicious circle round again. What made things worse was not so much the political differences within the new *"Bürgerblock-Koalition,"* as the uncomfortable atmosphere of a forced marriage. Firm leadership became completely impossible; matters reached a peak of instability. This state of affairs resulted in a series of dissensions and coalition crises, some suppressed, some open, with the government obviously deteriorating ever more rapidly, until a year later the whole whirl ended with a bang.

THE BONN CRISIS—as surely even this fragmentary account suggests—is not a *Spiegel* crisis. The proceedings against Rudolf Augstein's news-weekly have played the same role in the fall of the fourth Adenauer government as the Sarajevo murder played in the outbreak of World War I. The *Spiegel* "affair," which has

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been keeping Bonn in suspense since the end of September, merely served as the occasion; it was not the real cause of the collapse (just as the assassination of the successor to the Austrian throne merely unleashed hostilities in 1914, without really being the cause of them). Konrad Adenauer's *Spiegel*-Sarajevo struck the death-blow to an anæmic cabinet that had in any case been tottering on its last legs. For years *Der Spiegel* has been hunting Franz Josef Strauss down with a malicious, burning hatred, but it was not *Der Spiegel* that made Strauss stumble so badly and made Adenauer very nearly do the same. The reputation of the astute and ambitious Minister of Defence had already deteriorated considerably as a result of his apparent involvement in all manner of unsavoury affairs. What cost Strauss—surely one of the few political *Urtalente* on the post-war German scene—his post and his reputation was the open view of the rotten, dissipated style which had come to be government in Bonn.

For Strauss to have used the military attaché in Madrid to secure the arrest of a German journalist holidaying in Spain was "only" a gross blunder. But deliberately and systematically to have sabotaged (on Adenauer's orders or otherwise) the instructions issued by the Minister of Justice (whose concern it was) for the proposed action against *Der Spiegel*; and then to permit his loyal Secretary of State, Herr Hopf, to be sent into the wilderness rather than to admit frankly that he himself was responsible; and for the Opposition in the *Bundestag* to have had to subject him to an endless inquisition and drive him into a corner before he would finally, and little by little, divulge the truth—all this made him *"unmöglich"* as a Minister. But it also threw a harsh light on a *system* of administration which had luridly revealed how indescribably disreputable it was.

Franz Josef Strauss cannot, however, be held responsible for the condition of the system, no matter how eagerly he may have played along with it. The responsibility lies with the Chief Minister. Strauss had ignored the warning signals of preceding scandals, and the *Spiegel* scandal sentenced the Defence Minister to political death. (The way in which he misled Parliament over the earlier *"Fibag"* affair was only a curtain-raiser for his attempt to use similar means to extricate himself from responsibility for his role in the *Spiegel* arrests.) However, this same scandal pronounced sentence on the methods of government employed by Dr. Adenauer, who could no longer master the power he felt slipping from him and whose only way to cling fast to it for a few more wretched months was to engage in back-stage manipulations.

IN THIS CONTEXT it is irrelevant whether *Der Spiegel* really did commit an offence in the category of "treason." The studied vagueness of this term (*"Landesverrat"*) in the German penal code puts it on a level with the activities of foreign agents engaged in espionage. (Clearly, the betrayal of state secrets in the public prints is also punishable in other countries; but democratic traditions assure the journalist who happens to transgress that his motives would not be bracketed with those of a common criminal. Moreover, such traditions see to it that when implementing these regulations governments do not act with the kind of elephantine drill-sergeant clumsiness which has thrust the leading opposition organ in West Germany into an undeserved martyrdom.) It is equally irrelevant in this context to question the outcry of the public and press against the "Gestapo-like" methods of the *Spiegel* enquiry, and to ask whether this protest did at times go altogether too far. The woeful absence of even a minimum of finesse in the official action would have been sufficient to discredit the government in any case. However, the Germans are unaccustomed to making sustained protests; and after a bit of fuss together with some ringing polemical exaggerations, they might still reluctantly have put up with it, just as they had already put up with so many other things. The indignation might, conceivably, have been quick to subside, had it not been for the subsequent, truly pathetic disclosure of the background—nay, the underground—of it all. The curtains were pulled aside before there had been time to set the stage nicely for the public view.

It was a grievous error to dress up the proceedings against *Der Spiegel* in a major *Staatsaktion*. Is there a precedent for this in the history of modern constitutional states? Nevertheless errors, however gross, can in the end still be explained, excused, pardoned. The true state of affairs, as it was later disclosed in Bonn, is inexcusable and unpardonable. The trickery and the deceit, the breathtaking irresponsibility, the duping of Parliament and public opinion, the cynical way in which scapegoats were sacrificed in order to cover up ministerial blunders and denials just a little while longer, with leading politicians writhing and twisting like guilty children, seizing on the first excuse that came to hand until this too was exposed—all this revealed such depths of ignominy and such humiliating confusion that within a few weeks the Government responsible for this deplorable spectacle feebly collapsed. It was not overthrown; nor had the indignation of the people swept it away. The Government quite simply ceased to function and fell apart like an old broken jug. The Federal Chancellor alone re-

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mained, isolated and barely comprehending what had happened to him. Yet he was still prepared to gather up the fragments and glue them together. The jug, however, was not to be mended; it could only be replaced by a new (if less impressive) piece.

COMMENT IN BONN held that it was "unseemly" to allow *der Alte* to come to grief over the *Spiegel* affair after all the historic achievements to his credit. There is in the feeling a praiseworthy sense of proportion, but in the argument there is unfortunately a fallacy. Politics is a hard and unsentimental business. Nobody knew this better than Konrad Adenauer when he was still its master. Gratitude is a virtue and respect a pleasant trait, but to use them as the basis of political conduct is to invite catastrophe. The occurrences over the last few months in Bonn are a warning. To ignore it, no matter how generous and human the motive for doing so, is to walk with eyes wide open into new and possibly even worse disasters. As yet there has only been one *Regierungskrise*. Will they continue to let things slide, until they really do arrive at what the pessimists predict—a *Staatskrise*?

At this point let me repeat once again—Adenauer was a towering figure. At the height of his success he had more than a little bit of luck, but this in no way minimises his historic role. No less a man than Churchill once described the *Bundeskanzler* as "the greatest German statesman since Bismarck...." This was eloquent and deserved praise from famous lips. No one with the slightest feeling for rank and worth will deny such greatness its due respect, nor will he fail to measure the errors against the size of his accomplishments. If we are perfectly prepared to pay the founding father of the West German State the honour due to him, does this entitle him to destroy it? Which is the more honourable course—to call a halt to the folly that threatens to devour this state, or for misplaced kindness to make us stand passively by while it is remorselessly consumed? Whoever truly wishes the Chancellor well will seek at all costs to spare him from enacting a parody of himself in his own tragedy.

Anthony Thwaite

The Barrow

In this high field strewn with stones
I walk by a green mound,
Its edges sheared by the plough.
Crumbs of animal bone
Lie smashed and scattered round
Under the clover leaves
And slivers of flint seem to grow
Like white leaves among green.
In the wind, the chestnut heaves
Where a man's grave has been.

Whatever the barrow held
Once, has been taken away:
A hollow of nettles and dock
Lies at the centre, filled
With rain from a sky so grey
It reflects nothing at all.
I poke in the crumbled rock
For something they left behind
But after that funeral
There is nothing at all to find.

On the map in front of me
The gothic letters pick out
Dozens of tombs like this,
Breached, plundered, left empty,
No fragments littered about
Of a dead and buried race
In the margins of histories.
No fragments: these splintered bones
Construct no human face,
These stones are simply stones.

In museums their urns lie
Behind glass, and their shaped flints
Are labelled like butterflies.
All that they did was die,
And all that has happened since
Means nothing to this place.
Above long clouds, the skies
Turn to a brilliant red
And show in the water's face
One living, and not these dead.

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"Going into Europe"

This is the third but, alas, not the promised concluding part of our enquiry, with final tabulations and all. Dozens of contributors, obviously with a fine feeling for statistical form, have decided to help make the sampling more representative, and so we will be publishing a last batch of comment next month (including the remarks of, among others, Colin MacInnes, Barbara Ward, Nicholas Kaldor, David Daiches, Raymond Williams, Hugh Seton-Watson, Sebastian Haffner, Donald McLachlan, and Bernard Levin).

Symposium (III)

J. G. Weightman:

SINCE I DISCOVERED Europe, at the age of seventeen or so, I have been trying to "go into it" on my own account. All my natural impulses, therefore, are in favour of the European Movement. I can still remember my delight and astonishment on realising that there were other things in life besides the fag-end of Puritanism, the twilight of the English Industrial Revolution, and the English imperial upper-class code.

Since then, of course, I have come to see in what ways the English upper-class code is superior to the Continental bourgeois code; pit-heads and slag-heaps now bring a tear to my eye, and I could even produce a reasoned defence of the virtues of Puritanism. I used to think it was a great misfortune to have been born, as I was, in the extinct kingdom of Northumbria (that is, neither "English" English nor Scottish), in a place where, and at a time when, agriculture, industry, and religion were in the last stages of decay and art was non-existent. But I now realise that there was a great deal of traditional, local good implicit in the atmosphere which I could not see, because I had not yet experienced its absence elsewhere. However, it is unlikely that this will ever lead me to found a Northumbrian Monarchist Separatist Movement, even if I could persuade my compatriot, William Clark, to be the First Pretender.

My present view is that people with my sort of temperament are bound to look upon any native background as accidental and limiting. Had I been born a Jew, or a French bourgeois, or a Home Counties baronet, I would have eventually arrived at the same point; I know this from having talked to some Jews, some French bourgeois, and some baronets. You can be incurably local, as I now recognise myself to be (although I eventually learnt Southern English and French, as a mediæval scholarship boy would have learnt Latin), and yet feel loyal, in the last resort, only to the great muddled mainstream of European civilisation.

This is why I have an emotional prejudice in favour of "going into Europe," which is not shaken by the good and rational arguments to the contrary put forward by William Pickles, Hugh Gaitskell, and Denis Healey. The Tories may be doing the right thing for the wrong reasons, although I must say some of them now sound quite imaginative. The Labour Party, to my mind, has adopted the wrong emotional attitude for reasons which may be superficially right. I know that the imagination boggles at the thought of federation with France, that the tone of European life is much more capitalistic and Right-wing than the present tone of English life, that it seems paradoxical to try to fuse nation-states several centuries old when the behaviour of the new states which have sprung up in recent years shows what a long and delicate business it is to develop a tolerable national atmosphere. Nevertheless, not to attempt it when the idea is in the air is to come dangerously near the position of those people who used such good arguments in favour of the horse as against the steam-engine or who said that it was an act of folly to give the vote to the working class. In many ways, horses were better than steam-engines and universal suffrage was, and is, a very dangerous gamble, yet no one would now be prepared to go back on these two points. In any case, lovers of steam-engines have come to be almost on a level with horse-lovers, and it is easy to foresee the day when there will be an English Separatist Movement, like the Scottish or Breton Nationalists. Eventually, no doubt, some old die-hards will be the last European Separatists holding out against world government.

This seems the obvious trend of development, and, as Anatole France said, it is always rather silly to sulk about the future. Things have reached a point where action as a national entity (as in NATO or UNO) is no longer enough and where it appears natural for the small, highly evolved countries of the European peninsula to attempt a closer form of co-operation.

But to applaud this is not necessarily to underestimate the difficulties or the cultural confusion which may ensue. Other people have asked what will happen to the British Trade Unions or English school spirit or the Monarchy, if and when some form of European federation is achieved. What keeps me awake at nights is the problem of the future of the various languages and literatures of Europe when we return to mediæval universalism, intensified by great mobility of population, multilingualism from childhood, and international television. At the moment, it is still quite safe for an Englishman to make himself proficient in French, or for a Frenchman to learn English, because in either case they still have the mass of their unilingual compatriots to fall back on, whenever they suspect that their knowledge of the foreign language is threatening their command of their

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mother-tongue. But suppose there is no unilingual mass, as may very well be the case in two or three generations. Europe will go through a terrible period of linguistic uncertainty for which there is no precedent. Switzerland cannot be quoted as a model, because her use of German, French, and Italian is supported by the surrounding monolingual countries.

My guess is that, other things being equal, some form of English will eventually win the day, thanks to the existence of America. But there will be many troubled decades before this conclusion is reached. Will English children have to be shipped off in batches to America in order to give them a sure grounding in their "mother-tongue"? Will there be language reserves, and language riots, as in Belgium? Will the French and the Germans eventually make it a crime for any of their children to be actively taught English before, say, the age of eleven? We have to go forward into this Brave New World, but in it the way of the writer, the purist, and the literary critic will be especially hard.

Alasdair MacIntyre:

THE BRITISH LEFT is unhappy about foreigners, partly because they theorise. The weakness of its complacent pragmatism is doubly revealed when it is confronted simultaneously with questions of theory and questions about foreigners at one and the same time, as it is over the Common Market. So with a few slick references to Gallipoli and Vimy Ridge the Labour Party constitutes itself as the party of the English Speaking Empire, and all through the balancing of pros and cons nobody pointed out that "Socialism In One Country" is a sad slogan for a Gaitskell to inherit from a Stalin. What criterion should a socialist use here? It belongs both to the ends and to the means of socialism that it is international. Our end is a new mass democracy in which economic and political institutions serve rather than master people; but no revolutionary changes of this kind can be insulated from the outside world. Either, as Lenin saw, they expand to an international scale, or they regress. And the Labour movement which brings about such changes will have to be genuinely internationalised, breaking through the narrow bureaucratised national forms of the present-day Labour movement. The last intention of the fathers of 19th-century capitalism was to lay the foundations for the Labour movement; but they did. The last intention of the founders of the Common Market is to pave the way for a United Socialist States of Europe. But I am all for taking them by the hand as a preliminary to taking them by.... But that would be tactless.

I do not understand those socialists who are against Franco-German capitalism, but somehow prefer British capitalism. I detest the anti-German chauvinism of the anti-Common Marketeers. I can see nothing but good in an enforced dialogue with the exciting movements on the Italian Left. Labour leaders should be using the demand for equalisation upwards of welfare benefits in the Treaty of Rome to dramatise the conservative dreariness of our (false) national belief that Britain leads in welfare. C. N. D.-ers should be considering internationalised non-violent action against nuclear crimes. We should all be posing the problems of socialism as they would be, rescued from the dead clichés of our national stereotypes. But that would drive us all into socialist theory. We should have to take seriously brands of European Marxists and brands of European anti-Marxists of whom we had scarcely heard. How much nicer to use the Common Market as the one scapegoat in whom Gaitskell and Cousins and Foot and Jay can all agree to bury their hatchets. But when the scapegoat gets up and walks away, what will they do with their hatchets to each other then?

Peter Hall:

I BELIEVE that men who sell butter to each other are unlikely to endanger their commerce by firing guns. Therefore, a Europe which is a community of traders is likely to preserve our peace. Further, those of us who believe that world government is an ideal which may enforce ultimate peace must surely support a great progressive move like this. It must finally disarm many explosive national prejudices and dangerous chauvinisms. How can English socialists miss this opportunity? The Labour Party is in grave danger of becoming a backward-looking protection society.

I also believe our country needs stimulation. Every institution has a complacent excuse for its shortcomings: "it may seem odd to you, but it works." I doubt if it does work very often any more. Our vitality must be quickened. Membership of the European community would force us to look to the future and our experience and wisdom could be constructive instead of self-deluding. Otherwise, we have a future as the loved but pensioned-off grandmother of the Commonwealth.

John Braine:

LET ME BE specific. I am against the present Government taking my country into the Common Market because it has no mandate to do so. The matter can only properly be decided by plebiscite. It can't even be decided by a General Election since there is no guarantee that Mr. Gaitskell won't change his mind or that he'll remain in power if he doesn't. Apart from that, I have been guided all my life by one simple political proposition: whatever the Tories want is disastrously bad for the country. I know that my proposition is barbaric in its simplicity, but as was said of the first gear-box, nevertheless it works. The Common Market isn't an economic organisation but a military organisation. Its chief purpose is to give Western Germany a finger on the nuclear button. And here's another of my barbaric propositions: World War Three will begin on almost the first day that Western Ger-

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many is allowed the H-Bomb. The economic side of the Common Market is expensive and clumsy window-dressing; expensive for us since, incidentally, we shall lose the last shred of our national independence and will sever every link with the Commonwealth Our house, in short, will be burned down to roast West Germany's pork.

I don't suppose that what I or anyone else says makes very much difference. Democracy died a long time ago. I can only keep on fighting this betrayal of my country to the very end.

Aidan Crawley:

HAVING FOUGHT each other for a thousand years the nations of Western Europe are now attempting to build a single community. The institutions with which they have begun are democratic, ultimately responsible to the elected representatives of the countries concerned. These institutions not only transcend national barriers, offering the individual wider scope, but give promise of protection against that abuse of arbitrary power which has cursed Europe for so long.

In essence this embryo community is the fulfilment of Britain's long struggle to prevent the continent of Europe being dominated by any one power. By entering it we can achieve our own security and share in the re-birth of a new and more vigorous civilisation. In doing so we shall serve not only ourselves but mankind.

Archibald Colquhoun:

I AM AN internationalist by birth and upbringing, having had a Scots father of pioneering stock, an American mother, a German-Jewish grandfather, and French step-mother, been brought up as a child in Spain, then lived at least half my adult life in Italy. Anyone with such a heritage must inevitably have been nagged by the insularity of the British, particularly the English. In the last war, for instance, during the Italian campaign, when I was in charge of liaison with the Italian Resistance on the Eighth Army front, both myself and the few staff officers who sympathised with the Italians were actually "put in Coventry" in the main army headquarters Mess, from Cassino until Siena. From then on, as Italian partisans and Italian officers placed with British units were found to be useful, then respected, the attitude changed. Up to that time a number of unnecessary casualties to operating troops were caused by distrust of, say, the information about minefields or enemy movements given by some Italian peasant.

Anyone who has concentrated since the war on Anglo-Italian cultural relations must notice a change of mental climate in the last few years. We seem, as *italianisti*, to be caught up in a kind of spiritual advance guard of the Common Market. In my own field, for instance, Anglo-Saxon interests in modern, then in classical, Italian literature, have now led to the foundation of the Oxford Library of Italian Classics, the only series of its kind in the world. When this was first planned some six years ago the European Community was only a vague idea on our horizon, an Italian political initiative. Now there is soon to be an equivalent series of French classics followed maybe by Spanish and others. There has also been a marked improvement here in the quality and status of translators. Within the next year three separate international congresses on translation, with major British participation, are to be held in Europe. Soon a prize will be founded in London for translation from the Italian, to be followed, it is hoped, by others from the main European languages. Perhaps from all this will come an acknowledgment by us of translation as an interpretative art on a par with a pianist's, a conductor's, or an actor's, as it is in Japan.

Europeanised citizens of the United Kingdom already feel, as they travel about the continent, that nationalities, even ours, matter less and less and qualities more. This may seem vague, but is something positive in the air, only indirectly linked to economics. We are still obviously weighed down with forms, prejudices, habits, bureaucratic inanities (*vide* the Freight and Customs Department of London airport) that are residues of an Imperial Heritage. Yet, by a paradox of the spirit, as we lose the Empire we find the English language becoming more of a "lingua franca" than ever before. At least there are symptoms now of the melting of our insularity, a realisation that we are part of Europe —and that integration cannot be far away.

Leonard Schapiro:

I FIND the economic arguments in connection with the probability of our entering the Common Market of least importance. I am, it is true, inclined to think that the economic arguments in favour are stronger than the arguments against, but I think we should go in even if the economic arguments are strongest against going in.

1. We cannot "stay out" of Europe, because we are already a part of Europe whether we like it or not. There is a chance now that the kind of European Union which seemed an impossible dream when it was much talked about some thirty years ago, will come about simply because the micro-world, which is Europe, now finds itself hemmed in by two giants—U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. It must preserve its identity against the one, and its very survival against the other. This is a good beginning for federation. It would be a betrayal of our best traditions for us to refuse to take part in this new and probably momentous development in the history of mankind.

2. I think the British Commonwealth has been

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a great influence for good in the past—I hope it may continue to be so in the future, though I do not feel confident that it will be, now that it is so much less homogeneous than it once was. But whatever values we, Britain, put into the Commonwealth were precisely those values which we inherited and developed as *Europeans*—the rule of law, justice, fairness, and the politics of moderation and scepticism. All these are European not British values and we were only the channel for ideas which reached us over the ages from Athens and Rome. If we are to continue to influence the Commonwealth we must not break with Europe, the fountain of this tradition.

3. I do not regard the Common Market as anti-Soviet or anti-Spanish, as anti-Czech or anti-Polish. Russia and Spain and the other totalitarian countries are sick members of Europe, but they are still European countries. At present neither Russia nor Spain, for example, is able to play a full part in preserving the values for which Europe stands but I should like to believe that a closer union of the healthy European countries will serve to strengthen the values of Europe as a whole; and that in time this union will act as a beacon to attract back to the European fold those European countries that are now alienated from it by governments which do violence to their true traditions.

Bernard Crick:

PARTY BEFORE COUNTRY; country before civilisation —that is the fashion. So I am bitter at the narrowness, opportunism, and final cowardice of my party's leader. I am a Gaitskell man still—very still. My "attitudes" begin as narrowly political (you ask for "attitudes"—reasons are ten-a-penny in any newspaper). The Common Market debate always struck me as finally a matter of politics, not of economics. And my attitude was that *our* kind of politics were just what Germany and France stood in need of. I see no need for any self-deprecatory nonsense about this; one can be a patriot without being a nationalist. For it does just so *happen* that our politics *are* more free and less drastic than German or French—though not necessarily so. But there is a Europe which is an area of civilisation whose life-internal and influence-external is worth preserving and enhancing. And the character of its influence will depend on the company it keeps. We should go into Europe *so that* our disengagement from the German frontier problem, and *so that* our distrust and dislike of the politics of pride practised by France, will restrain their present leaders. There are desperate moderates in both countries whose hands will be strengthened one-hundred-fold if we join. And it would be good for us. What makes me a patriot is British politics. What every-so-often makes me hate being British is our parochialism, our linguistic insolence, our cultural backwardness, our fantastic ignorance about what is best in France and Germany, and the isolationism of both Left and Right, symbolised to me in the stupid selfishness of our great Anglo-Saxon Ostrich movement *y'clept* CND, or their *Express* counterpart who love our own H-bombs as a sign of "sovereignty"—a sort of mechanical substitute for declining national potency. Both these popular loonies exaggerate our individual power. And I think of all those "Young Tories" *and* "Young Socialists" who, while only on bottle or breast during the war, yet now treat all Germans as "really Nazis"—ignorant young British bigots.

I saw "Europe" as a touch-stone of the Labour Party's intellectual revival and of its ability to think new things—poor wrong political theorist. I thought the Conservatives would split on this issue, but once again their tenacious desire to hold office, to stick to a popular leader *wherever* he leads, their over-riding belief that their sort govern best *whatever* the policy, has proved greater than their deep prejudices of nationalism and shallow principles of sovereignty—poor wrong political theorist. But at least my colleagues the economists have been even more at long odds with each other. But did they expect to agree? For the issues are finally political, not economic. Yet Mr. Gaitskell seems to have made this "discovery" an excuse to think that all policies, if not economic, are equally reasonable; so he can then "play politics," which means politics pursued with only the most short-run and immediate goals in view. He does not think that politics has much to do with the long-run progress of civilisation. (He is still a laboured economist, not a Labour politician.) I do. I admit shamelessly to a simple vision of European culture and British politics blending and interacting for the common good of humanity.

James Mossman:

I MUST SAY that my views on the strictly economic implications of Britain entering the Market are confused. I know little about economics and both the champions and opponents of our entry seem to conjure up equally convincing technical arguments for and against. . . .

So my own feelings are largely emotional ones. I believe that Britain's place is in Europe and that entry will enrich us culturally, restore our rather bruised confidence in ourselves, and make us more politically effective than we have been since the war. What's more, our skill and experience in committee work and in settling difficult issues by civilised debate are unequalled in the world. Europe needs this weight of experience to give her the stability she cannot hope to find in Gaullist France or in Germany, where democracy is still a novelty. We cannot afford to live alone, just as Europe cannot afford to live without us. Since the British Commonwealth is fast losing its reality in a world dangerously dominated by Russia and America, our entry into Europe both economically and in time politically is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

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Kenneth Younger:

IF BRITAIN DOES NOT NOW join the EEC, relations within the Western alliance will be seriously damaged at least for several years. In any case Britain cannot now go back to the world status she enjoyed before her application in 1961. The attitudes of the United States and of Commonwealth countries leave no doubt of this. Britain might retain her economic prosperity, but not her political influence.

If Britain is kept out by European unreasonableness, which is still possible, I do not think the exclusion will last long but damage will be done in the meantime. Britain should make every effort to join, and, having joined, should actively work for European integration on a basis of democratic political institutions and liberal trade policies towards the rest of the world. It is no good going in simply in order to apply the brakes.

I have reached this conclusion with difficulty and on grounds which are too broad to be much affected by the exact terms of any bargain which Mr. Heath may be able to strike. These terms, in any case, are largely concerned with transitional adjustments. What matters now is the kind of Community which develops after Britain, together with other new entrants, has joined it, and it is not too late for Britain to influence this development.

This is not the solution Britain would have chosen for herself, but the alternatives are now less attractive. Despite the obvious risks it can offer an influential and prosperous future to the British people.

Colin Clark:

IN THIS COUNTRY we have been looking at the Common Market in the manner of a man considering a business investment, weighing up carefully all the possible gains and losses, and with the idea at the back of our minds that, if we do not like the way it is turning out, though possibly we may incur some loss, yet that nevertheless we can always realise our investment, and start again on something else. We will have to change this attitude, as the continental countries have changed theirs. A country entering the Common Market must be like a man or a woman deciding to get married. You cannot hope to weigh up all the possible advantages and disadvantages, and would not wish to do so if you could, because in marriage you are willing to make an act of faith and trust that you and your spouse will do what is needed for each other's well-being. Even if your spouse has certain manifest defects, you have faith that they will be put right—and you will do your best to overcome your own.

Countries are not persons. But all the same we should not consider our possible entry into the Common Market as if it were only a business transaction. If we want our union to succeed, we must approach it with some of the same faith and love, the same determination to act for the good of another as well as of ourselves, as men and women show when they marry.

While I think that there are certain manifest defects in the Common Market organisation as it now stands, there would be some consequences of our entry which would be indubitably good.

I believe that it would substantially improve the prospects of maintaining world peace. This consideration alone clearly overrides all questions of economic advantage, for this country or for anyone else. The experience of the 1930s should have taught us how serious are the consequences when a hostile power has the opportunity of dividing the Western European countries, and neutralising them one by one. British entry into the Community should also exercise a moderating influence upon those within it who might be tempted to act rashly or independently.

I AM NOT *an economist, and I have no use for the niggling, profit-and-loss accounts that are some people's way of approaching the question of Britain and Europe. My approach is political. As I see it, nationalism is the great political evil and danger of our time. I believe we have the choice between uniting politically on a world-wide scale or committing mass-suicide. Nationalism is the obstacle to uniting. Therefore any breach in the hateful partition-walls erected by nationalism is welcome to me. The West European peoples, not least the British, are inveterate nationalists. Therefore any move, on the part of any of them, to subordinate their national sovereignty to some wider union is, for me, a victory for the human race.*

Some people fear that a united Western Europe might develop a nationalism of the same kind as the traditional nationalism of its component members. It is true that some of them seem to be showing an inclination to make a united Western Europe into an economic syndicate of rich peoples at the expense of the poor majority of mankind. In my view, this policy would be short-sightedly selfish, and it ought to be resisted on moral grounds, apart from considerations of the rich minority's long-term self-interest in fraternising with the poor majority, who have the strength of numbers. I believe this "Little Europe" tendency can be overcome, because emotional attachments take time to grow, so I hope we may be able to transcend a West-European nationalism before it has time to set hard. We must aim far beyond this. We must aim at nothing short of World unity. We have a powerful ally in modern technology, whose scale of operations is already increasing to super-planetary dimensions. So I see a United Europe as a step towards a United World, and that is why I am for it.

Arnold Toynbee

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I think that there will be economic gains, though neither so great nor so immediate as sometimes claimed, but over the course of years considerable, in securing large and reliable future markets for British industries, including some yet unborn, which might have otherwise been choked by European tariffs and trade restrictions.

The manifest outstanding defects of the Common Market organisation, as it at present stands, are its lack of adequate powers (or even of the will to use the powers which it already possesses) to act against trusts, cartels, and restrictive practices; and its agricultural policy. Though I give Dr. Mansholt full credit for his courage in saying that Western Europe had eight million too many of agricultural population, and for having removed some of the more outrageous restrictions of international trade in agricultural products, yet nevertheless he is committed to a policy of excessively high prices for agricultural products, which must lead inevitably to over-production, which is then to be disposed of by organised dumping. Even if it worked (which it will not), such a policy would be a real threat to international order, and to weaker countries. This policy will have to be completely re-designed.

It is no use saying that it is all right to produce as much surplus food as we wish in Western Europe and North America, because two-thirds of the world is starving, and will be glad of all the food that we can give them. This figure of two-thirds is entirely incorrect. The best estimate of the proportion of the world's population hungry is about 15 per cent, and their hunger is due mainly not to agricultural but to political causes, namely Communism in China and caste in India. It is very doubtful whether China and India would accept large gifts of food, even if offered. Outside these countries there are requirements for additional food, but they are limited. The impoverished inhabitants of Africa and Asia are much more interested in buying clothing, building materials, bicycles, medicine, and school books than in having our surplus dried milk dumped on them.

Donald Tyerman:

In my position as editor of an anonymous and much-involved paper, I find it uncommonly hard, if indeed it is possible, or proper, to disentangle any really personal response to your enquiry about "Britain and Europe."

Probably my answer ought simply to be that what my paper says anonymously, I say:

1. *The Economist* was early to back British membership of Europe as being both economically and politically the right and necessary next step for this country in its new position in the world.

The British economy needs the wider base and competitive setting of western Europe. And, more broadly, because we believe in the primacy of politics, "the decision to seek entry into the common market is a recognition of an inextricable involvement of interests—of the fact that the country's future cannot be separated from the course of western Europe's affairs."

2. But *The Economist* was even earlier in backing, as it still steadily does, the indispensability of the American connection and alliance, not only as a matter of life-and-death interest and friendship but also as a fact of history and a central part of the expansion of Europe in which we were a prime carrier and the United States the largest container.

3. And *The Economist* believes, equally steadily, while accepting all the necessities of the balance of power, bomb and all, in conciliating not exacerbating the rigours of the cold war.

That is my paper's, and my own, position. Personally, I might add this:

1. All my life I have supposed Europe, in terms of literature, art, philosophy, science, politics, and history, to be one, including us—as witness any British gentleman's or scholar's or radical's library for as long as you can think: Nye Bevan's as well as Lord Salisbury's.

2. All my life, equally, I have regarded Britain as being, historically, strategically, politically, and diplomatically, part of Europe since before the Norman Conquest. Our concern with, and our wars for, the balance of power in Europe have since the Plantagenets really been the concern of an insider, not of an outsider. The brief belief that, being a rich island with a big Empire, we could contract out was always a bluff disproved by every world war since the 17th century.

3. But the Europe we really belong to, past, present, and future, is bigger than the Six, though we must start where we can. It hasn't a fixed centre in Paris or Brussels or Bonn. It can't leave out Vienna. It looks East as well as West. I am no more a little European than I am a little Englander.

Samuel Brittan:

There are all sorts of ways in which British society has become an unattractive backwater. If exposure to European influence could put an end to the Dr. Arnold tradition of the English public schools and our national obsession with corporal punishment for the young, this alone will be worth while. (The French who share some of the British reactionary nostalgia for lost Empire prefer to beat-up adults in police stations.)

After five years of that great liberal Home Secretary, Mr. Butler, our homosexuality laws remain unique in their insensitivity. While the Germans are pioneering new methods of dealing with criminals of all ages, British judges—proud of their ignorance of modern penal thinking—impose longer and longer sentences. And I should be astonished if our methods of treating prisoners once they get inside led the European league for enlightenment or humanity.

Even in welfare benefits, about which we talk so much, we are far behind Continental Europe. We send missions across the Channel to study French economic planning, which is largely based on concepts and ideas developed by British economists but which British politicians and civil servants were too "practical" to apply.

In philosophy, which an innocent might suppose

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the least national of subjects, an iron curtain divides Britain from the Continent (although here, I suggest, the traffic in ideas should be two-way). There are many other spheres such as architecture and town planning, where the *average* European achievement hardly thrills one, but where there is an urgent need for a cross-fertilisation of the best ideas.

Of course, there is much that is detestable in the present Common Market set-up. To regard the unified tariff and the other fiercer restrictions against goods from the rest of the world as the ark of the European covenant seems to me a gross caricature of a great ideal. Nor do I find that Teutonic devotion to business as an all-embracing way of life (rather like Dr. Englander in Angus Wilson's *Old Men of the Zoo*) at all congenial. There is something slightly sinister too in the alliance between central bankers and central planners which leaves little room for what is still valuable in liberal economics. And it is a tragedy that so much of the running in the European movement should have been made by rigid anti-Communists of Professor Hallstein's stamp.

But how much better to fight against these things in an arena that matters, than in an offshore island cherishing dreams of a special relationship with Uncle Sam. To ask how much influence Britain will have in the enlarged community is the wrong way to pose the problem. Which Britain? Lord Home's? The real issues cut across national lines and remain to be fought inside a Europe which after centuries of unfortunate separation we may at last rejoin.

E. J. B. Rose:

I WAS QUITE CONVINCED that we ought to go into Europe until the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference took place. Then something happened. The dirty work at Lancaster House, the selfishness of the "old" Dominions, the nationalism of Diefenbaker and Menzies aroused one's sympathy for Macmillan. He seemed to have left his defence too late. Perhaps he was inhibited from publicly stating the case against the Commonwealth. But which Commonwealth? What about India and Pakistan? Were we right to discriminate against their manufactures in order to get still richer within an inner western circle? Were we any less selfish than Diefenbaker? And who had mismanaged the Africans?

Then came the delayed Macmillan counter-attack and the extraordinary spectacle (on TV) of the "yes men" at Llandudno. Was this Conservative Party Conference really voting for Europe or was it jumping on to an electoral bandwagon? Would the vote have been anything like so overwhelming if Gaitskell had taken the opposite line at Brighton? This sudden European euphoria seemed rather dangerous. After all, nobody has ever explained the full political implications and none of the "yes men" wanted to ask.

The economic arguments on both sides seem to be well-balanced. It is impossible for a layman to judge between them. I am, however, influenced by the argument that it may be too dangerous to stay out. The political implications are, however, tolerably clear but they have been soft-pedalled. I would not be in favour of joining the Six unless I felt, as I do, that by going into this narrow Europe we can open it up to the Atlantic and eventually to Asia and Africa. Our position in the world depends on the American alliance which we could only obtain through creating NATO. In the process NATO took us into Europe. We must not now let Europe weaken our hold on the Atlantic connection.

Sir Stephen King-Hall:

I HAVE JUST returned from Bonn and Paris sooner than I had planned since if I am to be incinerated owing to the delusions of the two Mr. K's that in the nuclear age power and power-politics can still be expressed in terms of violence-capacity, I prefer to be destroyed in my own home. I have been visiting western Europe in order to find out what our potential partners think about the idea of Britain joining their club. I have been in favour of joining for economic reasons, but I have come home greatly impressed by the gulf which appears to exist between my conception of the set-up as a market and that of many influential Germans to whom its political potentialities are all-important. For example Herr Strauss believes that western Europe can only be adequately defended if it has a credible European nuclear deterrent and says, quite logically, that this can only be created by a politically integrated Europe. It had never occurred to me to think of (say) Mr. Peter Thorneycroft as a possible European Minister of Defence. A bright young German official said: "Of course you must come in and we shall teach you to think European." He obviously regarded me as a rather gross materialist when I said in reply to his question: "I want to sell textiles to Germans and buy their cameras and see our over-protected motor-car industry subject to competition."

The Germans, if over 40, are trying to forget their recent history; the younger ones prefer to ignore it. But all Germans want to make new German history in a new framework of a United Europe. For reasons too lengthy to describe in this brief note, one obvious one being the complete uncertainty about the future of France, I think the Europeans are going to find it much more difficult to integrate politically than they seem to suppose will be the case. If this turns out to be true and we are in the club you may be quite sure we shall be the scapegoats. "If only we had not let in those British. . . ."

I am still in favour of getting in for economic reasons and on the political side I am not without hope that when various discordant forces begin to appear amongst the Six we shall have some opportunities for securing that leadership of Europe

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which we so foolishly rejected in the early 1950s when it was ours for the taking.

I must also add what many people will think a most scandalous reason for wanting the U.K. to join the club and that is that as I advocate that Great Britain shall renounce the use of nuclear energy for military purposes, I should hope that when and if H.M.G. has had the sense to adopt this policy, we shall infect our partners with the same idea.

Frank Norman:

"As far as I am concerned, they can do what they like because that is what they will do anyway"—is the opinion of most people when you ask them what they think about the government's intention to join the Common Market, and I must say that I am inclined to think the same about it myself.

On the other hand, if you ask someone what they think about the disintegration of the British Empire and, more lately, the disintegration of the Commonwealth, the chances are that they will become most agitated, particularly if they are of the last generation.

I remember when I was a child during the war, I was evacuated to the country for safety's sake. I was nine years old and found it all very exciting. Convoys of troops went past the gate of the cottage in which I was living, and I used to throw apples to the soldiers, as they went by—perched on the tops of armoured cars and tanks. Although most of the soldiers were English, there were also Australian and Canadian regiments marching along beside them, and with one accord they sang, *"Take me back to dear old Blighty,"* which is a song more patriotic even than the National Anthem. Of course during the war patriotism ran high, and it would have been a very dangerous thing to say a word against England or the English—the idea that the English could not take care of themselves against all odds would have been laughed at very loudly. It now appears that we cannot take care of ourselves and must, at all costs, join Europe in order to save the country's economy (at least that is what we are told).

No doubt, before long Dr. Adenauer's birthday will be declared a public holiday, as will the Munich Beer Festival. Mr. Heath's statue will, of course, be erected in Parliament Square, and garlanded with flowers by visiting dignitaries from the Six! Cannelloni will take the place of roast beef for Sunday lunch and red wine will take the place of ale. Perhaps in time we will no longer speak English, but will instead speak a language called Nielchuxgertian—this being a mixture of French, Italian, German, and the Benelux languages. We may even find ourselves driving on the other side of the road and (God save us) the bulldog may well be crossed with the poodle.

As a pure bred Englishman and as proud as my ancestors ever were—I must protest, sir, I must protest!

Richard Hoggart:

Clearly a layman's opinions can't contribute anything material to the arguments about entry into the Common Market. Any expert, whichever side of the debate he was on, could refute me—and most other contributors to this symposium—in a technical discussion of the economic or political arguments. This sort of note can do no more than illustrate attitudes. At least, I'll try not to *strike* attitudes. We've had more than enough of that.

Well, then—my impression from all I've read and listened to is that the economic effects, though pretty finely balanced, would probably be favourable in the long run. For myself, I'm not greatly attracted by much of the propaganda about economic advantages—the sort which urges us to join the glossy new consumers' Europe you can already see emerging in one or two places on the Continent. Still, *I* have a comfortable living and it's comparatively easy for me to turn up my nose at the brasher faces of mass prosperity. But millions of people in this country are still only just about managing, and would be relieved and delighted to have more. If joining this larger economic unit really will help to raise the standard of living all round, then we ought to think more about how to live decently with that prosperity; at the moment we sometimes decide too quickly, on behalf of other people, that their standard of living is about as high as the salvation of their souls will allow.

The likely political results seem much murkier and it looks as though there would be great difficulties and very unpleasant shocks for a long time to come. I do not much like the temper of de Gaulle's France or Adenauer's West Germany (any more than do many people in those countries). It's obviously true that some forces, especially in France and Germany, will try to use the Market as an anti-Soviet trading and political block. Just as obviously there is a degree of self-flattery in the way some people argue that Britain would bring immensely and uniquely valuable gifts to the councils of a united Europe. But I don't think —nor do people I know in Europe—that it need all be self-flattery. I think we might, if we so wished, help to strengthen some liberal and democratic elements which have not had much of a showing in Western Europe during the last few years.

So I usually end with the feeling that, unless the terms are quite unreasonable, this is a risk we probably ought to take. At bottom I suppose it is a matter of disposition. Nostalgia and chauvinism can take many forms, depending on whom they appear in—from trade unionists to upper-class clubmen. I hope a unified Europe might allow some developments better than those our splintered nationalisms encourage—though such developments, it's true, are more than some of the influential people in the Market to-day want to envisage.

We can't put a ring-fence round "British culture." It should be able to stand shocks from outside, or it is only a museum-piece; and, anyway, it could gain from an infusion of cosmopolitanism. Tradi-

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tions quickly go bad on themselves if they turn inward. I suspect that, if Britain refuses to go in (unless, as I've said, the terms are quite impossible), she might—left out—nurse some of her weaknesses and neglect some of her strengths—that she might become even more dispirited, narrow, and pompous than she sometimes is now; and might lose some of the energy and resilience she still sometimes shows.

Arnold Wesker:

CONTRARY TO WHAT the *Observer* announced, I do not think we should enter into the Common Market. This is based rather more on intuition than knowledge; since it is impossible to assimilate the intricacies and implications of such a tie-up.

As I have said before, I suspect the motives of those political leaders whose idea it is, and find it difficult to believe that such men as Adenauer and de Gaulle are spurred on by a sudden wish for all men to be brothers.

When they talk about the survival of Europe, which anyway only includes six countries, while there are large portions of the world in economic chaos, this does not sound to me like the acceptance of the principle of co-operation between man and man any more than the joining up of large industries into monolithic combines means that co-operation has taken the place of competition.

C. D. Darlington:

ONE AFTER ANOTHER the Western empires, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman, and later the institutions of Christendom and Islam, have owed their importance largely to the movement of men, goods, and ideas which they made possible. For the last fifty years we in Europe have been suffering increasing restraint of such movement. Now the Common Market is removing some of this restraint. And it is already obvious that men, goods, and ideas are connected in their movement: if you release one you help to release the others.

The different classes of society will be affected by the greater freedom of movement in different degrees. The growth of international trade and industry will lead to the same kinds of movement and interbreeding that have characterised first the royal caste and more recently international finance. On the other hand governing and military classes are likely to maintain their local character and affiliations. Labour will obviously become more mobile but the groups that move are likely to cohere on religious if not on linguistic grounds and still remain inbred. The most resistant of all to movement, however, will be the professional and academic classes.

The most conservative institutions are those concerned with education: they will change most slowly under the impact of new conditions. The universities, medicine, the law, and the church will succeed in resisting change and blocking movement more effectively than the working classes with their trade unions. They will claim that they are defending their sacred professional standards or academic "freedom." Will their resistance be cracked when robust international connections have been formed? Particularly in science the exchange of teachers and research workers between different countries might show such obvious profit that universities would take notice of one another's methods. And the practice of academic men living all their lives in one department or one college of one university, and examining one very small fragment of learning, might begin to appear a little less admirable than it does to-day. In my opinion, however, academic movement and change will be resisted by academic "freedom." And it will be resisted successfully unless special steps are taken from outside to secure the one at the expense of the other.

The consequences of movement will no doubt make themselves felt immediately by trade and industry through an increase of competition, discrimination and selection as between individuals, groups, and institutions. But the first big change to affect academic institutions, protected as they are against competition, will be the long-term one arising through the breakdown of breeding groups and taking effect therefore, as the Reformation did, only after a couple of generations. Only then will

I HAVE BEEN *a "European" since the end of the last war. I have seen continental Europe recover and grow more prosperous and vigorous than it was in 1939. This has been especially the case in France but also in the Netherlands and Italy. I have not seen any corresponding adjustment to the facts of modern life in Britain, at any rate since 1950. It has not been a matter of party politics. Isolationism has been a feature of British life since the end of the war. The leadership that we could have given just after the war or as late as 1955, we have not given. We failed to get in on the ground floor and now may not get in at all. Self-admiration has been disastrously prevalent and prideful reflections on the Battle of Britain—or Trafalgar—have taken the place of a cold assessment of where we stand or sink. Jean Monnet used to say that the choice for France was falling into the condition of Spain or entering the new world.*

In France the choice has been made. We have yet to make it, not perhaps the choice of being a new Spain or a member of the modern world, but of being what the Tourist Board represents us as being and entering the new world. And we might remember that even at a picturesque level, the Costa Brava has a better climate and more liberal licensing laws.

D. W. Brogan

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our descendants witness and take part in a secondary upheaval which will be due to the earlier loosening of the social structure.

Those who find that ideas arise and spread too quickly in the 20th century are bound to resist the proposal of the Common Market. Those like myself who find that ideas arise and spread too slowly may welcome it as offering relief for some of the evils of to-day. And we may welcome it, I believe, without any fear that its consequences will later overwhelm us.

Yehudi Menuhin:

I AM IN FAVOUR of Britain joining the European Community:

1. England will lend political stability to the nations of Europe.

2. The parochial nations of Europe will gain an international family by marriage, spread over the five seas, to which they will be related not merely by ties of commerce and profit but by those indissoluble links of mutual responsibility.

3. This move is an essential step towards an even larger world community which America will join, as a neighbour of Canada—and who knows, perhaps some day Russia might join too.

4. Although there are many potent reasons from the economic point of view—not the least being the penalty for not joining, which might well be the devaluation of the pound with its attendant ills, unemployment and poverty and the strain to which all of England's humane institutions would be put—it is principally as the most important advance towards a world community that I see its mission.

5. I see no greater danger of uniformity and standardisation of culture as a result of joining than as a result of the present commercial trend of standardisation from the great and oft-times overpowering Western neighbour. In fact by teaming up with our numerous neighbours immediately to the East, the balance of world influence would be redressed, as the immense variety of talents and traditions, strongly rooted in their own home ground, would create a much richer and more diverse range of original and independent cultures.

6. It is after all only fair that, as the exclusive quality of empire gives way to the democratic exchange of people and opinions, the immediate neighbours of the continent of Europe should enjoy the same privileges and advantages as, say, the Jamaicans, who are members of the Commonwealth. The family will grow, and influences and tensions will be better balanced.

7. Britain's evolved and mature form of monarchy and parliament will inevitably give this country a political ascendancy over the agonizing and short-lived régimes on the continent, as they in their turn, unable ever to achieve it alone, will look up to and borrow some of the reflection and security of an institution of government refined and perfected over nearly a thousand years—the peer of systems and native to Britain.

8. However awkward and even difficult the transitional periods may be, the move is wise, right, and inevitable, and proves again the vision and courage of the statesmen of England.

Brian Glanville:

OUR ENTERING the Common Market seems to me a case of "if you can't beat them, join them." I can't feel enthusiastic about it; it merely seems to me an act of self-preservation—we'd be worse off if we stayed outside. Gaitskell's opposition has been, I think, unpleasantly disingenuous; weeping crocodile television tears for New Zealand butter. The one practical alternative to the Market would be some sort of Imperial Market, and that is clearly out of the question, when the empire is in the process of lively disintegration. Canada's future is obviously bound up with the United States, South Africa is out, Australia too far away, India a political and economic liability.

What must be in the back of everyone's mind is the extent to which economic union will lead to political affiliation. This is hard to predict, but modern experience—e.g. the *Zollverein* and the unification of Germany—seems indicative. This is worrying: who wants to be politically involved with France and Italy, each corrupt in its own way, or with Germany, with its sick prosperity? A rational answer to this might be that the more closely we are involved with Germany, the more chance we have of regulating its behaviour; that it was precisely because we stayed out of Europe between the wars that the Second World War became inevitable.

Again, on the positive side, there is the probability that any shake-up of our static, class-bound society must be for the better. God knows we need a gale of change blowing through our dead middle classes, our apathetic working class, our ossified social structure. Perhaps, too, as some economists have said, our industry will be given a well-needed kick when it finds it can no longer sell easily at home, but must try to sell competitively, abroad.

Still, the idea of—ultimately—a giant political unit is very worrying; the greater the unit, the greater the possibility of centralised, authoritarian rule. The concept of "Europeanism" seems to me—as one who has lived for several years on the Continent—essentially a phoney one. Our differences are much greater than our similarities; we can cross-fertilise one another, but I am not at all sure how far—politically and socially—we can or should try to combine.

Anthony Hartley:

MY OWN POSITION is easily stated. I believe that this is the only way we can go, that we cannot cut ourselves off from the rise of a new power complex in Western Europe, that the future of Britain, Europe and the West requires our participation on the political as well as the economic

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level. I could back this conviction with a number of reasons, which seem to me to be overwhelming, but I am also conscious of being impelled by a feeling of revolt against the conditions of life in this country since the war. Ever since I reached the age of twenty-one I have been aware of a sense of strain, of increasing constriction, affecting the temper of our national life. In 1946 I was willing enough to attribute this to the after-effects of war, but it has now been clear for over a decade that it was a symptom of a deep malaise due primarily to Britain's declining power in the world. The immediate external signs have been a certain impotence in our foreign policy and the recurrent economic crises that have bedevilled governments since the war. The psychological stigmata have included a tone of grumbling peevishness in intellectual life, a tendency to complacency and self-delusion in politics, and an increasing feeling of frustration on the part of the ordinary citizen when faced with a state whose powerlessness to impart a new dynamism to Britain only equalled his own to escape the consequences of that failure.

For me, therefore, entry into Europe offers a chance of ending a state of self-satisfied decay which I detest above all things. In fact, I believe it to be much more than a chance, but, were the odds to be far narrower, my choice would not be different. To believe that one's fellow-countrymen are unwilling to bet upon their own vitality is to pay them a poor compliment. The ultimate horror would be a slow decline, a petrifaction without incident comforted by the dream of what this country once was and by a moral superiority used to shut out reality as an addict uses his drug. Mr. Douglas Jay's England, isolated and rejoicing in the superiority of its Socialist orthodoxy over continental outer darkness, has no attractions for me. It would be hell, if it were not Limbo.

Nor am I particularly shaken in my opinions by the critics of Britain's entry into Europe. On the whole, I have always assumed that anything advocated by *Tribune* or the *Daily Express* was wrong, and when I find them united my confidence in the opposite point of view is doubled. That Mr. John Osborne, after announcing his dislike of contemporary Britain, should now decide that he also dislikes Western Europe does not surprise me, and, as for the ludicrous anti-Common Market leagues and so forth, they are not worth taking into consideration. These critics, in fact, seem to me people with whom I should hope to disagree, and their criticisms to be based on a mixture of ignorance, chauvinism, and frustration, of which they are perhaps unaware, but which can easily be analysed.

The only group which presents a problem is that of Labour supporters of NATO. Surely, one thinks, they must see the contradiction in their position—their left-wing friends certainly do and revel in it. But I suppose the answer is simply that their political experience was largely gained at a time when Europe had been eliminated both morally and physically, between 1933 and 1953. They have not changed since then, and they do not expect the world to change. The mantle of Ernest Bevin muffles and blinds these lesser men.

Yet, despite the prejudice and inertia it has revealed among those whose duty is energy and reflection, the debate on Britain's entry into the community has been invigorating. One has the sense of a body politic awakening, of a patient whose neuroses are on the point of becoming conscious and whose very screams and convulsions are signs of health compared with the tranced calm that preceded them. For the first time for decades we are discussing the direction of our national life with comforting illusions such as the Commonwealth or our "special position" with America being revealed for what they are. As this process continues and as the real significance of a debate which is essentially one between youth and age, between the open and the closed mind, comes to be seen, I feel confident that the vociferous objections we have heard from the left and right will appear even more ghostly than they do now, the futile objurgations of men who have been taken for a ride by history.

Ian Nairn:

MY ATTITUDE TO THE Common Market turns out to be as emotional and irrational as that of Lords Beaverbrook and Montgomery, but in the other direction. These peoples are my peoples, these cultures are my cultures. It is as simple as that, as compelling as a blood tie. When I cross the Channel I feel as if I were returning home, not leaving it.

So, naturally, the various political and economic worries become unreal—rather like warning a Voodoo addict about an approaching increase in the retail price of goats. If it comes, it comes; but federation with Europe is something we must do. I am federated already.

What does worry me is the probability of the federation becoming self-centred. It has a wonderful chance to give help to Africa and Asia free of any covert ties—something which neither America nor Russia can do.

Somewhere between Rome and Naples there is a point beyond which there are too many people, and not enough work and food. This is the basic world division. So, for a start, both debs and Dagenham should be helping Dolci; but beyond the Mediterranean there are hundreds of millions more. Singly, the European nations cannot do it, because, for example, British assistance immediately has overtones of what "Britain" is and has been in the past. But a federated Europe could; and the greater the observed differences in the partners, and the observed autonomy of each, the greater will be the collective force for good—because there can be seen to be no strings.

"A plague o' both your houses" can mean simply another yowling cat on its own rooftop with its own deterrent. But turned outwards, not inwards, it could be the first genuine hand of collective friendship the world has ever seen. Western Europe, because it comprises both vast similarities and vast differences, has a unique chance to do this. And we worry about the price of butter and whether our neighbour eats garlic!

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Between Two Galaxies

By Frank Kermode

IN KIPLING'S story, "The Eye of Allah," a clever man invents a microscope and Roger Bacon is delighted; but a wise man destroys it, calculating that the benefits it promises will be outweighed by the disorders it may produce in men's lives. When the microscope eventually got invented even the best observers continued for a while to see in it precisely what they expected to see (in every spermatozoon a crouched homunculus), but this phase passed, and man's newly microscopic eye created its own uncompromising expectations, as all technological extension of the sensorium tends to do; and this held scientists up in the early days of our own era. Mr. McLuhan* may well believe that some sage missed a great chance of preventing the nastiness of the typographical epoch by omitting to break up Gutenberg's press; but he has to treat of things as they are, and so he explains that there was a period when we went on behaving as if our culture was still oral or anyway manuscript, but soon our ways of looking and thinking became typographical, that is, visual, linear, successive, instead of oral and simultaneous. By now we have got to the point where we are so far under the influence of a new electric technology that we can see how arbitrary the typographical conventions were, but we have still not liberated ourselves from them. McLuhan uses a cosmological figure to illustrate this: he says the Gutenberg galaxy is now being penetrated by the electric, and implores us to understand this cosmic interfusion, so that we shall know how to live in an oral-electric future. At present we are about as far into the electric era as the Elizabethans were into the typographical.

In this book and in its successor (which is already written) Mr. McLuhan has an insoluble problem of method. Typography has made us incapable of knowing and discoursing otherwise than by a "metamorphosis of situations into a fixed point of view"; that is, we reduce everything to the linear and successive, as computers reduce everything to a series of either-ors. And since he himself is unable to proceed by any other method, he cannot avoid falsifying the facts his book sets out to establish. Perhaps this difficulty is more fairly put in a letter Mr. McLuhan was good enough to write me, and which I take the liberty of quoting: he says the ideal form of his book would be an ideogram. Or perhaps it could be a film; but otherwise he can find no way "of creating an inconclusive image that is lineal and sequential." Now this is, in a way, everybody's problem when he writes a book; the original idea has somehow to be got into linear form and it often changes surprisingly in the process. Not necessarily for the worse, I think; though this is just what Shelley had in mind when he lamented that we never feel "the original purity and force" of a poem because "when composition begins, inspiration is already on the decline." The notion that poems begin with Usener's "momentary deity" and are diluted by sophisticated language (verbs, conjunctions) has, in various forms, been very influential in the later typographical era, and, as I say, it must have occurred, in humbler formulations, to everybody who has written a book. But McLuhan's problem is more acute, simply because his subject is precisely that distortion of consciousness which prevents our books being about their original subjects, the cries of their particular occasion. The more linear clarity he gives his book, the more obviously he himself becomes the victim of typographical distortion. His book tells us not to believe it. He fights against this by making each chapter-heading a sort of verbal ideograph; if you read them all quickly you get a sort of strip-cartoon puzzle-summary of the book. It seems to me that long books ought, on McLuhan's arguments, to follow long poems into oblivion; however, he has compromised and written a long, serious book.

ITS THEME IS the overdevelopment, since Gutenberg, of the visual function, both in language

* *The Gutenberg Galaxy: The Making of Typographic Man.* By MARSHALL MCLUHAN. Routledge, 40s.

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and in other fields, with consequent disturbances in the whole organism. Typographical man is individualist and has a fixed point of view; he also has an idea of time and space which is arbitrary, though it seems to him instinctive; it is based on the invention, early in the typographical era, of perspective. Type carried on the work of the phonetic alphabet, which, with its de-tribalising power, had created open societies and Euclidean geometry. Our sense of causation is shaped by our visual apprehension of spatio-temporal relations. We suffer, as Nietzsche says Socrates suffered, from a split between mind and heart, whereas tribal man is oral and perpetually "entranced"; thus we shall find ourselves at a serious disadvantage in the new electric technology because the emergent countries have not this incapacitating backlog of literacy and mechanistic techniques. We shall be like the Greeks; the invention of the phonetic alphabet enabled them to surge forward, but they soon settled into the limiting stereotypes the system imposed. We must be aware of the dangers of making permanent a similar sensory distortion. This isn't merely a matter of æsthetics; the Russians, and the Chinese especially, are much more oral than we are, and the Chinese are moving late into the Gutenberg visual technology, which puts a premium on nationalistic aggressiveness.

SINCE NO ASPECT of modern life is unaffected by the rise and fall of visual technology, McLuhan has to work in very diverse fields. He does this by making a florilegium of extracts from specialists in anthropology, physics, spelling reform, art, liturgiology, theology, and most other subjects. His authorities stretch from Opie to Giedion, Heisenberg to Chaytor, Ong (a specially heavy debt, this) to Panofsky. Some of the authorities are unknown to me even by name, and I daresay specialists might find the book partial in its treatment of their interest, as I myself found it very odd on Shakespeare. But these bundles of miscellaneous learning add a lot to the interest of the book, and they are brought to bear on the central theme. McLuhan is enormously well-read, and one learns a lot from him. Yet he reminds me a little of the Ice Age hunters who come into the argument at one point, and are said to have discovered in the natural contours of the rock the image of the animal they sought. "A few lines, a little carving, or some colour, are enough to bring the animal into view." Thus, perhaps, does McLuhan do his reading.

Obviously there will be times when the reader happens to have looked into the same cave and seen a different image. For example: McLuhan illustrates his key theory, "The auditory field is simultaneous, the visual mode is successive," by referring to the oral mode of scholasticism and St. Thomas's insistence that the literal includes the mystical sense. I object that pre-typographical bible commentary indicates a highly *successive* approach to the text (and doesn't the word *literal* imply this anyway?). Reading a manuscript, even if this usually meant reading it aloud even to oneself, involved a degree of pausing upon single words which is far in excess of anything the literate reader of print, reading words in groups, will allow himself. Here is a single instance I happen to remember: Luke 4.13, "And when the whole temptation was finished (*consummata omni tentatione*) the devil left him...." The commentators dwelt on one word nobody would now, presumably, think worth it, *omni*, and out of it got a theory that the temptation in the desert was a model of all temptation a man might possibly undergo. Print readers understand it simply: "When it was all over...." Manuscript-oral men stop at each word, ignoring the syntactic whole. And, for that matter, what could be more successive than a Dominican disputation? What is that but a metamorphosis of situation into linear formulæ?

ALL THE SAME, it seems undeniable that the printing press changed our notions of time. As Ian Watt has argued, we might well think it significant that Fielding, planning the action of *Tom Jones*, made use of an almanac for the relevant year (1745)—an almanac being "a symbol of the diffusion of an objective sense of time by the printing press." It also altered our concept of space and of antiquity. (Curiously, McLuhan has nothing to say about the anthropological retribalisation of Greece that has taken place in this century.) That print also brought on the Reformation, as McLuhan argues, seems much more dubious, though of course that event has been related to the development of *homo economicus*, and he wasn't possible (according to this thesis) without the individualising, quantifying agency of print. It seems possible on the Gutenberg thesis to trace most of the disagreeable elements of life in this epoch to movable type; and what can't be so explained can be attributed to its forerunners. Thus McLuhan says that print destroyed monodic song and substituted polyphony; and if you argue that pre-typographical popes sometimes had to act in order to save the words of the mass from melismatic encroachment, the answer would probably be that, with literate-manuscript men, the coming event cast its shadow before. I suppose there could be a very considerable list of objections to specific elements in the book, where the author's eye for "contour" leads him into positions of this kind.

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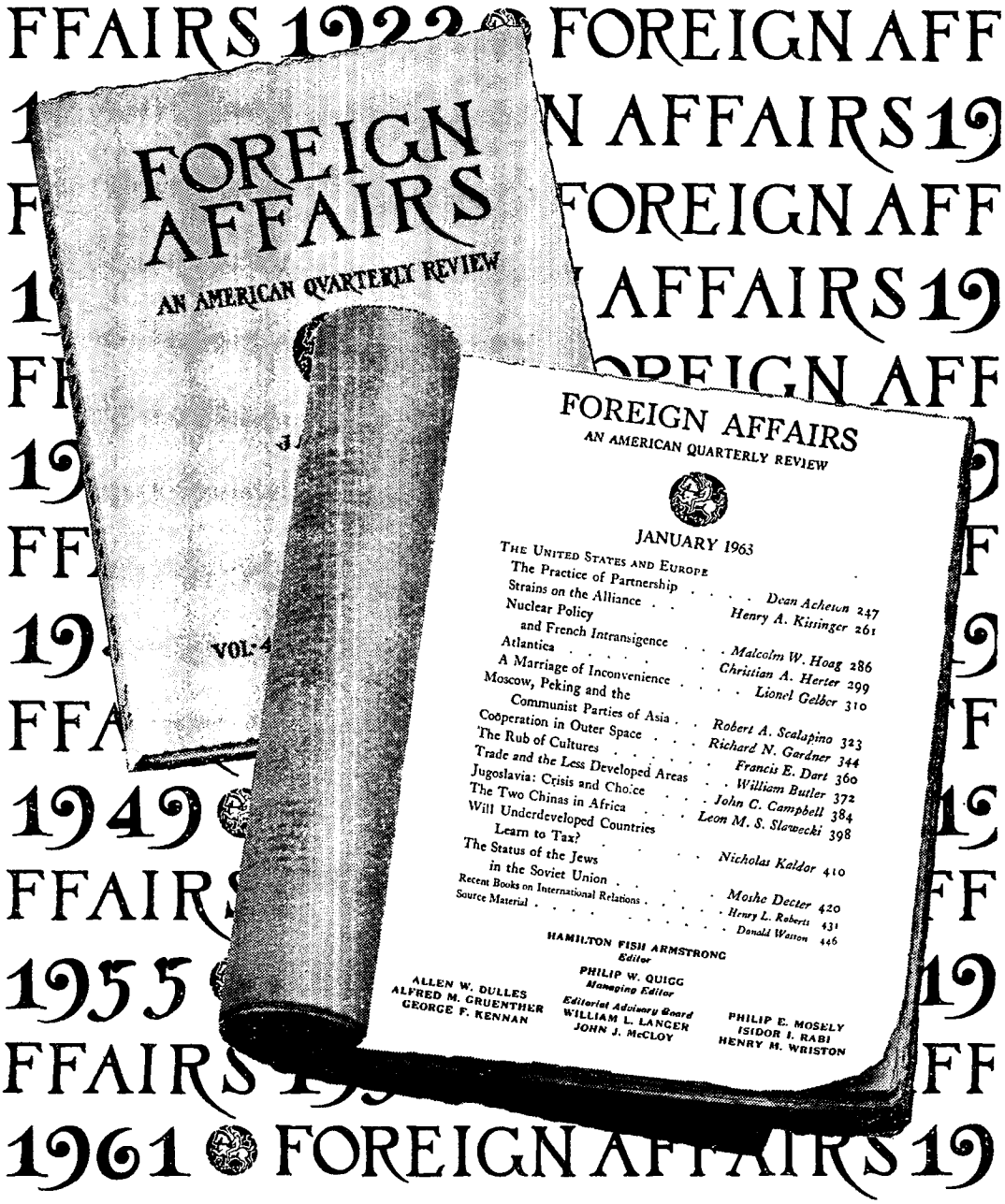
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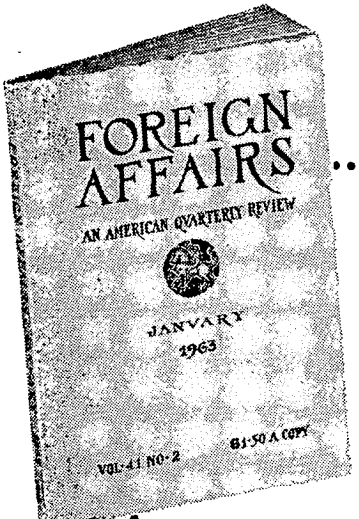

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IT IS NOW TIME to enter more general objections. The antithesis between oral and visual cultures seems to be too strongly asserted. Searching for evidence that the "ratio of the senses" was once less distorted by the supremacy of the visual, we cannot in the nature of the case get much farther back than the beginning of written records; you can argue that the damage was done by then, but this weakens the case for its having been caused largely by printing. For the senses always seem to have been thought of as existing in a hierarchy, usually with sight at the head of it. For Plato as for Shakespeare, sight was the "most pure spirit of sense": for Plato, as for typographic man, touch was the lowest of the senses. If we have reversed the position and put "tactility" at the top, we are returning—if anywhere—to pre-literacy, to the primitive. Everybody from Socrates on—perhaps from Cadmus on—is what McLuhan calls a "literacy victim." It's no use blaming it on Gutenberg that all our knowledge is translation into visually-dominated stereotypes, those bad substitutes for some tense, explosive ideogram.

Furthermore, there is an aspect of post-Gutenberg man almost too obvious to mention, but one has to, since the author also finds it so. This is the strong anti-typographical counter-current in our culture. Antiquity viewed in perspective may be an achievement of typographic man; but so is the creation of a civilisation heavily dependent upon, and imitative of, that remote world. The typographic men of the 16th and 17th centuries revered the oral rhetoric and the recited epic of Rome; the 18th century made a hero of the bard Homer. Typographic man invented counterpoint and bar-measures; but he also fought counterpoint, imitated ancient monody, and made possible modern opera. The poets have gone on insisting that theirs is an oral art. The first poem to take full account of the invention of printing was *Un Coup de Dès*; and even for Valéry, who was deeply impressed by this work, a poem remained "an abstraction, a piece of writing that stands waiting, a law that lives only in the human mouth." Prose writers may imitate Cicero or the somewhat less oral Tacitus; but the very survival of the notion of "prose style" implies a strongly oral element, not only for example in Joyce, where it suits McLuhan's book, but also in Dr. Johnson. We typographic men have certainly paid our respects to oral culture.

McLuhan might well answer that this merely shows how men of high sensibility react naturally against the typographical attempt to reduce their sensoria, and hanker after the original state of nature, oral, tactile, simultaneous. But

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Tharmas fell; or, to use a Blake reference employed by McLuhan, God was unable to keep us "from single vision and Newton's sleep." Blake was thinking of the 18th-century reduction of the universe to the typographic-visual: "If Perceptive organs vary, Objects of Perception seem to vary." And, far back, he postulates, as McLuhan does, a primitive sensibility dissociated by something: in this case the alphabet and, ultimately, print.

Mr. McLuhan never uses the expression "dissociation of sensibility," but he is always talking about it and in a very literal way; no one else has ever made out so encyclopædic a case for this ubiquitous and central modern notion. He quotes with approval a description of "the print-made split between head and heart" as "the trauma which affects Europe from Machiavelli to the present" and thinks the Unconscious is a sort of slag-heap where we dump the débris left by the wasteful processes of a distorted sensory equipment. Our materialist technologies have destroyed "Imagination, the Divine Body." What used to be the "ordinary transactions between the self and the world" have now to be simulated in Symbolist poetry and called illogical. McLuhan shows signs of resistance to enslavement by the dissociation myth; he says much modern primitivism is fraudulent or ignorant, and is anxious to preserve whatever is good in the Gutenberg technology so that it may be of benefit in the different future. But I don't think this is sufficient to disarm one's critique of satisfaction. Why give this splendid new dress to our old friend dissociation? The whole doctrine is itself a nostalgic reaction against typographic culture.

THERE IS, naturally, a case for understanding better the success of the doctrine. What matters is not whether the dissociation happened, but that we feel happier to suppose it did, and work on the historical contours like the Ice Age hunters, or the millennialists; it is one of those schemes described by Mircea Eliade as ways of evading the terrors of actual history. We ought to ask ourselves why at a moment like the present (after the relevant historiographical debate has been on for years) we find such obvious comfort in historical or pseudo-historical explanations.

Mr. McLuhan's book is a work of historical explanation, and its merits as well as its defects are related to this. He tries to say everything relevant about a changing culture by free borrowing from many authorities, whose material is organised around a central myth. This is the

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MACMILLAN

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method of the *specula*, or of the old hexemeral commentaries, which organised an encyclopædia into a commentary on the Six Days of Creation. All knowledge was therefore related and manageable; and the Fall explained why things had so evidently gone awry. This was the Genesis Galaxy. Mr. McLuhan substitutes the printing-press for Genesis, and the dissociation of sensibility for the Fall. In so doing he offers a fresh and coherent account of the state of the modern mind in terms of a congenial myth. In a truly literate society his book would start a long debate.

Our Intellectual Marines

"Our intellectual marines,
Landing in little magazines
Capture a trend . . ."
(AUDEN)

THE ATTRACTIONS of little magazines are after all very great. Who knows if one may not pick up in a provincial bookshop something as important as *Wheels* or an early copy of *Blast*? One's first little magazine is like the sensation of coming to London in the 'twenties: it may be the beginning of a long disillusion but at the time it seems a warm, exotic world with terrifying standards, a detonation of literature. Everyone knows that the important movements have all defined themselves in little magazines, and one learns early how nowhere else but on these intricate gauges do the literary earthquakes register their existence. Wreathed in nostalgia like a smell, the names of the magazines and the editors stand out from the pages of memoirs. I can remember the awe in the sixth form room when we saw our first copy of *Horizon* (it must by then have been dying its long death) and the sense of privacy in having *Poetry and Poverty* in one's pocket on a train.

Later of course one depends on them in a different way: indirectly, because without them experimental literature would simply die (and for experimental you can read original or creative), and directly, because from time to time wanting literature to exist will mean wanting to read the newest writers. If you rely on the weeklies and live in the provinces, you run the risk of not hearing about *The Loneliness of the Long-distance Runner* until someone makes a film of it. If nothing but the weeklies existed, literature would within a generation be nothing but novels and biographies getting worse and worse, with perhaps some poems of an utter mediocrity. But living and dying like the generations of Homeric leaves, hoarding their tiny life, always in danger of obliteration, the little magazines do in fact carry on, exist, appear, hand on their torches. What, nowadays, do the torches amount to?

This is a serious enquiry and one difficult to make with detachment, since it involves questions about the whole value of modern English writing: whatever we are worth as writers ought to be more or less equivalently reflected in the little magazines. Further, there are difficulties of definition, and extraordinary and surprising difficulties in trying to get copies of a year's issues of at least the more important literary monthlies and quarterlies. An interesting correlation exists between how good the magazines are and their evasiveness. One asks oneself whether this may not explain at once their exotic attraction and the littleness of their circulations and their lives.

THE FIRST SAD DUTY of these notes is to record the death, in its seventh issue and its third year, of *X*. (It may be revived or continued in another form.) It was always welcome, vigorous, and well-produced. It printed Quentin Stevenson's fine translation of Milosz, Kokoschka, Ghika, a marvellous page of David Gascoyne, Supervielle on the art of poetry, a prose fragment by Pasternak, and some good George Barker and David Wright. It had very good articles by or about painting with good illustrations of Auerbach, Giacometti, Freud, Bomberg, Bacon, etc. It had one or two disproportionate obsessions about mediocre poets whom the editors liked, but this was not a special characteristic. It conveyed a sharp sense of literature as something of a high standard which might be happening in the next room.

X did what we ordinarily need from a little magazine, and if it died, that was for business reasons. But if it lived as the magazine of a small or at least definite group, it also suffered from the group weaknesses of those writers: if it was serious it was also pretentious, if it was honest it was prosy, if it was critical it could be shrewish. It represented something continuous in literary London rather than anything new, and it threw up no brand new writer who has yet attained

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any reputation outside it. This is the worst I can find to say about it and I deeply regret its death. We shall miss it just as we should miss the whole literary life of London itself (whatever we may say about that) if it suddenly dried up. It would be like having to live in Canada.

The senior surviving little magazine is *Adam*, now in its thirtieth year and nearly three hundredth issue. This represents an achievement even more formidable in quality than in quantity. *Adam* has always been rarefied, dead serious, and international: for an issue on Tolstoy it could bring together Moravia, Victor Lebrun (Tolstoy's friend and secretary), John dos Passos, Leonid Pasternak, Raja Rao, a letter from Gandhi to Tolstoy, L. P. Hartley, and Iris Murdoch; and for a Proust issue Queneau, Gerard Hopkins, Princess Bibesco, Cocteau, P. A. Spalding (who wrote the Proust index), George Painter, and Pamela Hansford Johnson. It sometimes devotes an entire number to one unheard-of new writer. The editor's critical courage is intrepid, and his originality and flair beyond question. Where else could one expect to find translations of Coryat's *Crudities*, John Evelyn, Ruskin, Leslie Stephen, and George Meredith, assembled into *"La Suisse vue par les Anglais"*? This entire issue was in French, except for some translations by Andri Peer into *romansch*, a language which looks like *Provençal* and is spoken in Switzerland.

As well as being the oldest of little magazines, *Adam* is certainly the oddest. It concentrates its attention on a series of off-beat writers and fascinating subjects, giving to one after another its equal and indefatigable devotion. Since I myself am drunk with its heady pages, I find it hard to say that such a degree of energy and enthusiasm for literature could be disproportionate. The literary standards of *Adam* are extremely high, and its achievements in sheer scholarship are often considerable; even its oddities and failures are interesting where those of other magazines are boring to a degree. Its world is that of *Botteghe Oscure*, a fat- four-language review of real importance which died a few years ago, but the strength of *Adam* is not exactly, as *Botteghe Oscure*'s was, in the creation of mainstream modern literature. *Adam* has its axis not in the minds of writers but in the interests of lovers of books. In English writing and particularly in little magazines there are many amateurish professionals. *Adam* is a professional amateur.

Two Cities is professional, and its axis is in the minds of groups of writers in Paris and in London. Its first issue in 1959 was a tribute to Lawrence Durrell; its contributors include Durrell himself, Henry Miller, Anais Nin, Gregory Corso, Dom Moraes, Yves Bonnefoy, and William Burroughs; half of it is in French. In some ways this is the groupiest of existing magazines, yet in fact its contributors are widely varied. If anything of real experimental interest were to appear in an English little magazine, this would probably be where. Its taste and language are a little wild and it does seem to take its masters, Durrell and Miller, too solemnly, but it publishes some excellent reasty poems and some important fragments of prose.

The feelings of raped reserve that one has in the presence of this mildly *avant-garde* sort of publication are perhaps no more than a boring by-product of the English social system. It has to be admitted at least that gentlemanly, university-bred, one-language literary reviews leave one less uneasy than this, even though they may be much worse written. The *Critical Quarterly* has visits from a muse or an occasional angel, but *Two Cities* struggles with *duende*. (I am referring to Lorca's famous lecture, of which a translation is printed in the Penguin Lorca.) This sort of disquiet, which (addict as I am of literary alcohols) I discover in myself, may well be part of a whole pattern of university-bred inhibitions about literature. It may well be these inhibitions that gave us the "Movement" of the 'fifties, and they seem to me to be still very active in English writing and editing.

What we fear is perhaps something romantic, an over-compensation we hoped to have outgrown: simply the over-valuing of literature? *Two Cities* certainly produces from time to time an atmosphere of cult. Cult and crankiness are the two proper devils of little magazines: but of a magazine that has the virtues of these faults we ought not to complain. *Two Cities* publishes important work of a sort or by writers we seldom see elsewhere. One of its best features is the critical recognition it gives to writers like Babel, Richard Wright, and Aragon, and the space it gives to poets and to good translations. All this is interesting on a different level from the provincial Englishness of *X* or for example of poor old *Stand*, and more so than the fascinating specialisms of *Adam*. If its American writers were better and its English ones less cliquey . . . ? But then it would lose its flavour.

Two Cities overstates its case, but there is something peculiarly drab about the little magazines on which the Channel never washes. Even the sane, sparkling *Critical Quarterly* has an element of sawdust in its composition. The judgment of the poetry editor is good though not *avant-garde*. This magazine is chaste, classic, decently learned, and mildly brisk. One feels as safe in the cool and scrupulous hands of its reviewers as elsewhere, although I should own

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that given what seems to me the thinness and bareness of contemporary criticism, any *Critical Quarterly* would be a brave undertaking. The chief trouble with the *Quarterly* is what one might expect: its interests are too often marginal, the marginalia of a generation now in its late middle age, and its contributors often write rather pompously.

Is "culture" really not a dead duck? "Professor Mxxxx, entering the debate in our present issue, considers a number of recent trends...." An odd kind of falsity is being imposed on quite serious subjects. I wish I were able to characterise this falsity otherwise than by its sound, which I imagine to be a toothless piping or mumbling: but in face of articles beginning "A characteristic of the most perceptive and interesting criticism..." my reactions become predominantly nervous. Professional teachers of literature perhaps write no worse than ordinary philosophers or ordinary scientists (I doubt this) but this is not an acceptable excuse. There are two other recurring faults in the *Quarterly* which seem to bear out one's suspicions; one is the spectacle of scholars and teachers floundering about for new world-outlooks, and the other is the smallness of the print it uses for book reviews.

Not only the academic flavour of the *Critical Quarterly*, but above all its silences are disproportionate. The lives of experimental writers are lived outside its lamplight. Iris Murdoch, MacInnes, Sillitoe, Salinger, Carson McCullers, and Jean Rhys, not to mention original young English writers like Julian Mitchell and David Caute, are apparently outside its range: but it lavishes attention on Dickens, on Lawrence, on Aldous Huxley, and on H. G. Wells. Foreign writing is outside its province (though its poetry supplement, "American Poetry Now," was invaluable). Does this disproportion reflect a state of consciousness? Surely it would be better to overvalue literature, even to showing unseemly excitement about obscure and alien experiments, than to inhabit this cold and tasteful literary drawing-room.

If these are savage and uncalled-for remarks, they take their ferocity from guilt. This is my world also: the milieu has got into my lungs. Within these painful limits, the *Critical Quarterly* does a good, efficient job. It may be wrong to think of it as a little magazine, but I was lured to do so by the outstanding record it has of publishing important modern poetry. It printed in four issues Charles Tomlinson, John Holloway, Philip Larkin, Robin Skelton, Donald Davie, and Elizabeth Jennings, and in another four it added Ted Hughes, Geoffrey Grigson, Christopher Levenson, and R. S. Thomas. This policy stands for the best that has come out of the Movement, and the interest

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of the editors in this sort of poem is impressive and moving.

THE *Review of English Literature* on the other hand, although it does print poems here and there, is unashamedly academic: an issue devoted to fiction talks about Hardy, Samuel Butler, George Meredith, Virginia Woolf, Graham Greene, and Henry James, and other entire issues are devoted to renaissance drama and to Dickens. The criticism is by distinguished academic critics, and among its pages one suddenly stumbles on a rather good poem by some little-known poet. These poems are never exciting but neither are they dull; I hope they cheer up this review's professional readers, but am visited by horror that someone may think these beautiful twanging noises are what modern poetry is like. Or ought to be like.

The *Cornhill* has had a long, decent life. It can hardly be called a little magazine, but it has an interest as a survivor from the age of expansive and gentlemanly literary reviews. I treasure a back number, better produced even in 1947 than to-day's offering, which contains the first printing of *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, Peter Quennell on Ruskin, Osbert Sitwell's "Before the War" (1912–14), and some photographs of the Portuguese Baroque. Nowadays its blood is running thin, but its contributors are still graceful, good writers, and I have yet to see an uninteresting issue. Its casual virtues must make it an attractive place in which to appear. Its few poems are not very good.

The only publication of to-day which is solidly successful and yet retains the virtues of little magazines is the *London Magazine*. Everyone I know who reads it says it steadily gets worse and worse, but no one has yet given it up: in fact it has attained the odd position of having a sort of official status. This is what people subscribe to if they care about writing. If, reading it, they suppose it represents what is really going on, they are making a mistake. In the first place some of the best English writers appear mostly in America, because American magazines pay better; in the second place the absences from the *London Magazine* are nearly as disastrous as those from the *Critical Quarterly*; in the third place what is really happening could be understood, could be communicated, could be coherent only inside the framework of a group, and no particular group runs the *London Magazine*.

A sign of this is that its prose is always good and sometimes really important (it re-discovered Jean Rhys and has printed some very good Italian short stories), but its poems are unpredictable. It has at times in the past given their first public appearance to new poets, and many of its contributors of all sorts are unknown. This in itself is all to the good, but their appearance together has come to seem almost fortuitous, and as if the magazine were someone at a literary cocktail party whose eyes failed to focus although his appetite for literature was keen. The poems it most commonly publishes express in sophisticated language and with sharp sensibility a co-ordinated life of the senses. The poets were better, though often of the same sort, under the editorship of John Lehmann. They are like those painters of whom John Berger says that they paint because they have what in the 18th century they would have been content to call taste. The best professional writer who appears regularly in the *London Magazine*, or perhaps in any little magazine, is for my money Roy Fuller. The *London Magazine* is often succulent but once or twice a year it suddenly seems more exciting than ever before: these are often the occasions when it prints his poems.

It would be a lot easier to talk about its virtues than its deficiencies. It remains for example the pleasantest of little magazines to look at and to handle. Its book reviews are no longer the accurate guide they used to be, but its criticism is still wider awake and better than anyone else's. It has printed interesting illustrated articles about the progress of certain painters. It appears regularly, can easily be obtained, and throughout an already impressively long period has gone on printing a succession of interesting writers. This is the bread and butter of praise, but the *London Magazine* is a bread and butter monthly. It prints the writers one expects to hear about, and it satisfies the existing taste. It may even have created this taste. Criticism of this magazine is criticism of conventional English literary life.

I suppose we have never really got used to the death of Tennyson. In poetry, as in painting, there are apparently specific English qualities on which any lasting strength has to be founded, but it would still be a valid criticism of a writer, as of a painter, to say that he wrote as if the modern masters had never existed. Yet this is exactly the case. It may be that the hope of English writing is not for the present in little magazines but in the Penguin editions of Lorca and Rimbaud and the *Book of Russian Verse*, in an increasing knowledge of languages, and in American books. French and American writers have beaten out a sheer technique which we are not only at present incapable of rivalling, but of which we are more or less in ignorance. Think of Wallace Stevens, Theodore Roethke, or Robert Lowell happening in England, not to mention Eluard or the war poems of Aragon. Not to mention Pasternak. The *London Magazine* seems to have no interest in difficult technique, and those English writers

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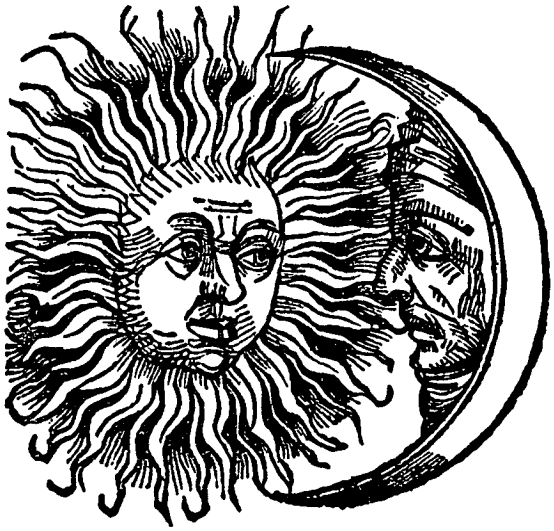

7

NOTABLE AMERICAN BOOKS OF 1962 HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON:

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It is not at all surprising that so many interesting new books—and many interesting new writers—have a preview here. The variety of criticism and comment (*Eric Bentley* on the political theatre, *John McCormick* on culture in the U.S.I.S., *George Steiner* on the decline of the written word), of fiction (stories by *Nadine Gordimer, Hilary Corke, Mordecai Richler,* and *Jessamyn West*), and of poetry (*John Crowe Ransom, Robert Lowell, Delmore Schwartz, Peter Levi*), reflects a great deal of whatever is new and absorbing in American intellectual life. "A quarterly whose brilliance we have come to take for granted . . . the best of the literary quarterlies," is the way the *Times Literary Supplement* has described THE KENYON REVIEW.

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of promise who hammer hardest at their lines are the least likely, as things stand, to be warmly greeted. There are two directions in which English poetry can progress (I do not know whether they are opposite or can be brought together): one is by a technical mastery of French and American lessons, the other is by a greater openness. The *London Magazine* dedicates itself to neither of these possibilities.

For signs of life one has to rummage among thin periodicals the size of notebooks, some of them student publications, deadly earnest and usually short-lived. *Agenda* has had twenty issues, *Delta* twenty-six, and *The Review* only three, but all three are still in the excellent health and spirits of youth. *Agenda* at once strikes an authentic and historical chord of little magazines by its zeal for Ezra Pound. Some of its writers are new and interesting, others are surprising *revenants*. There have been poems in it by Hugh MacDiarmid, Ronald Duncan, and William Carlos Williams. It has also published a beautiful translation of Mandelshtam and a brilliant one of Cocteau's *Leoun*. This occupies an entire number and has the best cover I have ever seen on any little magazine of any period.

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Agenda sometimes has lapses into poetry of really remarkable badness, but these are becoming rare. It has fire, strength, and purpose. Its recent reviewing has been notably good, perhaps under the astringent influence of its neighbour, *The Review*.

Delta belongs frankly to Cambridge, but its powers of reasoning make it worth all our attentions. Its poems are usually by local poets and some of the new ones are promising and talented writers. The most accomplished are not always the most interesting; writers like Christopher Hampton and Nicholas Lafitte are already showing, husked round with verbal awkwardness, as bright a grain as any generation of young poets in this century, while poets like Matthew Mead and John Barrell are already writing in *Delta* poems of genuine excellence.

The critical standards of *The Review* are so high as to be frightening, and the worst one can say of it is that it risks resembling those professors of philosophy who preside over the extinction of their subject, those musicologists who want most music to stop, and those implacable teachers of literature with an active distaste for writers and for writing. *The Review* is mostly written by young poets with a university background and seems to have been undertaken in desperation at the claustrophobic atmosphere of existing literary institutions. It is very lively and in every way interesting, and has already published important poems. Like *Delta*, and (on the level of theory) *Agenda*, it shows far more consciousness of technical strength and skill than its senior contemporaries. *The Review* is at last what we want from a little magazine, the conscious growing point of a new generation of talented writers. Its first accents are uncertain, but for better or worse this is the voice we are going to hear.

Listen has been appearing for nearly ten years but has only this autumn produced its thirteenth issue. This distinguished magazine is as tough as nuts and extremely interesting. Its reviews are harsh but convincing, its appearance is thin and handsome, and the poems to which most of its space is devoted are reasonable, capable, strong metaphysical verse. There has never been any doubt about its standards, and most of the good poets now writing have written in it. Amis, Kinsella, Gunn, R. S. Thomas, Larkin, Holloway, Davie, Auden, Pound, Roy Fuller, Elizabeth Jennings, Geoffrey Hill, Quentin Stevenson: the list is like a general roll-call. *Listen* prints as good a selection of modern poets as one would hope to encounter, and some good work has appeared in it. But it also has the sort of communal fault which can develop like a rapid disease in half a generation of writers (what we call Georgianism was an example of

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this), a sort of dustiness, a heavy smell of typewriter-ribbon.

This criticism may be unfair since *Listen* prints on the whole the best it can get: it may simply be that we are all too familiar with the wry, urbane poet's *persona* of a dying culture coughing up its syntax like a hæmorrhage. Maybe finding this sort of poetry dull is like being bored by social security. At their best the poems in *Listen* have been fine and effective, but many of them have been translations or American poems, and in the English poets even at their best there are always traces of this common awkwardness. Still, *Listen* or what it represents has done a lot of good, and the poems it prints now are clearer and stronger and more intelligent than appear in such quantity anywhere else. If poetry is a taste in the head, *Listen* tastes like a stiff gin and tonic.

THE SITUATION OF LITTLE MAGAZINES is so bound up with vexed questions of cultural economics and with wider questions about writing in modern societies that little can be said about it, but there are a few points that can easily be seen and which are worth making. One is that they deserve and need far more attention and support. Maybe we should make a fuss if bookshops fail to stock them. Another is that no important and coherent group of writers at present commands its own magazine: except perhaps for *Listen* and its Movement writers. Certain religious and political groups have magazines, but these are not for experimental writing. A third point is that little magazines owe a considerable proportion of their many troubles to their fantastic business inefficiency. Those which are furthest out are often the best, but one can seldom buy them. A fourth point is that not enough poetry is published (because of its being a troublesome expertise), and that in the editing of poetry no compromise is ever successful. It should be added for the record and in mild tones that all writers are underpaid, but that even so what magazines give to poets is insulting, though it has the advantage of making them cheerfully publish in the little magazines which never pay at all.

At the risk of making what would in effect be a plea against literature, I would like finally to enter a protest against the sophisticated, sensitive, talented poetry which is occupying too much of the space that ought to go to more naked and experimental writers. All the little magazines are riddled with it, as if they were Dodsworth's Miscellanies. It reflects not only the drowsy and timid tastes of literary editors, but the steam-roller effects of the British exam-

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ination system: this is the poetry not exactly of an upper class, though a social category could also be found for it, but of the class educated in grammar or public schools or universities, and it mirrors their dull self-involvement, their pretentious language, and their sheep-like segregation from popular life. A generation of poets is now growing up which is capable of breaking out of this system. May it not be choked like its predecessors.

Peter Levi

[*X* (Barrie & Rockliff, 2 Clement's Inn, London, W.C.2; 6s.). *Listen* (Marvell Press, 253 Hull Road, Hessle, Yorks.; 4 issues 8s.). *Two Cities* (18b Stafford Terrace, London, W.8; 5s.). *Adam* (28 Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7; varies). *Critical Quarterly* (The University, Hull; 3s.). *Agenda* (New College, Oxford; 2s.). *The Review* (99 Woodstock Road, Oxford; 3s.). *London Magazine* (Shenval Press, 58 Frith Street, London, W.1; 3s 6d.). *Delta* (Downing College, Cambridge; 1s.). *Cornhill* (50 (Albemarle Street, London, W.1; 3s. 6d.). *Review of English Literature* (41 Park Lane, Leeds 8; 4s.).]

Novels

Triumphal Entry. By Thomas Baird. *Faber and Faber,* 18s. **10.30 on a Summer Night.** By Marguerite Duras. *John Calder,* 18s. **Love and Friendship.** By Alison Lurie. *Heinemann,* 18s. **Get Ready for Battle.** By R. Prawer Jhabvala. *John Murray,* 16s.

All these novels are good of their kind, and the first three raise interesting problems of presentment. In the early stages of "Triumphal Entry" indeed, Mr. Baird's technical preoccupation is exasperating, and produces an unnecessary effect of artificiality. This is while he is working round to convince himself as well as the reader that he is justified in writing in the first person. His spokesman is Ned Bates, an American university librarian, who makes himself responsible for the psychological re-education of Neal Brewster. This entails weaning him from a possessive hypochondriac mother and a tyrannical tycoon, his crypto-father. Ned Bates sends Neal Brewster (note the initial-identification, a trick, they say, no one with something to hide can easily avoid) off on a course of adventures in life and sex, some of which are very funny, some But Fantasticall, or even ectoplasmic. Mr. Baird is obviously very intelligent and he can write (although he does not always do so). Contrary to much current opinion, these are virtues for all purposes, including the novel. Those of Mr. Baird's characters which are not semi-conscious projections are quite as solid as most people one knows. But the main interest of the book, for good or ill, is ontological. What concerns Mr. Baird, less commonly as a presumptive Anglo-Saxon than would be the case with many French contemporaries, is whether he (or anybody else) is really there or not: or, if there, who they really are; with riders about the difficulties of love or contact, where all is very nearly *folie de doute.*

However these doubts have to be resolved, and it is to be hoped that they will not spread too far in the English tongue; that is, if the novel is to continue and develop. Novelists have to solve a twofold problem—where to put themselves, as Margaret Kennedy said, and also how to transcend themselves. Ned and Neal are the two parts of one split personality. Alas, this drama often divides instead of multiplying the sympathy available. And much time also is archly and coyly wasted while Mr. Baird makes up his mind how to dodge the issue of the persons, first or third. (They'll all land themselves in an antiquated heresy if they're not careful.) His curse is the Anglo-Saxon one (which runs parallel with our philosophy) of being obsessed with verisimilitude, instead of content with illusion. Nevertheless, I feel sure that Mr. Baird's present weaknesses are also landmarks of a genuine progress and promise.

They do anyway some of these things better in France—especially the business of dabbling in epistemology and ontology. I think this is because the average continental, though not less self-deluding, has a better convention of general deception about relations with oneself and other people. This way you need not worry too much about realistic convention: the novel can be pure Fiction. As well as belonging to this useful tradition, Mme. Duras is a considerable artist and in this list she is quite on her own. But put in cold-blooded transcript her theme is just as artificial as Mr. Baird's. Maria, her husband Pierre, their child Judith, and their friend Claire get marooned by a violent thunderstorm in a hotel in a small Spanish town where a young man, Rodrigo Paestra, is on the run after murdering his wife in jealousy. Maria, who has realised that Pierre and Claire are in love and are waiting, hardly waiting, to get into bed together—there are not any free beds in this suddenly overcrowded hotel—spends much of the restless night on the roof, where by lightning flash she spots the skulking murderer. She decides to rescue him and succeeds in making contact with him and driving him out to a field where he can wait till she is able to take him on to Madrid. Her motives mix mercy, projected jealousy, and a desire to escape from her personal misery, but the vicarious interest in death and sex provides a ground-bass. In the

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end, when she returns to the field by day, with her companions, to collect the murderer, he has died of the heat. The story ends with Maria understanding that her marriage with Pierre is also dead. However strange, this is a beautifully co-ordinated work. Beautiful and brief, its poetry is not only in its language but in its structure. It takes all the advantage of an interesting, even exciting action, to integrate sense and feeling; landscape, light, emotion, perception, all cohere. The characters are not just figures in a landscape, they are truly significant because of this chosen setting, so that the passions become genuinely universal and impersonal, which means also mature and objective. It is interesting that Mme. Duras's writing can pulsate with sensuality without suggesting the compulsion which afflicts so many of her Anglo-Saxon contemporaries (also of this list) to seize the details and thereby hold up the movement of feeling. The "ontological" problem however is still here but rendered with artistic subtlety. Maria is afflicted in her sense of meaning and value as a person, and hence she is trying to save another identity, the murderer, a type chosen no doubt for the very improbability of making a real contact. Indeed she fails: the murderer dies, strictly unknown, but not less known than her husband and his lover, her friend, or perhaps even than her own child. The translator, Anne Borchardt, has done a good and sensitive job: except that she will say that a character is "nauseous" when she means "liable to vomit." Why, I wonder?

As a first novel Alison Lurie's *Love and Friendship* deserves one's honest and respectful compliments. She writes very well, in the craftsmanlike, flatly particularised prose which seems to be "prescribed writing"—and which is so different from Mme. Duras's. Set in an American university in a cold climate, her book describes the way in which Emmy Turner, the affluent-minded daughter of a rich trustee of the College, falls out of love with her husband, Holman Turner, lit. hum. instructor who has made his way up—and into love and bed with Will Thomas, who is a music instructor, a failed composer and a successful womaniser. Her husband's lit. hum. is highly automated in a contemporary manner and maybe his sex-life is catching up on this. Will is more careless and instinctive. Nevertheless Emmy cannot quite settle her conventional conscience nor conquer her romantic idealism and in the end stays with her husband who is, I suppose, the one who has most need of her. This is strictly all the book is about but Miss Lurie makes a good deal out of her theme. She can be warmly funny and warmly sad and occasionally wittily ironical, in the juxtaposition of her events, as well as in the comments the characters make on each other and their circumstances. Her people are often convincingly moithered, even scatty, and this gives an impressive air of fatality, as if they were all waiting, as we do wait, to know what we mean. And the background of small-university-town intrigue is not only well drawn but integral. Personally I can no longer abide a Campus, but I suppose the truly bright young American women novelists are bound to go on giving it to us. The world no doubt has suffered enough in the past from the British Public School and the Older Universities. It must be antiquated British snobbery that makes me unable to take this Intellectual Life very seriously. In Miss Lurie's Convers College they have this odd course they call Hum.C—a combination of logical and ethical training which sounds as if Logical Positivists had decided to move in on Way of Life (and emerged looking like Mensa). This highbrow course, in the context of the novel, is really a weapon used by Holman against his wife who is socially superior. But it is emotionally serious to Miss Lurie. All the same this is a very high level first novel, not only extremely readable but intelligent in a highly articulated way. Miss Lurie's technical innovation consists of some paragraphs concluding each chapter—letters from a Visiting Novelist and Queer, who never emerges actively into the story, to his boy-friend. This provides the frame and sharply pin-points where you are; among other things, in a rather desolate climate of love, with people isolated in a highly modernised backwater. It is a clever idea whether it comes off or not. And it has some emotional force: these detached and leathery homos poke out suddenly like those lizards behind picture frames which remind you you are in jungly India.

Mrs. Jhabvala, who raises no technical questions, is at least as good on stock family relations in India as Miss Lurie is on more microscopic intricacies: and because she has made a good and imaginative shot at projecting a historic transition of genuine importance, I find her book more interesting although I don't think it is as good a novel. It is a psychological document from an outsider who remains objective. This underlying theme is the difficulty, particularly for women, of moving out of the Indian "joint-family" with its comforting solidarity and humbug, into the world of free individuality, without falling into ineffectual do-goodism on the way. Mrs. Jhabvala's story seems to be contrived to give this kind of play to her characters and is therefore a little artificial. But they are enjoyable people to spend a few hours with and this is a lively and readable novel by a very humane and tolerant mind.

Kathleen Nott

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LETTERS

Greenberg's "Action"

IT IS OFTEN difficult, and in any case not sufficiently rewarding, to define the *ressentiment* that causes a critic to indulge in baseless attacks on his colleagues. I refer in particular to Mr. Clement Greenberg, whose article on "Art Writing" in your December issue seems to be concerned mainly with the shortcomings of the American critic, Harold Rosenberg, who has of late challenged Mr. Greenberg's supremacy in that field. Mr. Rosenberg can take care of himself, and now that his book, *The Tradition of the New*, is available in this country, your readers will be able to appreciate for themselves the wit and intelligence that give distinction to his writing. I can also leave Mr. Alloway, Mr. Goldwater, and M. Tapié to take care of themselves, but since I am, much to my surprise, included in Mr. Greenberg's distribution of sly insinuations and back-handed compliments, you will perhaps allow me to make two comments.

One is by way of addition to the historical record. If we in England appreciated the paintings of Pollock a little earlier than some of Mr. Greenberg's colleagues, as he admits, it was not due in the first place to "a young English art critic named Lawrence Alloway," who came on the scene rather later, but to Pollock's earliest and most generous patron, Peggy Guggenheim, whose name Mr. Greenberg ungenerously fails to mention. Miss Guggenheim was writing to me about her "new discovery" as early as 1943, but she was in New York and I was in England. It was not until early in 1946 that I was able to visit New York and see the Pollocks in her collection. I am not concerned to vindicate my own percipience—I was at first puzzled rather than appreciative. But I think we all, Mr. Alloway no less than myself, were eventually enlightened about the significance of this new American painting by the critic Mr. Greenberg seems so concerned to denigrate. Nothing that Mr. Greenberg or anyone else has written has been so illuminating on the subject as the various articles written by Mr. Rosenberg.

Mr. Greenberg's second line of attack, and really the main purpose of his article, is to imply that the various art critics who have written about "action painting" have merely obscured the issue by their confused and rhetorical writing. Is his own writing such a model of clarity? I will quote only one sentence, near the conclusion of his article:

> The widening of the gap between art and discourse solicits, as such widenings will, perversions and abortions of discourse: pseudo-description, pseudo-narrative, pseudo-exposition, pseudo-history, pseudo-philosophy, pseudo-psychology, and—worst of all—pseudo-poetry (which last represents the abortion, not of discourse, but of intuition and imagination).

Mr. Greenberg accuses me of being blind, and certainly I am unable to visualise a widening gap that "solicits" an abortion of discourse. If this is Mr. Greenberg's ideal of "art writing," then give me the relative clarity of what he calls "Existentialist and Phenomenological rhetoric."

In general, Mr. Greenberg in his censure of "art writing" fails to acknowledge the unprecedented task given to art critics in our time, which is to try to convey to a public, generally outraged and ignorant, the sincere but obscure motives that cause our painters and sculptors to express themselves in "provocative images." Criticism has become an art—the art of interpretation—and there is no branch of literature in Europe, certainly not poetry or fiction, that has carried so much *good* writing in our time.

HERBERT READ

Stonegrave, York

SIR HERBERT gets the progress of Pollock's reputation confused with what I wrote about the progress of the influence of Mr. Rosenberg's "Action Painting" essay. I nowhere in my article mentioned Mr. Alloway's role—which was considerable—in connection with the former. Nor did I "admit" that the appreciation of Pollock's art came earlier in England than to "some" of my "colleagues." (Quite a few critics in France and America appreciated Pollock before any critic I know of in England did. In any case the first English critic to take the new American painting seriously was, to the best of my knowledge, Patrick Heron.) It was the appreciation, such as it was, of Mr. Rosenberg's essay that I said came earlier in England, and it was for that I made Mr. Alloway responsible. If this is a fair example of the way Sir Herbert reads, it may help account for his satisfaction with contemporary art writing.

Even misreading does not excuse the business about Miss Guggenheim, which leaves it open to inference that, through her, much of the credit for the "earlier" appreciation of Pollock in England belongs to Sir Herbert. This is not the only thing in his letter I should have thought beneath him. Aside from which, he can find out from Miss Guggenheim herself about how "ungenerous" I have been in giving her her due for the launching of the new American painting

Sir Herbert has me on "solicits," but he is being disingenuous about the clarity, as distinguished from articulation, of the sentence in which it occurs. And to indulge in tit for tat: where is the antecedent of "that field" in the second sentence of his first paragraph?

It won't do to leave Mr. Rosenberg to take care of himself. My attack is not only on his essay; my attack is also on those who find it illuminating, and it is up to Sir Herbert, as one who does, to point out why *he* thinks my attack baseless. He owes it to our dispute to show how the relevance of such statements in Mr. Rosenberg's essay as, "The new painting has broken down every distinction between art and life," clarified his own experience of the painting in question. And how puzzlement was changed into appreciation by utterances like: "With traditional æsthetic values discarded as

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irrelevant, what gives the canvas its meaning is not psychological data but *role*, the way the artist organises his emotional and intellectual energy as if he were in a living situation." Sir Herbert also owes it to our dispute to state whether *he* thinks that the new American painting is *art*.

Finally, Sir Herbert owes it to our dispute to say whether it was after being enlightened by Mr. Rosenberg that, in these same pages back in 1956, he called the new American painting "wildly arbitrary," a "reflex activity, completely devoid of mental effort," and the product of a "vacuous nihilism that renounces the visible world and even the inner world of the imagination, and scribbles a graph of its uncertainty on the surface of a blank consciousness."

Was that how "we in England appreciated the paintings of Pollock a little earlier . . ."? Was that how, after ten years of acquaintance with Pollock's work, one "interpreted" this artist's "sincere but obscure motives" to a "generally outraged and indignant" public? I have been hard on Sir Herbert, and not only in this ENCOUNTER article. And I have been hard on Mr. Rosenberg for his essay. But since when have critics lost the right to come down hard on other critics for sowing confusion?

P.S.—Only a few days ago an article by Lawrence Alloway that appeared in the *Listener* of October 23rd, 1958, under the title "Art in New York Today," was brought to my attention. I feel that I must quote from it by way of amends to Mr. Alloway. In that article, written after his first visit to New York, he says that the "myth" of the American abstract painter as a "type of noble savage, freer than Europeans from preconceptions and habits about art" was something for which "the American critic Harold Rosenberg is partly responsible. . . ." And he goes on to say: "The term Action Painting, often used to describe the New York school, has created confusion in Europe. When I taxed Rosenberg, who coined the term, about this he said that he hoped that it had been 'fruitful confusion.' . . . Although 'action' was a good word to stress the importance of the creative action of the artist, it has been mistaken as a full description of the art instead of recognised for what it is, a polemical, melodramatic label. What I needed to discover was that action was not the end result but a process in the discovery of æsthetic order." In other words, "action" was hardly different from the "automatic painting" that Surrealists like Miró and Masson had practised in order to get their pictures started, which procedure was in turn not much different from that to which Klee often resorted.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

New York City

Mass Media

As THE former foreign editor of *Look*, where I worked ten years, I was delighted to see Mr. Crosland dispel some of the misconceptions about the role and quality of the big popular magazines in "The Mass Media." The notion that magazines like *Look* contribute to the debasement of popular taste is still prevalent in so-called intellectual circles but, from my experience, wholly inaccurate. The fact is that most editors consistently seek to upgrade the editorial content of these magazines, sometimes against the wishes of their circulation managers. (Like some of Mr. Crosland's experts, the latter are inclined to underestimate the intelligence and taste of the average reader.)

More significant is the fact that, in *Look*'s case, this policy—which involved (for example) the gradual and partial replacement of Marilyn Monroe by Adlai Stevenson—resulted in a rise in circulation from 3,000,000 to 7,000,000 in ten years. I might add that during this period none of the staff ever felt it necessary to "write down" to the readers. Clear, vigorous, informative prose and honest, dramatic pictures, we discovered, invariably attracted a larger and more faithful audience than cheap sensationalism and editorial gimmicks.

WILLIAM ATTWOOD
U.S. Ambassador

Conakry, Guinea

Freud, Mailer, Trilling

I DO HOPE that Mr. Halle [ENCOUNTER, Nov., 1962] will continue to be incredulous at the lack of "discipline" in much of to-day's poetry, even after being reminded, *à propos* his delightful example ("breasting the current with her stern") that any proper lady—nautical or human—is not, after all, devoid of attributes at both bow and stern which lend themselves to confusion one with the other! Freud described one class of functions of the mind which he called "primary process": in its domain, those things which have aught in common may replace each other; the posterior hemispheres may be treated as identical with the anterior, and so on.

My purpose is not to bolster Mr. Halle's "shaken confidence." On the contrary, I applaud it, and offer here a few thoughts of a (Freudian, "orthodox") psychoanalyst, on the importance of knowing whether one is coming or going! In short, my letter is not at all about the Lady of Shalott, but about those literary sages who tick off ("orthodox," Freudian) psychoanalysis without knowing, often, more than the ill-informed opinion of some latter-day pseudoanalytic cultist! Most examples are undeserving of comment.* But could a writer with the integrity of Diana Trilling (also November, 1962) not be expected to be familiar with the efforts of outstanding analysts who pursue and extend Freud's basic theories? As an example no longer startling because it is so typical: Mrs. Trilling accuses us of indifference to "the actualities of a culture in significant transition," although a feature of a recent national psychoanalytic convention, an address by a psychoanalyst, entitled "Reality and Actuality," devotes itself to that topic.

Mrs. Trilling properly notes Mailer's mistaken

* ENCOUNTER is one source of such examples. The interested reader is referred to K. R. Eissler's *Leonardo da Vinci: Psychoanalytic Notes on the Enigma*. In the book's introduction, he will find a scathing, but well-deserved comment on an article which passes, in ENCOUNTER, for an informed opinion on psychoanalysis.

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attack upon Freud; yet her own lack of familiarity with the views of Freud's "disciples" (*sic!*) leads her to false distinctions. Freudians should no more be confused with those who monotonously and exclusively re-confirm the existence of early traumatic experiences than they should be confused with those who popularise some panacea—be it Mailer's return to brutishness or Fromm's treacle-in-the-sky.

I assume that the literate public learns little about the efforts and the views of Freudians because we generally follow Freud's advice, and eschew polemic. Moreover, as Diana Trilling recognises, Freud's discoveries do not please those expecting Utopian solutions to man's problems. Furthermore, one finds a typical glibness in attacks upon Freud or Freudians which suggests an emotional basis for contention as distinct from rational conviction. Finally, and perhaps most important, Freud is the most recent genius among Freudians, as well as the first! He is also the most recent Freudian to win the Goethe Award. It may be that present Freudians are measured against a giant's yardstick, conveniently absent in assessing the contributions of the pseudo-analyst.

Mrs. Trilling's fascinating essay would be improved by an adequate knowledge of the extent and depth of current psychoanalytic thought. Such an appreciation would certainly reflect the development of Freud's theories by those very much concerned with the impact on the individual of a culture in transition.

As an analyst, I have found the lack of such knowledge the one consistently disappointing shortcoming in the articles of this otherwise enriching periodical.

IRVING BURT HARRISON, M.D.

Scarsdale, N.Y.

DR. HARRISON's bibliography of one item is scarcely a massive refutation of my belief that present-day Freudian analysis fails to concern itself with the actualities of a culture in significant transition. But I have hastened to track down the paper, "Reality and Actuality," to which he refers. It is by Erik H. Erikson, and it appears in the Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association, July, 1962. In-so-far as I understand it, it makes a sound and useful point about the development of the ego, discriminating between the genetic truth which underlies symptoms and the historical truth which, in a given instance, the patient may be responding to validly; at its conclusion, the author suggests that this discrimination is pertinent in the evaluation of political choices. The paper is not in any immediate sense a cultural investigation and the fact that Dr. Harrison thinks it is indicates, I'm afraid, a failure to comprehend what is generally meant, and what I myself mean, by a cultural issue. If Dr. Harrison will return to Freud's *Civilisation and its Discontents*, I think he will have a better idea of the order of intellectual enterprise I call for when I ask that Freudian analysis address itself to our changing culture. Since Freud wrote, the criteria by which he defines civilisation have lost a considerable part of their authority for certain large segments of our population. It is this change that Freudian analysis must take into account if it is to maintain its own authority in the intellectual community.

Dr. Harrison is mistaken if he supposes I am *entirely* ignorant of the extent and depth of current psycho-analytical thought. He is also mistaken in thinking that the post-Freudian contributions to psycho-analysis, great as they are, bear upon the matters with which I was concerned in writing about Norman Mailer. Indeed, my chief quarrel with present-day psycho-analysis derives from the fact that its clinical investigations exist in total isolation from cultural speculation. I have pressed this view of mine upon the psychoanalysts of my acquaintance, a solid sampling of the profession, with no response except bewilderment and irritation. Not long ago, for instance, I suggested to one of the most eminent of psycho-analytical theoreticians that unless the profession began to recognise that it was working in a period of radical cultural change it could not hope to attract to itself the best minds of a new student generation, to which he replied, "We are not interested in cultural speculation, we are interested in doctors." I too think the first goal in the training of analysts is the making of good doctors. But I also believe that the analytical profession can no more be built on doctors alone than a university can be built on men and women whose sole commitment is to teaching.

Two more brief points:

(1) Dr. Harrison seems to object to my use of the word "disciples" to describe the followers of Freud. If Freudian analysis is not rooted in discipleship to its founding genius, where is it rooted, and why does Dr. Harrison need to cite precedent in explaining why analysts eschew polemics? To me, by the way, the word is not pejorative. It has the same base as the word "discipline."

(2) I am glad Dr. Harrison gives me a fair bill of health for integrity. I know, however, no areas of intellectual discourse other than politics and psychoanalysis where the mere raising of a question is such a quick invitation to the assessment of one's integrity or lack of it. Perhaps it would be a good idea if psycho-analysis at this point in its establishment took it for granted that we are all of us full of unconscious motive. Then, on the happy assumption that the hidden hostilities and defences on each side of a debate cancelled each other out, it could get on with the intellectual business of the day.

DIANA TRILLING

New York City

INDEX TO VOLUME XIX

The Index to Volume XIX (July–December, 1962) is now available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. Standing orders for future indexes can also be accepted.

Readers who have previously placed a standing order need not apply again, as they will receive the new index automatically. If the index is being sent to the wrong address or the service is no longer required, please let us know.

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Life & Letters Today

London

SIR CHARLES SNOW, *speaking at a literary luncheon in his honour, presided over by Mr. R. A. Butler, First Secretary of State and President of the Royal Society of Literature, declared: "I would rather have Mr. Khrushchev going and looking at abstract painting and saying he does not like it than anyone in our government declining to say whether he is interested in painting or not...."* THE TIMES

Stratford-on-Avon

IT IS *extremely unlikely that the campaign will succeed to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth by getting somebody to take a peep inside his tomb at what they call the poet's "reputed birthplace" at Stratford-on-Avon. This is not because many people suppose that such "desecration" would really bring down the dire consequences threatened by the famous warning on the gravestone. It is because the ordinary Englishman still blithely assumes, like Shakespeare or whoever wrote his tomb's inscription, that after death his own body will be allowed to lie on undisturbed for æons to come. With over 30,000 Britons dying in this crowded island each year, this assumption that each can expect to fill 30 or so square feet or urban land in perpetuity is—be it softly whispered—as absurd as dread of the curse.*

Most of us who choose to be buried will be turned over in our graves many times before 350 years are up, as indeed has already happened to the majority of Shakespeare's contemporaries.

And among the tombs which have remained intact, virtually all—including Shakespeare's—will certainly have been peeped into at some time or other when adjoining vaults were dug. On religious grounds it has always seemed curious that Christian men have taken over from pagans a tradition of awesome respect for the so-called "resting place" of a dead, entirely spiritless body; one cannot really see why one's crumbled remains some years after interment should be regarded as "oneself" any more than are individual components of one's living body —say an extracted appendix—which most of us are only too glad to know has been deposited in a hospital dustbin. Nevertheless, the traditional respect for dead bodies goes deep.

THE ECONOMIST

London

JUST AS *the Russians appeared as strange monsters to the West during Stalin's régime partly because there was so little contact between the two sides, so to-day the Chinese appear "inscrutable"—and therefore frightening partly because there are no journalists and hardly any embassies in China to tell us what is happening there.* THE OBSERVER

Bombay

THE *Government of India to-day banned the importation of a novel about the murder of Mahatma Gandhi. "Nine Hours to Raa," by an American professor of history, Stanley Wolpert, is considered by some Indians to depict Gandhi's murderer, Nathuram Godse, in too favourable a light. The book has been on sale for some months here, but there were recently demonstrations in Poona, Godse's home town, against it.*

The novel is already being made into a film, and many scenes were shot on location in Delhi a few months ago. At that time the Government, in spite of some public criticism, said it had no objection to the script and gave the film unit every facility.

Mr. Wolpert's crime appears to have been to treat Godse as a human being rather than a symbol of evil. The book is entirely respectful about Mahatma Gandhi. THE GUARDIAN.

Havana

I WAITED *for my friends on the Calle San Francisco and we drove to the old city of Havana. There were shades of Graham Greene in the narrow streets, the signboards suspended across the streets like bunting and people lounging at street corners.... My friends, like many others, were Socialists by day and socialites by night.* THE OBSERVER

London

"TAKE MUSIC. *There's too much in all TV films. I'd like to rely more on natural sound. I'd like also to experiment more [with writers and scripts] if I dared, but you're always being reminded of your competitors. They use music because they always have done, so... The television audience has a lot of distractions, the phone rings or the kettle boils. Music keeps them in the picture. If they hear a big noise they'll know that something is happening and run back to see it. Or if they can't get back they'll be able to guess from the music what it was; a fight or a love scene...*" DAILY MAIL

London

THE SIGNAL *for the start of the race was given somewhat bombastically by Mr. Khrushchev in June last year with the assertion that by 1970 Soviet production would outpace that of the United States, which he described with his customary turn of vitriolic phrase as "a worn-out runner living on its past performance." President Kennedy picked up the gauntlet and not to be outdone remarked that the Soviet contention reminded him of "a tiger hunter who has picked a place on the wall to hang the tiger skin long before he has caught the tiger." The honours in the epithet stakes being fairly even, both countries settled down to the race.*

THE TIMES

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AUTHORS

J. G. Weightman, critic and translator, is Lecturer in French at King's College, London....

Alasdair MacIntyre, a member of the British "New Left" Group, is lecturing in philosophy at Princeton....

Peter Hall is Managing Director of the Royal Shakespeare Company....

John Braine is the author of *Room at the Top*, *The Vodi*, and *Life at the Top*....

Archibald Colquhoun, translator of Lampedusa and Manzoni, is general editor of the Oxford Library of Italian Classics....

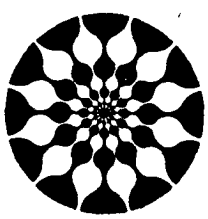
Aidan Crawley was a Labour M.P. from 1945–51. He subsequently produced television documentaries for the B.B.C., and was recently elected Conservative M.P. for Derbyshire West....

Leonard Schapiro is Lecturer in Russian Studies at the London School of Economics and the author of *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union* and *Origin of the Communist Autocracy*....

Bernard Crick, author of *In Defence of Politics*, is a lecturer at the London School of Economics....

James Mossman, well-known foreign correspondent, has contributed regularly to the B.B.C.'s programme *Panorama*....

the sands



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until two in the
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from a very full international
menu, served in the type of
cultured decor that elevates
with very good front door
parking in the evening
by the tree that grows
outside 30 New
Bond St.

Kenneth Younger is Director-General of the Royal Institute for International Affairs....

Colin Clark is Director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics, Oxford, and author of *Conditions of Economic Progress*....

Arnold Toynbee is the eminent author of the 12-volume *Study of History*....

Donald Tyerman is Editor of *The Economist*....

Samuel Brittan is Economic Editor of the *Observer*....

E. J. B. Rose was at one time literary editor of *The Observer* and until recently Director of the International Press Institute in Zürich....

Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall has published various historical and political works, among others *Defence in the Nuclear Age* and *Common Sense in Defence*....

Frank Norman, author of *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be*, recently published a volume of autobiography, *The Guntz*....

Richard Hoggart, author of *The Uses of Literacy*, lectures in English at Birmingham University....

Arnold Wesker is the founder of Centre 42 and the author, among other plays, of *Roots* and *Chips with Everything*....

C. D. Darlington is Professor of Botany at Oxford; among his books are *The Conflicts of Science and Society* and *Genes, Plants, and People*....

D. W. Brogan, Professor of Political Science at Cambridge, is at present lecturing at Yale....

Yehudi Menuhin, world-famous violinist now in Israel for a concert tour, lives in London....

Brian Glanville's latest novel is *The Director's Wife*....

Anthony Hartley is Assistant Editor of *The Spectator*....

Ian Nairn is Assistant Editor of the *Architectural Review*....

F. R. Allemann is the well-known Swiss political writer who is co-editor of *Der Monat* in Berlin. Among his previous contributions to ENCOUNTER are: "Germany and the West" (November, 1961); and "Rapallo: Myth and Reality" (July, 1962)....

V. S. Naipaul was born of a Hindu family Trinidad, and educated at the Queen's Royal College, Port of Spain, and at University College, Oxford. His two most recent books are the highly praised novel *A House for Mr. Biswas*, and a West India travel book, *The Middle Passage. Mr. Stone and Knights Companion*, from which our extract has been taken, will be published by André Deutsch.

Of the books by Norman Mailer referred to by Diana Trilling in November issue, the following are published in England by André Deutsch: *Deer Park*, *The Naked and the Dead*, *Advertisement for Myself*, and *Deaths for the Ladies*.

The views expressed in the pages of ENCOUNTER *are to be attributed to the writers, not the sponsors*

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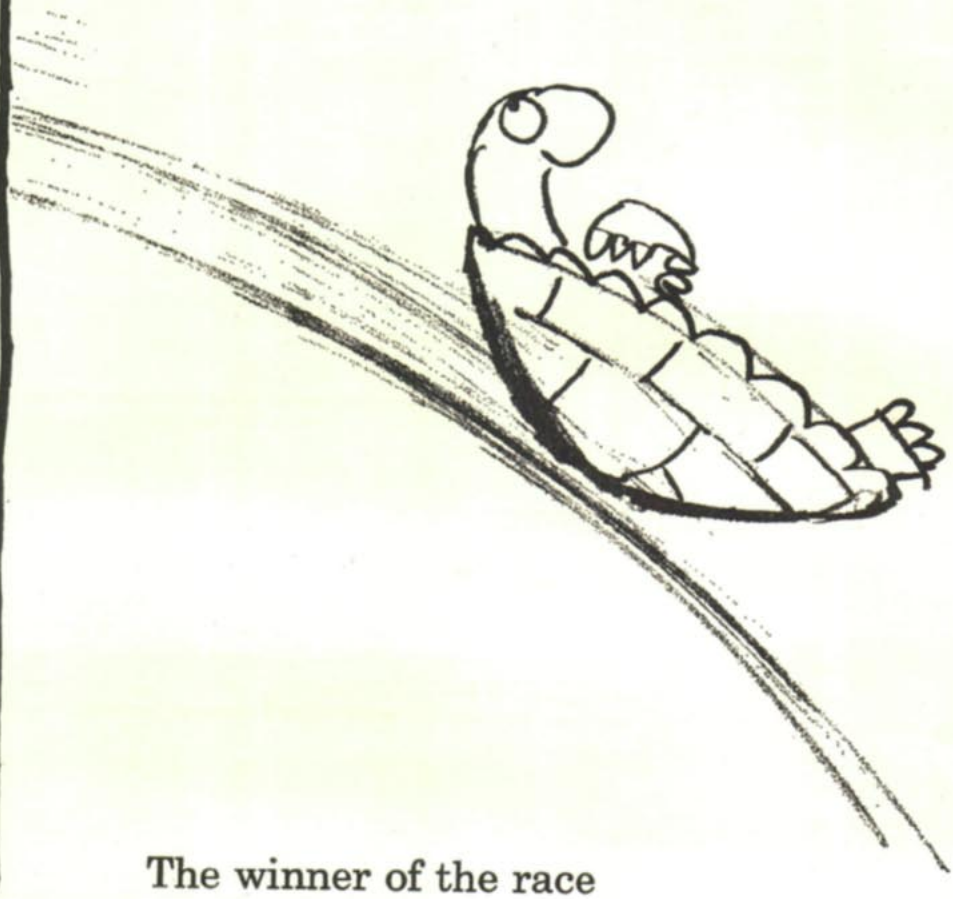
Aesop Shell



The winner of the race
was easy to foretell.
The hare had all the pace—
But the tortoise had the Shell.

Go well–go Shell

SHELL

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Secker & Warburg

The Condition of Man

LEWIS MUMFORD

The subject of this book, which now appears in a new edition, is the development of the human personality and of the community. It is an attempt to reveal how modern man has been shaped, what he is, where he is now heading and what he may yet make of himself. 50*s*.

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ALFRED KAZIN

A comprehensive collection of over seventy essays by one of the most influential and best known American critics. *Contemporaries* forms a critical history of writing and thought from the Romantics to the present day, including studies of Emerson, Mann, Stendhal, O'Hara, Durrell, Salinger, Mailer, Snow, Behan and Greene. 42*s*.

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